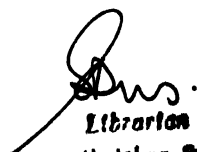


Spirit of the public
Journal

1824


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Chief again, or Cromwell's head, of which we have heard," said a third. "Or—or, a *head of celery!*" cried a fourth, who was impatient at these speculations. Inquiries were made for the criminal, but he had not yet arrived. The charge-book of the watch-house had not been brought up, and all waited on the tip-toe of expectation to have their difficulties solved, or their curiosity gratified. At length a man entered the lower part of the office with a bag in his hand, which he deposited on a form, and then went out. "There it is!" said one: "There it is!" said another, and they approached to get a sly peep. The first man felt it—"Here it is, sure enough," said he, and called on his friend to feel it also; he did feel it, and shrewdly remarked, "that it was a very *long head*; but," added he, "here's another!"—"Another!" cried a voice from the fire-place, and an old gentleman waddled forward—"What, two heads!"—"Aye, indeed!" said the first, "two heads! only the second is rather smaller than the first."—To what extent further these discoveries might have gone, we know not; but while all were engaged in pondering on the extraordinary affair, the celebrated *Mr. Johnstone*, the informer, who has produced such *crusty* feelings among the bakers, suddenly came in, and finding the bag under the paws of the Philistines, he seized it, and very coolly desired all parties to let his *loaves* alone, until they were produced before the Magistrate. This sudden metamorphoses of two heads into a four and a two-pound loaf, produced a burst of laughter, and the lovers of the marvellous returned to their former stations, completely

discomfited, there to wait till the real head should be forthcoming.

At last a group, consisting of a constable of the night, an Irish watchman, and three other persons, one of them the prisoner, was conducted to the presence of the Magistrate, the prisoner being the most respectable of the *dramatis personæ*. The charge-book being produced, it there appeared that William Howard was charged on suspicion of *stealing a head*, by one Cornelius Murphy, a watchman.

Corney was then called forward, and desired to state the case. "An I will, plase your Worship," said he, and he wiped his mouth. "As I was calling the hour of half-past two this morning, I mates this man with a head upon his *shoulders*."

Sir R. Birnie—That was very extraordinary; but I think it would have been much more extraordinary if you had stated the converse of the fact, and said that you met him without a head upon his shoulders.

Corney—Yes, plase your Worship, but he had two heads, and the second head was on his *right* shoulder.

Sir Richard—You have established one fact in his favour; it was not on the *wrong* shoulder.

Corney—*Right* or *wrong*, plase your Worship, there it was; and says I to him, very civilly, catching a howld of him by the scruff of the neck, where are you going with the head? What's that to you, says he. 'Tis to me, says I, as I'll let you know. Lay go o' me, says he. I won't, says I; and with that I kotch howld of the head; who's head's this? says I. It belongs to a friend of mine,

says he. Does it, says I—then you'll walk with your friend's head to the watch-house, if you please.

Sir R. Birnie—Where did he say he got the head?

Corney—Please your Worship, he said he had got it of a girl in the street; and I axed him what he was going to do with it?

Sir R. Birnie—Well, and what did he say?

Corney—That he was going to take it home, to be sure.

Sir R. Birnie—Did he say what use he was going to make of it?

Corney—Yes, please your Worship; he said something about my taking him for a *carrion-crow knowledgist*—but, I says, I'll neither take you for a *carrion-crow*, nor any other sort of a crow, and, by my sowl, you shan't crow over me.

Sir R. Birnie—I suppose he said he was a *Cranilogist*. This happens to be the season for the *Craniological mania*.

Corney—It was something of that sort, your Worship.

Sir R. Birnie—Well, what happened then?

Corney—I walked his bones off to the watch-house, please your Worship.

Sir Richard—Head and all?

Corney—No, your Worship, I carried the head.

Sir Richard—Well, what happened then?

Corney—Why, when I got there, your Worship, he said he was a *crow-knowledgist*, as I said afore, and wanted to feel the head of the constable of the night; but he knew better things, and wouldn't let him; he then axed to feel my

head, to see if I had the *organ of watchfulness*, I think he called it. "Och," says I, "you may save yourself the trouble, for the devil an *organ* I have, bar'n my *rattle* and my *watch-box*," and so with that he laughed, and wanted to get my wig off, swearing by his conscience, that he was sure I had the organ of *drowsiness* in a very prominent degree. "No matter what I've got," says I, "but you seem to have got the organ of *thievishness*, or you wouldn't have stolen this head; and so make up your mind to have a night's lodging for nothing; and so with this he was put in the black hole, your Worship."

During this dialogue, the greatest anxiety was manifested by the *curiosos* to see the head, but up to this time it had not been produced. Sir R. Birnie, who evidently understood the joke, now called for the production of the stolen *pericranium*, when, to the astonishment, as well as disappointment, of all, a rough-carved bust, being an admirable likeness of a Saracen's Head, was handed up! "Oh!" cried several at once, "it's a sign only!" and then they scratched their own heads.

Corney—To be sure it is; it's the *Saracen's Head, Snow-hill*, that was stole from the gateway last night, and here's the jontleman that it belongs to.

A person in the service of Mr. Mountain, of the Saracen's Head Inn, Skinner-street, then came forward, and stated, that the head in question was one of two heads which had been fixed at the entrance to the inn-yard, to attract the eyes of passengers, and had evidently been torn down

wantonly, for it was of no intrinsic value to any one but Mr. Mountain.

Mr. William Howard was then called on for his defence, when he stated, that he had been a head waiter, and was going home to his lodgings, when he overtook some girls of the town with the head in question in their possession; he accused them of having stolen it, and they all ran away laughing. When he got it to the light—he thought he recognized an old friend—and intended to have carried it back to Skinner-street in the morning. The watchman, however, stopped him in his progress; and not believing that he was serious in detaining him—he joked a little upon the favourite science of craniology; but, as for the head in question, it could be of no use to him except for fire-wood. This was the “head and front of his offending.”

Sir R. Birnie gave credit to this statement, and ordered Mr. Howard to be discharged, and the ferocious-looking Saracen to be re-conducted to his former post, unless in reality any of the Craniological Societies might be desirous of inspecting its organic symptoms. His Worship then incidentally remarked, that the circumstance of “the Saracen’s Head” being painted with so gigantic and terrific an aspect, arose originally, from the story of the first Christian assailants of the Infidels. These men were beaten by the Saracens, and on their returning to this country they described their enemies as men of gigantic stature and horrible physiognomy, thereby endeavouring to lessen their own disgrace.

Morning Chronicle.

ANNUS MIRABILIS;

OR, A PARTHIAN GLANCE AT 1823.

January.—Dr. Doyle, a Roman Catholic Bishop, in his pastoral charge, recommends Orangemen to be *civil*; Orangemen and Papists not to be bigoted; nothing new under the sun.—The Duke of Sussex swallows an embrocation at Bognor; Royal Dukes at public dinners, have swallowed stranger things, and no danger apprehended.—Canonical clergy of Durham, convivially defended by the Reverend Dr. *Phil-pots*; to the best of his knowledge and belief, not a stall in the diocese that does not contain an animal over-worked and under-fed.

February.—Several wild swans seen flying over Brighton, to the no small amazement of several tame geese, who happened to be waddling along the Steine; the bills of the former said to be three inches long; those of the latter much longer.—Two Englishmen, by mistake, confined all night in the Catacombs at Paris, let out next morning, by means of a skeleton key.—Valentine's day Mr. Freeling applies to the Postmaster-general for two waggons, to convey the extra letters, and for permission to get them drawn by the asinine inditers, yoked in pairs.

March.—Lord *Manners* refuses to dine with the Lord Lieutenant. *Query*, Title in abeyance when the note was transmitted?—Action brought by Mr. *Cruikshank* against the proprietor of a stage coach, for breaking his leg—most ungrateful return for an intended benefit.

April.—Old woman taken for a witch at Taunton; and Mr. Ex-Sheriff Parkins for the Goddess of Justice in London, owing to his skill in holding a balance in hand.—Mrs. M'Kinnon executed for murder at Edinburgh. General averment in all the Scottish Journals, that the family of M'Kinnon is originally Irish, and not Scotch.—Cork mail runs one day without being fired at from behind a hedge. “Then is doom's-day near!”

May.—Easter hunt; droves of unhorsed Londoners find their way as they can, from Epping Forest to Bishopsgate-street—“all on foot he fights.”—Lady Mayoress's Easter Ball; great scrambling after ices in the Egyptian Hall.—*Query, Isis?*

June.—An old soldier advertises to quell the Irish rebellion for 10,000*l.* *Query, which of them?*

July.—The proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens inform the public, that “nothing can damp their ardour;” certainly if the present weather cannot, nothing can. By a fatal accident, (and it may be added, an unaccountable one), the *perpetual* Curate of Sawley loses his life.—Much money taken at a door in Fleet-street by a speculator, who exhibited, at a shilling a head, a live man who had *not* been to Fonthill Abbey.

August.—The ghost of John Knox makes his appearance in Cross-street, Hatton-garden, arrayed in black whiskers, and a dandy shirt-collar.—Prince Hohenlohe miraculously cures “a lady of respectability, who had been for many years one of the religious community of *Ranelagh*,” the chief part of the miracle being the conversion of a fashionable community into a religious one.

September.—A London Gazette is published without a single *whereas*: in the evening the several tradesmen illuminated their houses.—Fall of the Trocadero announced upon the Royal Exchange; benevolent hope expressed by an Alderman, that it did not hurt any body.

October.—In consequence of the projected improvements in St. James's Palace, several *old* women have received notice to quit.—Memorial of a murdered gentleman inserted in the Dublin papers.

November.—Mr. Sinclair the singer denies the temperature of his sitting-room, not wishing to be “thought a greater fool than he is.”—Mr. Maberley's horse bazaar is removed to the winter theatres.—The author of Waverley said to have a curious mode of acquainting his domestics of his wants, by having the words “breakfast, lunch, dinner, supper,” painted upon a board. N. B. The only poet on record who can call for four meals a day.—A 50*l.* bill said to be swallowed by a donkey at Liverpool, and the printed statement of it swallowed by several of the species in London.

December.—Dreadful storm of wind blows over the metropolis: an eddy of the remorseless gale carries divers school-boys prematurely to town for the Christmas holidays; numerous catiffs in white great coats are blown from their own houses into those of other people, muttering something about the compliments of the season; and dinner-cards whisk through the air, bringing heterogeneous relations together on Christmas-day.

New Monthly Magazine.

ISLINGTON WORTHIES.

HERE is Mr. Quick, who can scarcely walk,
 Mrs. White a decided tawny;
 And Rhodes is supported by milk and chalk,
 And Miss Hog is too lean to be brawny;
 Mr. Flower's a flourishing Aaron's Rod,
 Hogarth's a garden-painter,
 French out of Britain has never trod,
 And Miss Rose than a lily is fainter.

Bracebridge an arch has never made,
 Smith never beaten an anvil;
 Miller knows nought of the floury trade,
 And Stockstill will never be stand still;
 Grammar is heard in a public house,
 A Post is as prim as a quaker;
 And good Mister Lion he squeaks like a mouse,
 While old Mistress Stiff is a shaker.

Miss Brown is fair, and Miss Black is red,
 And Peter Blunt is civil;
 Nelson to sea was never bred,
 Old Angel's a very 'devil';
 Parry beats all by parrying law,
 Stringer ne'er wound a reel,
 Edge never used nor set a saw,
 Nor Fast withstood a meal.

Le Dieu, sirs, keeps a house for beer;
 Tom Paine's a goodly fellow,
 And, in spite of Cobbett, he will appear
 In flesh and bones, though sallow;
 Tailor a stitch has never sewn,
 Serjeant was ne'er enlisted,
 Slim, with surprise, is lusty grown,
 And Miss Roper's still untwisted.

Miss Martins never fledged their wings,
Miss Swallows never travel,
Miss Bird nor Starling ever sings,
Miss Stone is as soft as gravel.
Here's widow Jay completely dumb,
Here's widow Cross good natured ;
Here's Mr. Handy without a thumb,
And Cowie human featured.

Here's Mr. Fox without a tail,
Thomson who is no poet ;
Cooper who cannot make a pail,
And Sell who will not show it.
Draper has never dealt in cloth,
Excepting his profession ;
Armstrong has never killed a moth,
Or Garret kept possession.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, have ne'er
Been scribes in sacred writ ;
Water's so dry, he covets beer,
And Lack entraps with wit ;
Jolly is sick, Gay is sad,
Badger's a gentle fellow ;
Goode, like his name, is rarely bad,
Or Pearman ever mellow.

I've hosts of others left in store,
Anon, I'll ring their changes,
When memory flings their pleasures o'er,
And fancy round them ranges ;
For Islington contains such folks
As love with friends to mingle—
To please the married with their jokes,
And marry all the single.

Literary Chronicle.

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM'S TOUR,

AS IT ORIGINALLY APPEARED IN BULL.

Paris, Dec. 10, 1823.

MY DEAR MR. B.

THE kindness with which you put in the account of our party last year, induces my mama to desire me to write to you again, to know if you would like to insert a journal of her travels.

My papa has retired from business—he has left the shop in the Minories, and has taken a house in Montague-place, a beautiful street, very far west, and near the British Museum, and my two younger sisters have been sent over here to improve their education and their morals, and mama and I came over last week to see them, and if they had got polish enough to take them home again. Papa would not come with us, because when he was quite a youth, he got a very great alarm in Chelsea Reach, because the watermen would put up a sail, and from *that* time to *this*, he can never be prevailed upon to go to sea—so we came over under the care of Mr. Fulmer, the banker's son, who was coming to his family.

Mama has not devoted much of her time to the study of English, and does not understand French at all, and therefore, perhaps, her journal will here and there appear incorrect; but she is a great etymologist, and so fond of *you*, that although I believe Mr. Murray, the great book-seller in Albemarle-street, would give her I do

not know how many thousand pounds for her book, if she published it "all in the lump," as papa says, she prefers sending it to you piece-meal, and so you will have it every now and then, as a portion of it is done. I have seen Mr. Fulmer laugh sometimes when she has been reading it; but I see nothing to laugh at, except the hard words she uses, and the pains she takes to find out meanings for things. She says if you do not like to print it, you may let Murray have it; but that, of course, she would prefer your doing it.

I enclose a portion; more shall come soon. Papa, I believe, means to ask you to dinner when we get back to town; he says you are a terrible body, and as he has two or three weak points in his character, he thinks it better to be friends with you than foes. I know of but one fault he has; yes, perhaps, two—but I will not tell you what they are, till I see whether you publish mama's journal.

Adieu—I was very angry with you for praising little Miss M. at the Lord Mayor's dinner: I know her only by sight—we are not quite in those circles *yet*, but I think when we get into Montague-place, we may see something of life. She is a very pretty girl, and very amiable, and that is the truth of it; but you had no business to say so, you fickle monster. Yours truly,

LAVINIA RAMSBOTTOM.

We proceeded, after reading this letter, to open the enclosure, and found what follows. We do

not presume to alter one word; but when any trifling difficulty occurs, arising from the depth of Mrs. Ramsbottom's research, we have ventured to insert a note. The title of the manuscript is—

ENGLAND AND FRANCE,

BY DOROTHEA JULIA RAMSBOTTOM.

And thus, gentle reader, it ran:

“ Having often heard travellers lament not having put down what they call the *memory-billions* of their journies, I was determined, while I was on my tower, to keep a dairy (so called from containing the cream of one's information), and record everything which recurred to me—therefore I begin with my departure from London.

“ Resolving to take time by the firelock, we left Mountague-place at seven o'clock, by Mr. Fulmer's pocket thermometer, and proceeded over Westminster-bridge, to explode the European continent.

“ I never pass Whitehall without dropping a tear to the memory of Charles the Second, who was decimated after the rebellion of 1745, opposite the Horse Guards—his memorable speech to Archbishop Caxon rings in my ears whenever I pass the spot—I reverted my head, and affected to look to see what o'clock it was by the dial on the opposite side of the way.

“ It is quite impossible not to notice the improvements in this part of the town; the beautiful view which one gets of Westminster Hall, and its curious roof, after which, as everybody knows, its builder was called William Roofus.

“ Amongst the lighter specimens of modern architecture, is Ashley’s Ampletheatre, on your right, as you cross the bridge, (which was built, Mr. Fulmer told me, by the Court of Arches and the House of Peers). In this ampletheatre there are equestrian performances, so called because they are exhibited *nightly*—during the season.

“ It is quite impossible to quit this ‘mighty maze,’ as Lady Hopkins emphatically calls London, in her erudite ‘Essay upon Granite,’ without feeling a thousand powerful sensations—so much wealth, so much virtue, so much vice, such business as is carried on within its precincts, such influence as its inhabitants possess in every part of the civilized world—it really exalts the mind from meaner things, and casts all minor considerations far behind one.

“ The toll at the Marsh-gate is ris since we last come through—it was here we were to have taken up Lavinia’s friend, Mr. Smith, who had promised to go with us to Dover; but we found his servant instead of himself, with a billy, to say he was sorry he could not come, because his friend Sir John Somebody, wished him to stay and go down to Poll at Lincoln. I have no doubt this Poll, whoever she may be, is a very respectable young woman; but mentioning her, by her christian name only, in so abrupt a manner, had a very unpleasant appearance at any rate.

“ Nothing remarkable occurred till we reached the Obstacle in St. George’s Fields, where our attention was arrested by those great institutions, the “School for the Indignant Blind,” and the

“ Misanthropic Society” for making shoes, both of which claim the gratitude of the nation.

“ At the corner of the lane leading to Peckham, I saw that they had removed the Dollygraph, which used to stand upon a declivity to the right of the road—the dollygraphs are all to be superseded by Serampores.

“ When we came to the Green Man at Blackheath, we had an opportunity of noticing the errors of former travellers, for the heath is green, and the man is black: Mr. Fulmer endeavoured to account for this, by saying, that Mr. Colman has discovered that Moors being black, and Heaths being a kind of Moor, he looks upon the confusion of words as the cause of the mistake.

“ N. B. Colman is the eminent Itinerary Surgeon, who constantly resides at St. Pancras.

“ As we went near Woolwich we saw at a distance the artillery officers on a common, a firing away with their bombs in mortars like anything.

“ At Dartford they make gunpowder; here we changed horses; at the inn we saw a most beautiful Rhoderick Random in a pot, covered with flowers; it is the finest I ever saw, except those at Dropmore.—*Note (Rhododendron)*.

“ When we got to Rochester we went to the Crown Inn, and had a cold collection: the charge was absorbent—I had often heard my poor dear husband talk of the influence of the Crown, and a Bill of Wrights, but I had no idea what it really meant till we had to pay one.

“ As we passed near Chatham I saw several Pitts, and Mr. Fulmer showed me a grèat many

buildings—I believe he said they were fortyfications; but I think there must have been near fifty of them. He also shewed us the Lines at Chatham, which I saw quite distinctly, with the clothes drying on them. Rochester was remarkable in King Charles's time, for being a very witty and dissolute place, as I have read in books.

“ At Canterbury we stopped ten minutes, to visit all the remarkable buildings and curiosities in it, and about its neighbourhood. The church is beautiful: when Oliver Cromwell conquered William the Third, he perverted it into a stable—the stalls are still standing. The old Virgin who shewed us the church, wore buckskin breeches and powder; he said it was an archypiscopal sea; but I saw no sea, nor do I think it possible he could see it either, for it is at least seventeen miles off. We saw Mr. Thomas à Beckett's tomb—my poor husband was extremely intimate with the old gentleman, and one of his nephews, a very nice man, who lives near Golden-square, dined with us twice, I think, in London—in Trinity Chapel is the monument of Eau de Cologne, just as it is now exhibiting at the Diarrea in the Regent's Park.

“ It was late when we got to Dover: we walked about while our dinner was preparing, looking forward to our snug *tete-à-tete* of three. We went to look at the sea; so called, perhaps, from the uninterrupted view one has, when upon it. It was very curious to see the locks, to keep in the water here, and the keys, which are on each side of them, all ready, I suppose, to open them if they were wanted.

"Mr. Fulmer looked at a high place, and talked of Shakspeare, and said out of his own head these beautiful lines :

- "Half way down

"Hangs one that gathers camphire ; dreadful trade."

"This, I think it but right to say, I did not myself see.

"Methinks he seems no bigger than his head,

"The fishermen that walk upon the beach

"Appear like mice."

"This, again, I cannot quite agree to ; for where we stood, they looked exactly like men, only smaller ; which I attribute to the effect of distance—and then Mr. Fulmer said this :

———"And yon tall anchoring bark

"Diminished to her cock—her cock a boy !"

"This latter part I do not in the least understand, nor what Mr. Fulmer meant by *cock a boy*—however, Lavinia seemed to comprehend it all ; for she turned up her eyes, and said something about the immortal bird of heaven ; so I suppose they were alluding to the eagles, which doubtless build their aviaries in that white mountain—(*Immortal Bard of Avon*, the lady means).

"After dinner we read the Paris Guide, and looked over the list of all the people who had been incontinent during the season, whose names are all put down in a book at the inn, for the purpose—we went to rest, much fatigued, knowing that we should be obliged to get up early, to be ready for embrocation in the packet in the morning.

"We were, however, awake with the owl, and

a-walking a way before eight, we went to see the castle, which was built, the man told us, by Seizer, so called, I conclude, from seizing whatever he could lay his hands on; the man said, moreover, that he had invaded Britain, and conquered it; upon which I told him, that if he repeated such a thing in my presence again, I should write to Mr. Peel about him.

“ We saw the inn where Alexander, the Autograph of all the Russias, lived when he was here; and as we were going along we met twenty or thirty dragons, mounted on horses, and the ensign who commanded them was a friend of Mr. Fulmer's; he looked at Lavinia, and seemed pleased with her *Tooting assembly*—he was quite a *sine qua non* of a man, and wore tips on his lips, like Lady Hopkins's poodle.

“ I heard Mr. Fulmer say, he was a son of Marrs; he spoke it as if every body knew his father; so I suppose he must be the son of the poor gentleman who was so barbarously murdered some years ago, near Ratcliffe Highway; if he is, he is uncommon genteel.

“ At twelve o'clock we got into a boat, and rowed to the packet; it was very fine and clear for the season, and Mr. Fulmer said, he should not dislike pulling Lavinia about all the morning. This, I believe, was a naughtycal phrase, which I did not rightly comprehend; because Mr. F. never offered to talk in that way on shore to either of us.

“ The packet is not a parcel, as I imagined, in which we were to be made up for exportation, but a boat of considerable size; it is called a

cutter—why, I do not know, and did not like to ask. It was very curious to see how it rolled about; however, I fell quite mal-apropos; and, instead of exciting any of the soft sensibilities of the other sex, a great unruly man, who held the handle of the ship, bid me lay hold of a companion, and when I sought his arm for protection, he introduced me to a ladder, down which I ascended into the cabin, one of the most curious places I ever beheld, where ladies and gentlemen are put upon shelves, like books in a library, and where tall men are doubled up like boot-jacks, before they can be put away at all.



Designed by T Rowlandson.

“ A gentleman in a hairy cap, without his coat, laid me perpendicularly on a mattrass, with a basin by my side, and said that was my birth; I thought it would have been my death, for I never was so indisposed in all my life. I behaved extremely ill to a very amiable middle-aged gen-

tleman, with a bald head, who had the misfortune to be attending upon his wife, in the little hole under me.

“ There was no symphony to be found among the tars, (so called from their smell), for just before we went off, I heard them throw a painter overboard, and directly after, they called out to one another to hoist up an ensign. I was too ill to inquire what the poor young gentleman had done; but, after I came up stairs, I did not see his body hanging anywhere, so I conclude they had cut him down. I hope it was not young Mr. Marr, a venturing after my Lavy.

“ I was quite shocked to find what democrats the sailors are: they seem to hate the nobility, and especially the law lords. The way I discovered this apathy of theirs to the nobility was this—the very moment we lost sight of England, and were close to France, they began, one and all, to swear first at the peer, and then at the bar, in such gross terms, as made my very blood run cold.

“ I was quite pleased to see Lavinia sitting with Mr. Fulmer in the travelling carriage on the outside of the packet. But Lavinia afforded great proofs of her good bringing up, by commanding her feelings. It is curious what could have agitated the billiary ducks of my stomach, because I took every precaution which is recommended in different books, to prevent ill-disposition. I had some mutton chops at breakfast, some Scotch marmalade on bread and butter, two eggs, two cups of coffee, and three of tea, besides toast, a little fried whiting, some

potted charr, and a few shrimps; and after breakfast, I took a glass of warm white wine negus, and a few oysters, which lasted me till we got into the boat, when I began eating gingerbread nuts all the way to the packet, and then was persuaded to take a glass of bottled porter, to keep every thing snug and comfortable."

Paris, Dec. 28, 1823.

DEAR MR. B.

I NEVER was so surprised in my life, as when we got your paper here, to see that your printing people had called ma' and me Higginbottom. I was sure, and I told ma' so, that it could not be your fault: because you could not have made such a mistake in my hand-writing, nor could you have forgotten me so much, as to have done such a thing; but I suppose you were so happy and comfortable with your friends (for judging by the number of your enemies, you must have a host of them) at this merry season, that you did not pay so much attention to your correspondents as usual. I forgive you, my dear Mr. B. Christmas comes but once a-year, and I assure you, we had a small lump of roast beef (*portion pour deux*), from M. Godeau's, over the way, to keep up our national custom—the man actually asked ma' whether she would have a *rost-bif de mouton*; so little do they know anything about it. I send another portion of ma's diary; you spelt it *dairy* in the paper: I don't know whether ma' put it so herself; she is quite pleased at seeing it published, and Mr. Fulmer called, and said it was capital.

We have just come from the Ambassador's chapel, and are going to see St. Cloud directly, so I cannot write much myself, but must say adieu. Always believe me, dear Mr. B., yours truly,

LAVINIA RAMSBOTTOM.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE,

BY DOROTHEA JULIA RAMSBOTTOM.

(Continued.)

"WHEN we came near the French shore, a batto (which is much the same as a boat in England) came off to us, and to my agreeable surprise, an Englishman came into our ship; and I believe he was a man of great consequence, for I over-heard him explaining some dreadful quarrel which had taken place in our Royal Family.

"He said to the master of our ship, that owing to the Prince Leopold's having run foul of the Duchess of Kent while she was in stays, the Duchess had missed Deal. By which I conclude it was a dispute at cards: however, I want to know nothing of state secrets, or I might have heard a great deal more, because it appeared that the Duchess's head was considerably injured in the scuffle.

"I was very much distressed to see that a fat gentleman who was in the ship, had fallen into a fit of perplexity by over-reaching himself—he lay prostituted upon the floor, and if it had not been that we had a doctor in the ship, who immediately opened his temporary artery and his jocular

vein, with a lancet which he had in his pocket, I think we should have seen his end.

“It was altogether a most moving spectacle: he thought himself dying, and all his anxiety in the midst of his distress, was to be able to add a crocodile to his will, in favour of his niece, about whom he appeared very sanguinary.

“It was quite curious to see the doctor fleabottomize the patient, which he did without any accident, although it blew a perfect harrico at the time. I noticed two little children, who came out of the boat, with hardly any clothes on them, speaking French like anything; a proof of the superior education given to the poor in France, to that which they get in England from Doctor Bell of Lancaster.

“When we landed at Callous, we were extremely well received, and I should have enjoyed the sight very much, but Mr. Fulmer, and another gentleman in the batto, kept talking of nothing but how turkey and grease disagreed with each other, which, in the then state of my stomach, was far from agreeable.

“We saw the print of the foot of Louis Desweet, the French King, where he first stepped when he returned to his country: he must be a prodigious heavy man, to have left such a deep mark in the stone; we were surrounded by Commissioners, who were so hospitable as to press us to go to their houses without any ceremony. Mr. Fulmer showed our pass-ports to a poor old man, with a bit of red ribband tied to his button-hole, and we went before the Mayor, who is no more like a Mayor than my foot-boy.

" Here they took a subscription of our persons, and one of the men said that Lavinia had a jolly mapton, at which the clerks laughed, and several of them said she was a jolly feel, which I afterwards understood meant a pretty girl; I misunderstood it for fee, which, being in a public office, was a very natural mistake.

" We went then to a place they call the Do-Anne, where they took away the poll of my baruch; I was very angry at this, but they told me we were to travel in Lemonade with a biddy, which I did not understand, but Mr. Fulmer was kind enough to explain it to me as we went to the hotel, which is in a narrow street, and contains a garden and court-yard.

" I left it to Mr. Fulmer to order dinner, for I felt extremely piquant, as the French call it, and a very nice dinner it was—we had a purey, which tasted very like soup: one of the men said it was made from leather, at least so I understood, but it had quite the flavour of hare; I think it right here to caution travellers against the fish at this place, which looks very good, but which I have reason to believe is very unwholesome, for one of the waiters called it poison while speaking to the other: the fish was called marine salmon, but it appeared like veal cutlets.

" They are so fond of Buonaparte still, that they call the table-cloths *Naps*, in compliment to him—this I remarked to myself, but said nothing about it to anybody else, for fear of consequences.

" One of the waiters who spoke English, asked me if I would have a little Bergami, which sur-

prised me, till Mr. Fulmer said, it was the wine he was handing about, when I refused it, preferring to take a glass of *Bucephalus*.

“When we had dined we had some coffee, which is here called *cabriolet*; after which, Mr. Fulmer asked if we would have a *chasse*, which I thought meant a hunting party, and said I was afraid of going into the fields at that time of night—but I found *chasse* was a lickure called *cure a sore* (from its healing qualities, I suppose), and very nice it was—after we had taken this, Mr. Fulmer went out to look at the jolly feels in the shops of Callous, which I thought indiscreet in the cold air; however, I am one as always overlooks the little *piccadillies* of youth.

“When we went to accoucher at night, I was quite surprised in not having a man for a chambermaid; and if it had not been for the entire difference of the stile of furniture, the appearance of the place, and the language and dress of the attendants, I should never have discovered that we had changed our country in the course of the day.

“In the morning early we left Callous with the Lemonade, which is Shafts, with a very tall post-boy, in a violet-coloured jacket, trimmed with silver; he rode a little horse, which is called a biddy, and wore a nobbed tail, which thumped against his back like a patent self-acting knocker. We saw, near Bullion, Buonaparte's conservatory, out of which he used to look at England in former days.

“Nothing remarkable occurred till we met a courier a travelling, Mr. Fulmer said, with des-

patches; these men were called couriers immediately after the return of the Bonbons, in compliment to the London newspaper, which always wrote in their favour. At Montrule, Mr. Fulmer shewed me Sterne's Inn, and there he saw Mr. Sterne himself, a standing at the door, with a French cocked hat upon his head, over a white night cap. Mr. Fulmer asked if he had any becauses in his house: but he said no; what they were I do not know to this moment.

"It is no use describing the different places on our rout, because Paris is the great object of all travellers, and therefore I shall come to it at once—it is reproached by a revenue of trees; on the right of which you see a dome, like that of Saint Paul's, but not so large. Mr. Fulmer told me it was an invalid, and it did certainly look very yellow in the distance; on the left you perceive Mont Martyr, so called from the number of windmills upon it.

"I was very much surprised at the height of the houses, and the noise of the carriages in Paris: and was delighted when we got to our hotel, which is called Wag Ram; why, I did not like to inquire; it is just opposite the Royal Timber-yard, which is a fine building, the name of which is cut in stone—*Timbre Royal*.

"The hotel which I have mentioned, is in the Rue de la Pay, so called from its being the dearest part of the town. At one end of it is the place Fumfum, where there is a pillow as high as the Trojan's Pillow at Rome, or the pompous in Egypt; this is a beautiful object, and is made of all the guns, coats, waistcoats, hats, boots

and belts, which belonged to the French who were killed by the cold in Prussia at the fire of

“ At the top of the pillow is a small apartment, which they call a pavillion, and over that a white flag, which I concluded to be hoisted as a remembrance of Buonaparte, being very like the tablecloths I noticed at Callous.

“ We lost no time in going into the gardens of the Tooleries, where we saw the statutes at large in marvel: here we saw Mr. Backhouse and Harry Edney, whoever they might be, and a beautiful grope of Cupid and Physic, together with several of the busks which Lavy has copied, the original of which is in the Vacuum at Rome, which was formerly an office for government thunder, but is now reduced to a stable where the Pope keeps his bulls.

“ Travellers like us, who are mere birds of prey, have no time to waste, and therefore we determined to see all we could in each day, so we went to the great church, which is called Naughty Dam, where we saw a priest doing something at an altar. Mr. Fulmer begged me to observe the knave of the church, but I thought it too hard to call the man names in his own country, although Mr. Fulmer said he believed he was exercising the evil spirits in an old lady in a black cloak.

“ It was a great day at this church, and we staid for mas, so called from the crowd of people who attend it—the priest was very much incensed—we waited out the whole ceremony, and heard Tedeum sung, which occupied three hours.

“ We returned over the Pont Neuf, so called from being the north bridge in Paris, and here we saw a beautiful image of Henry Carter; it is extremely handsome, and quite green—I fancied I saw a likeness to the Carters of Portsmouth; but if it is one of his family, his posteriors are very much diminished in size and figure.

“ Mr. Fulmer proposed that we should go and dine at a tavern called Very—because every thing is very good there; and accordingly we went, and I never was so malapropos in my life: there were two or three ladies quite in nubibus; but when I came to look at the bill of fare, I was quite anileated, for I perceived that Charlotte de Pommes might be sent for for one shilling and twopence, and Patty de Veau for half-a-crown. I desired Mr. Fulmer to let us go; but he convinced me there was no harm in the place, by shewing me a dignified clergyman of the Church of England and his wife, a eating away like any thing.

“ We had a voulez vous of fowl, and some sailor’s eels, which were very nice, and some pieces of crape, so disguised by the sauce that nobody who had not been told what it was, would have distinguished them from pancakes; after the sailor’s eels, we had some pantaloon cutlets, which were savoury: but I did not like the writing paper; however, as it was a French custom, I eat every bit of it; they call sparrow-grass here asperge, I could not find out why.

“ If I had not seen what wonderful men the French cooks are, who actually stew up shoes with partridges, and make very nice dishes too, I never could have believed the influence they

have in the politics of the country ; every thing is now decided by the cooks, who make no secret of their feelings, and the party who are still for Buonaparte call themselves traitors, while those who are partizans of the Bonbons are termed Restaurateurs, or friends of the Restoration.

“ After dinner a French monsieur, who, I thought, was a waiter, for he had a bit of red ribbon at his button-hole, just the same as one of the waiters had, began to talk to Mr. Fulmer, and it was agreed we should go to the play—they talked of Racing and Cornhill, which made me think the mounsheur had been in England ; however, it was arranged that we were to go and see Andrew Mackay at the Francay, or Jem Narse, or the Bullvards ; but at last it was decided unanimously, crim. con. that we should go to see Jem Narse, and so we went—but I never saw the man himself after all.

“ A very droll person, with long legs and a queer face, sung a song, which pleased me very much, because I understood the end of it perfectly: it was ‘tal de lal de lal de lal,’ and sounded quite like English. After he had done, although every body laughed, the whole house called out ‘beast, beast,’ and the man, notwithstanding, was foolish enough to sing it all over again.”

“ Mountague-place, Friday, April 23, 1821.

“ MY DEAR MR. BULL,

“ I think you will be surprized at the prescription of this letter, with the P. P. mark of the two-penny post ; but poor Mr. Ramsbottom being

seriously ill-disposed, we were off from Paris at a moment's notice, for as good fortune would have it, my embargo, which I wrote about, was quite removed, by the use of Steers's hopalittle-dog and bang shows every night.

“ Mr. R. is a little better, and has lost a good deal of what the French call song; indeed our medical man relies very much on the use of his lancaulet. The fact is, that the turtles is come over from the West Hinges, and Mr. R. committed a fox paw at the King's Head, in the Poultry, which caused our doctor, (who lives in this neighbourhood, and is lively as he is kind) to say, that as Mr. Ramsbottom nearly died by Bleaden, so bleeding must restore him. Bleaden is the name of the gentleman who keeps the King's Head, and bleeding, as you know, is the vulgar term for fleabottomizing.

“ I fear you have not received my journal regular; nor do I think I have told you of our seeing the Louver, which we did the very day before we left Paris. I own, amongst the statues, the Fighting Alligator pleased me most. As for Ruben's pictures, I could not look at them: for though Mr. Fulmer kept talking of the drapery, I saw no drapery at all; and in one, which is of Adonass preventing Venice from being chaste, the lady is sitting on a gold striped jacket. Mr. Fulmer said she had got an enormous anacreonism, at which Lavy laughed; so I suppose it had some allusion to her favourite writer, Mr. Moore, who is called Anacreon—why I never could understand, unless it refers to the

fashionable Maladies, which he has introduced into the best society.

“ A beautiful statute of Apollo with the Hypocrite pleased me very much, and a Fawn, which looks like a woman, done by Mons. Praxytail, a French stone-mason, is really curious.

“ A picture of the Bicknells, is, I suppose, a family grope; but the young women appeared tipsy, which is an odd state to be drawn in. The statute of Manylaws is very fine, and so is Cupid and Physic, different from the one which I noticed before.

“ Mr. Fulmer shewed us some small old black pictures, which I did not look at much, because he told us they were Remnants, and of course very inferior. A fine painting, by Carlo my Hearty, pleased me; and we saw also something, by Sall Vatarosa, a lady, who was somehow concerned with the little woman I have seen at Peckam Fair, in former days, called Lady Morgan.

“ We had one dinner at Riches, a coffee-house on the Bullwards, and curious enough, it was the very day that poor Mr. Ram overeat himself in the city. We had some stewed Angles, and a couple of Pulls, done up in a dish of Shoe; which is much of a muchness with English fowl and cabbage. We had afterwards an amulet sulphur, and some things, done in crumbs of bread, which they wanted to pass off upon me as wheat-ears; but I had not lived at Brighton two seasons for nothing, and do happen to know the difference between wheat-ears and oysters; and so I told them.

“ Mr. Fulmer ordered a bottle of Oil of Purdry, which tasted a good deal like Champaigne, but he said it was mouse ; the girls liked it, and Lavy laughed so loud, that she quite astonished an officer of the Chindammery, who was drinking cafe at the next table.

“ I have left my third and fourth daughters in Paris, to finish their education: they will be taught every thing that girls can be taught, and are to be regularly boarded every day (without regard to its being Lent) for less than seventy pounds per ann.; and they learn so many more things in France than girls do in England, that when they return they might set up for mistresses themselves. What an advantage there must be to a young woman, who is likely to have occasion for it in her latter end, in a continent education ; they call these schools puncheons.

“ I desired, of course, that the Popish Prater, or Priest, might have no communication with my girls. I don't approve of what they call the horal confession ; to be sure it is a mere matter of feeling ; but I saw one young lady in Saint Surplice one day a confessing away to a fine handsome Prater, and I thought it would been much better done in some private place, than a church. I understood afterwards she was a lady who had been long married, but her husband had no hair to his property, and she used to come every day and confess to the Prater, and pray for a child—poor thing, she seemed very much in earnest.

“ The onion of Lavy with Mr. Fulmer is postponed ; his ant is dead, and it would not be respectful to be married while the dool (as the

French call it) continues. I am driven to the last moment, as Lavy and her sister are analyzing themselves to go to see the great picture of Pompey, in the Strand. Lavy means to write to you next week herself. Yours truly,

“DOROTHEA J. RAMSBOTTOM.”

[The Ramsbottom Ball and Card Party will be found in our Volume of the last year; which also contains the Spirit of John Bull, from the commencement.]

THE SILENT HOUR.

TO * * * *

THE hour is come—the cherish'd hour,
When from the busy world set free,
I seek at length my lonely bower,
And muse in silent thought on thee.

And, oh! how sweet to know that still,
Tho' sever'd from thee widely far,
Our minds the self-same thought can fill—
Our eyes yet seek the self-same star.

Compulsion from its destined course
The magnet may awhile detain,
But when no more withheld by force,
It trembles to its north again.

Thus, though the idle world may hold
My fetter'd thoughts awhile from thee,
To thee they spring, when uncontroll'd,
In all the warmth of liberty.

The faithful dove, where'er by day
Through fields of air her pinions rove,
Still seeks, when daylight dies away,
The shelter of her native grove.

So at this calm, this silent hour,
Whate'er the daily scenes I see,
My heart (its joyless wand'rings o'er)
Returns unalter'd still to thee.

John Bull.



Designed by Robert Cruikshank.

THE DOUBLE ASSAULT;

OR, A REGULAR UPSET.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. II.

MR. PHINEAS WIGGINS, a Westminster chandler, appeared before the Magistrate, to charge Mr. Theophilus Thoughtful with having assaulted his person, damaged and destroyed his goods, defamed his character, and otherwise maltreated him.

Mister Phineas Wiggins, was a little dapper-looking costermonger, with a countenance somewhat resembling an *intelligent* muffin, compressed into certain indefinite forms by the thumb and finger of the kitchen deity: he was clean robed, shaved, and decorated with his white *flag* in front, and tiddivated up to his elbows in a pair of unblemished (not lawn) but Holland sleeves: all of which personal illustrations had been no doubt.

assumed, to give his Worship some idea of the assaultee's great respectability.

The assaulter, Mr. Theophilus Thoughtful, was of the *generic* race denominated *exquisite*, not the *superlative* or *hyper-ex*.—nor yet of the *outré* dandy, or *double distilled*; but of the gentler species, partaking of the *idler*, or *insipid*, and the genteel dulness of the *finished roué*. In his altitude, as much above the assaultee as he was in manners; in his person he bore evident marks of deterioration; strong symptoms of having been in contact with some *hard* substances in front, and *vice versa*, of having endured the “pitiless peltings” of some *soft* substances behind; the yellow vestiges of which still clinging about his exterior vestment, created very suspicious (but undeserved) sensations in the olfactory organs of the bystanders.

Mr. Phineas Wiggins opened his case thus:—
“May it please yur Vurship, I keeps a chandler's shop and heating-house in Peter-street, Vestminster, vere I sells a number of small articles, with hoysters and green grocery, and on tother side my shop I cooks hot joints, good soups, and rich puddings in the day time; and at night I frizzles a few sheep's heads, and makes prime hot-faggots out of thur plucks, for the benefit of the public. Vell, your Vurship, as I said, there I have been living, man and boy, any time these twenty years—thought much of by my wife, treated kindly by my neighbours, respected by the gentlemen-cos-termongers, and always reckoned a remarkably honest man. Now, please your Vurship, last Friday night, about half-past nine o'clock, I vas

valking by the *Admirallity* in my vay home with some fine sheep's plucks, three pound of candles, half an ounce of black pepper, two ounces of mustard, and a prime lot of new-laid heggs, in a hamper on my *knowledge-box*, when I overtook this here gemman swaggering along before me, ven just at the same unlucky moment one of the Golden-cross porters vas coming tother way, loaded like an helephant, with a trunk upon his nob. "How are you Phinee?" says he (for he's a bit of a customer, your Vurship); ven I vent for to look up to see hoo it vas, and flush comes this here gemman against me, and up vent the hamper, and down came the candles, and the mustard, and sheep's-heads, and the eggs, all smash into the mud, and slap came the porter's box upon them, and wery queere I looked about it, your Vurship may depend on't. "Hallo!!" says I—"you're a pretty gemman, arn't you?"—"Vat do you mean by that?" says he.—"Can't you see were you're a going, my master?" says the porter.—"No, I can't, you rascal," says he, "for you've shov'd out my eye."—"Vell, Sir," says I, "that's no Gad a mercy o'mine; you've spoil'd all my commodities, and smashed my eggs: and now you must pay for 'em."—"Dam your eggs," says he, "they were all rotten;" and then he proceeded to scrape himself down, and took no notice of me.—Altho' I was choking vith rage at being called in the public street a dealer in rotten eggs, howsomdever I put it to him again, if he meant a poor man like me to *suffer* for his vant of keeping a good look out.—"Vy, as to that,"

says he, "I think I'm the greatest *sufferer*, having got myself all bedaubed with your rotten filth; and my eye jamm'd into my head by that banimal's trunk." And then he said something about hinditing us both for an assault; and ven I tried to monstrate, he swore he would *tip me a smeller*, and a *smeller* he vou'd have tipt me, if I hadn't called the vatch; and so here he is, your Vorship, to answer for his doings."

Mr. Theophilus Thoughtful having made a profound bow to his Worship, now advanced to the table; he was, he said, a literary character, and had been on the evening in question to his printer's at Charing-Cross, to correct some *proof* sheets; when returning peaceably homewards, buried in deep abstraction on his forthcoming work, and contemplating on the profound science of metaphysics, he all at once felt the angle of a huge mass forced longitudinally into the orifice of his ocular organ with the violence of an earthquake, and at the same time felt his spinal extremities and his ultimatum covered by a shower of slimy material of a very offensive odour, which he had since discovered to be the *dura mater* of a hamper of rotten eggs; in the concussion his head had suffered severely, as his Worship could perceive, and his wardrobe had been rendered entirely unfit for future service. Instead of his appearing there as the assaulter, he contended he ought to be considered as the assaultee, for he verily believed both the fellows were stupidly drunk.

"Bless my soul! how can you say so?" said Mr. Phineas Wiggins, interrupting him—"you

mean you was stupidly blind,—or you you'd never have backed into my egg-basket."

Sir Richard Birnie, after condoling with poor Mr. Theophilus Thoughtful on the damage he had already sustained, advised him to come to some compromise with Mr. Phineas Wiggins, as the best way of *backing* out of the business; for, observed Sir Richard, if *literary* characters will walk in the public streets blind-folded among the *illiterate*, they must expect to meet with a few hard knocks.

To this truism Mr. Theophilus Thoughtful readily assented; paid the Chandler for his eggs;—apologised for having called them rotten;—drew the patch over his clouded vision; and retired from the office ruminating on the incident, and determined to make something of it, and reimburse himself by writing an essay on the subject for the Monthly Magazines.—*Original*.

SONNET, FROM THE ITALIAN.

THERE is no God, the fool in secret said—

There is no God that rules on earth or sky:

Tear off the band that folds the wretch's head,

That God may burst upon his faithless eye.

Is there no God?—the stars in myriads spread,

If he look up, the blasphemy deny,

• Whilst his own features in the mirror read,

Reflect the image of Divinity.

Is there no God?—the stream that silver flows,

The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,

The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind that blows,

All speak of God: throughout one voice agrees,

And eloquent his dread existence shows:

Blind to thyself, ah, see him, fool, in these.

London Magazine.

CROSS READINGS.

VISITORS to the metropolis are respectfully invited—to be sold by auction by Messrs. Adams, at 42s. to 48s. per dozen.

Ever anxious to prevent imposition, Day and Martin respectfully inform the public that—the first number of the Monthly Critical Gazette will be—a general assortment of warrants, subpoenas, summonses, &c.

Important information—His Grace the Duke of Wellington—arrived at C. Holmes's waggon-warehouse, Jesus College Lane—where he was enthroned, and put in possession of—five or six bakers—and the up-shot is not a little surp rising

University intelligence.—Congregations will be holden for the purpose of—the removal of—100 pipes of wine.

Letters from St. Petersburg of the 20th March state, that—Dr. Bethel, the newly-appointed Bishop of Gloucester, arrived in—the Independent Tallyho Post Coach.

Birth—The Lady of ———, Esq., of—a fine-toned piano-forte—empty casks, and a variety of other effects—For particulars inquire of the auctioneer.

Mirror.

A D V I C E.

MR. ***

Your eyes are so bad, you'd do well to repair,
And seek the assistance of oculist Ware.

LORD ****

Not I, by my faith, for so bad as they are,
is mainly—nay, solely—occasioned by wear. *Chronicle.*

THE PRAISE OF EATING.

YE sons of the platter give ear

Venter habet aures, they say,

The praise of good eating to hear,

You'll never be out of the way;

But with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,
Stand ready to cut through the fat and the lean—

Through the fat and the lean,—

Sit ready to cut through the fat and the lean.

The Science of eating is old,

Its antiquity no man can doubt,

Though Adam was squeamish, we're told

Eve soon found a dainty bit out;

Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,

Our passage let's cut through the fat and the lean—

&c. &

Through the world, from the West to the East,

Whether City, or Country, or Court,

There's no honest man, whether Laic or Priest,

But with pleasure partakes in the sport,

And with knife sharp as razor, and stomach as keen,

His passage doth cut through the fat and the lean—

&c. &

They may talk of their roast and their boiled,

They may talk of their stew and their fry,

I am gentle simplicity's child,

And I dote on a West-Riding pie,

• While with knife sharp as razor, and stomach as keen,

I splash through the crust to the fat and the lean—

&c. &

Blackwood's Magazine

TRAVELLING.

GOING abroad is now so common and so vulgar, that it is almost more genteel to stay at home; and a person who has travelled the five hundred miles *out* of England, which constitute capability for the 'Travellers' Club, is much less of a curiosity than one who has travelled the same distance *in* it. The cataracts of the Nile are better known than the Falls of the Clyde; those rave about St. Peter's who never saw St. Paul's; and like the Scotchman who hurried home from Italy to see a magnificent view on his own estate, of which he had first received intelligence from a foreigner—so Englishmen will be put to the blush at Versailles and St. Denis, by puzzling questions about Windsor and Westminster Abbey.—A book in praise of our country is perhaps the only sort of book that would not pay the expences of publication; it would have the dulness of a sonnet to one's wife, and the insipidity of English wines; it would be as little purchased as British lace, and as little regarded as an appeal in behalf of British manufacturers. Not till war again closes the Continent, and tourists and travellers are thrown out of foreign employ, will they condescend to visit or describe our own lovely scenery. Then Devonshire and Derbyshire, Wales and Westmoreland, must *per force* excite ecstasies and employ pens; then exaggeration will succeed indifference, Mont Blanc bow to Ben Nevis, and Milan Cathedral shrink before York Minster. Rather than not add his mite to the mountain of books that is overwhelming our

land, a predestined author would accomplish his fate by publishing "First Impressions on Box-hill," or "Reminiscences of Clapham Common."

New Monthly.

MISCHANCES IN MARRIAGE.

It happened four couple one day were presented
 At the same parish church to be wed;
 "They had plighted their vows," and their friends had consented;
 So the first to the altar was led.
 The service proceeded till come to the clause—
 "For better, worse, richer, or poorer;"
 For "worse" and for "poorer" he would not—because
 From these he could never insure her;
 But to "richer" and "better" he vow'd to comply.
 The parson demurr'd to proceeding;
 The bridegroom persisted the words to deny,
 And retired with a bow of good breeding.
 The second approach'd, and the service was read,
 Till the bridegroom proceeded to ring her,
 When alas! it appeared they could never be wed,
 For the poor bride had lost her *ring finger*.
 To the third, a young couple, no obstacle rose,
 That *they* should not then be united;
 And the service proceeded almost to its close,
 And their vows were about to be plighted,—
 But, just as those vows had been nearly pronounced
 By the bride, in a voice firm and steady,
 A stranger arriv'd in great haste, and announced
 That the bride had a husband already.
 "Mischance on mischief," cried the priest in a pet;
 But the fourth couple still was remaining,
 And hoping, of them all his fees he should get,
 He determined to stifle complaining.
 But scarce had he read to the first warning clause,
 When the father desired, as a favour,
 He would hasten the reading the service—because
 The bride was just taken in labour.

Literary Chronicle.

AN EPITAPH, OR, PUNNING RUN MAD.

HERE lies old John Magee, late the landlord at the Sun,
 He never had an *ail*, unless when all his *ale* was done :
 The Sun was on the sign, tho' what sign his sun was on,
 No studier of the Zodiac could ever hit upon.
 Some said it was Aquarius, so queerious he'd get ;
 But he declared no *soda-hack* should ever share his *whet* ;
 His burnish'd sun was sol-o, soul-heart'ning was his cheer,
 And quaffing of good *porter* long kept him from his *bier*,
 As draughtsman he'd no equal, his drawings were so good,
 And many a noble draught has he taken from the *wood*,—
 Rare *spirited* productions, with tasty views near *Cork* ;
 And then he had a *score* or two *rum* characters in *chalk*.
 Above the mantle-taillee his tally it was nail'd,
 And tho' he had lost one eye-sight, his *hop-ticks* never fail'd.
 Good ale and cider *sold here*, oft made the *soldier* halt,
 And sailor Jack, his sail aback, would hoist aboard his malt ;
 Most cordially he'd pour out a cordial for the fair,
 Whose peeper meant to ogle the pepper-mint so rare.
 While buxom Jean would toss off the juniper so gay,
 And swear it was both sweet and nice as any *shrub* in May.
 At last John took to drinking, and drank till drunk with drink,
 His stuffing he would stuff in till stuff began to shrink ;
 Tho' mistress shook her hand high, he suck'd the sugar-candy,
 And often clos'd his brand eye by tippling of the brandy :
 His servants always firking, his firkins ran so fast,
 And staggering round his car-rails, his barrels breath'd their last ;
 And when he treated *all hands* his *Hollands* ran away,
 Nor reap'd he fruit from *any seed* for *uniseed* to pay.
 And tho' he drank the bitters, his bitters st'ill increas'd,
 He pufft the more *parfuit auccour* till all his efforts ceas'd.
 The storm, alas ! was brewing, the brewer drew his till,
 And Mrs. Figg, for 'bacca, to back her brought her bill.
 Distillers still'd his spirits, but couldn't still his mind ;
 He told the bailiff he would try a bail if he could find ;
 But fumbling round the tap-room, Death tapp'd him on the head,
 So here he lies quite flat and stale, because, d'y'e see, he's dead.

Literary Gazette.

SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following singular advertisement is copied from *The New London Connecticut Gazette*:

THE SUBSCRIBER

Being determined not to move from this state, requests all persons indebted, to pay particular attention to his

New definition of an *Old* Grammar, viz.

Present Tense

I am. Thou art. He is.

I am *	}	In want of money.
Thou art †		Indebted to me.
He is ‡		Shortly to be authorised, for the want thereof to take the body.

Unless immediate payment is made, you must expect to take a lecture upon my *new plural*.

The Subscriber offers for sale, at his store, two rods south of the Fish-market, the following articles, viz.

Solid Arguments—Hot Oysters, boiled Lobsters, Ham and Eggs, Butter and Cheese, &c.

Agitations—Cider, Vinegar, Salt, Pickles, &c.

Grievances—Pepper-Sauce, Mustard, Cayenne-Pepper, &c.

Punishments—Rum, Brandy, Gin, Bitters, &c.

Superfluities—Snuff, Tobacco, Segars, Pomatum, &c.

Extraordinaries.—Sea Serpent's Bones, Wooden Shoes, Water Witches, &c.

N. B. The above articles will be exchanged for

Necessaries, viz.—Bank Bills at par, Crowns, Dollars, half ditto, quarter ditto, Pistareens, Nine-penny pieces, Four-penny-halfpenny ditto, or Cents.

Terms of Payment—One half the sum down, and the other half on the delivery of the articles.

* Andrew Smith.

† Any one the coat fits.

‡ Hezekiah Goddard, Sheriff's Deputy.

Rudiments gratis, viz.

Those indebted for	-	-	-	Arguments
Must not be	-	-	-	Agitated ;
Nor think it a	-	-	-	Grievance
If they should meet	-	-	-	Punishment
For calling for such	-	-	-	Superfluities ;
Nor think it	-	-	-	Extraordinary
That I find it	-	-	-	Necessary
To demand immediate	-	-	-	Payment.

ANDREW SMITH.

The smallest favour thankfully received.

New London, March 1, 1819.

J. W. Jun.

THE GHOST AND THE COUNTRY CLUB.

IN all ages, persons of weak intellects have believed in apparitions; and in all relations of this kind, there is manifestly an endeavour to make the events as supernatural, wonderful, and as well attested as possible, to prevent the suspicion of trick, and to silence all objections which might be made to their credibility. In compliance with this custom, we will recount a story of a ghost, which seems to possess all the desired requisites.

At a town in the West of England, twenty-four persons were accustomed to assemble once a week, to drink, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like the academy of Rubens, at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the president's was more elevated than the rest. As one of the members had been in a dying state for some time, his chair, whilst he was absent, remained vacant.

When the club met on the usual night, inqui-

ries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went to inquire after him, and returned with the melancholy intelligence, that he could not survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual. About midnight the door opened; and the form, in white, of the dying or dead man, walked into the room, and took his seat in his accustomed chair. There he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at. The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure all who were present of the reality of the vision. At length he arose, and stalked towards the door, which he opened, as if living—went out, and shut the door after him. After a long pause, some one, at last, had the resolution to say, “If only *one* of us had seen this, he would not have been believed; but it is impossible that so many of us can have been deceived.” The company, by degrees, recovered their speech, and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up, and went home. In the morning, inquiry was made after their sick friend. It was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly about the time of his appearance in the club-room. There could be little doubt before; but *now*, nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been simultaneously seen by so many persons. It is unnecessary to say, that such a story spread over the country, and found credit

even from infidels: for in this case, all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact, attested by three-and-twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the *fixed* laws of nature, was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be *unfixed*. Years rolled on, and the story was almost forgotten.

One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice he was called to an old woman, whose business it was to attend sick persons. She told him that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience, *but for one thing*, which lay upon her mind. "Do you not remember Mr. ***, whose ghost has been so much talked of? I was his nurse. On the night of his death I left his room for something I wanted. I am sure I had not been absent long; but, at my return, I found the bed *without my patient*! He was delirious, and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir; but, after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room, shivering, and his teeth chattering, laid himself down on the bed, and died! Considering my negligence as the cause of his death, I kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could have contradicted all the story of the ghost, I dared not to do it. I knew, by what had happened, that it was *he himself* who had been in the club-room (perhaps recollecting it was the night of meeting): but I hope God and the poor gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented."

Lady's Magazine.



Designed by George Cruikshank.

WATCHES AND WATCHEES.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. III.

It behoves every person who carries a watch in his fob at this moment, to watch his fob well—*or*, as the poet singeth,

“He who a watch would wear, this he must do—

“Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too;”

otherwise every such person will be in imminent danger of having his watch go very irregularly. Scarcely an hour passes in this metropolis, without some unfortunate gentleman or other finding his watch either going too fast, or quite gone; and no wonder; for the said metropolis never was more infested with those whose business it is to get them to go, than at the present moment. One of these watch-witching worthies, a stout young Irishman, named John Sheen, who has made it his business to watch for watches about the Opera-house every night this season, was

brought before Sir Richard Birnie, charged with having made a violent attempt on the watch of a gentleman, named Stevens.

This Mr. Stevens was leaving the Opera-house on Saturday night, when John Sheen, backed by other professors, went bustling up in front of him, while another worthy from behind, suddenly encircled his head with both hands; and then John Sheen made such a desperate tug at his watch, that the pendant broke. John Sheen and his companion instantly made off, in different directions, with the chain and seals; and Mr. Stevens followed John Sheen, crying, "Stop thief!" but, unfortunately, in thus following, slipped down, and fractured his arm. John Sheen also cried, "Stop thief!" as he ran; but the *ruse* did not answer; for the watchmen caught him, as he was trying to give his pursuers the slip, by creeping, on all fours, under the hackney-coaches which were then and there assembled.

The property was not found upon him; and in his defence, he boldly denied having had any thing to do with the matter.

"What brings you at the Opera every night?" said the Magistrate. "I never was at the *Opera* in my life!" replied John.—"Perhaps not; but what brings you at the *Opera-house*?" said the Magistrate. "To look at the folks coming out," replied John; "but I defy any body to say I am there every night, or that I ever did any thing wrong."

This was an unfortunate challenge for poor John; for it was instantly answered by the oaths of at least half a dozen witnesses, by whose

evidence it appeared, that he had been several times punished for picking pockets; and one of them added, that his own father, when told of his present capture, said, "I am glad of it! and I hope they will transport him this time, or else he will come to the gallows!"

He was fully committed to take his trial, for having taken the chain, &c. from the prosecutor, with force and violence.

Bell's Life in London.

TOUCHING THE SPANISH*.

'Gold from Law can take out the sting.'

Beggar's Opera, act iii. scene 13.

"THE age of chivalry is gone,"
And *Quixote*, brave, heroic *Don*,
Disowns the wretch of Cadiz:
But he that truckles to the foe,
May well all gallantry forego,
And war with gentle ladies.

It well becomes such righteous laws,
The Spaniard's and the Frenchman's cause,
(No deeper need we probe them),
That they, whom women helpless left,
Of *manly* succour all bereft,
Should bully first, then rob them!

* See the late Spanish judgments on women.

Chronicle.

THE SPIRITS OF THE AGE.

No. I.—JEREMY BENTHAM.

MR. BENTHAM is one of those persons who verify the old adage, that “a prophet has no honour, except out of his own country.” His reputation lies at the circumference, and the lights of his understanding are reflected, with increasing lustre, on the other side of the globe. His name is little known in England, better in Europe, best of all in the plains of Chili and the mines of Mexico. He has offered constitutions for the New World, and legislated for future times. The people of Westminster, where he lives, know little of such a person; but the Siberian savage has received cold comfort from his lunar aspect, and may say to him with Caliban, “I know thee, and thy dog, and thy bush”—the tawny Indian may hold out the hand of fellowship to him across the Great Pacific. We believe that the Empress Catherine corresponded with him; and we know that the Emperor Alexander called upon him, and presented him with his miniature in a gold snuff-box, which the philosopher, to his eternal honour, returned. Mr. Hobhouse is a greater man at the hustings, Lord Rolle at Plymouth-dock; but Mr. Bentham would carry it hollow, on the score of popularity, at Paris or Pegu. The reason is, that our author’s influence is purely intellectual. He has devoted his life to the pursuit of abstract and general truths, and to those studies—“that waft a *thought* from Indus to the Pole,”—and has never mixed

himself up with personal intrigues or party politics. He once, indeed, stuck up a hand-bill to say, that*he (Jeremy Bentham) being of sound mind, was of opinion, that Sir Samuel Romilly was the most proper person to represent Westminster; but this was the whim of the moment. Otherwise, his reasonings, if true at all, are true everywhere alike: his speculations concern humanity at large, and are not confined to the hundred, or bills of mortality. It is in moral as in physical magnitude: the little is seen only near; the greater appears in its proper dimensions, only from a more commanding point of view, and gains strength with time, and elevation from distance!

Mr. Bentham is very much among philosophers what La Fontaine was among poets—in general habits, and in all, but his professional pursuits, he is a mere child. He has lived for the last forty years in a house in Westminster, overlooking the Park, like an anchorite in his cell, reducing law to a system, and the mind of man to a machine. He hardly ever goes out, and sees very little company. The favoured few, who have the privilege of the *entrée*, are always admitted one by one. He does not like to have witnesses to his conversation. He talks a great deal, and listens to nothing but facts. When any one calls upon him, he invites them to take a turn round his garden with him; (Mr. Bentham is an economist of his time, and sets apart this portion of it to air and exercise)—and there you may see the lively old man, his mind still buoyant with thought, and with the prospect of futu-

rity, in eager conversation with some opposition member, some expatriated patriot, or Transatlantic adventurer, urging the extinction of close boroughs, or planning a code of laws for some "lone island in the watery waste;" his walk almost amounting to a run, his tongue keeping pace with it in shrill, clattering accents, negligent in his person, his dress, and his manner, intent only on his grand theme of utility—or pausing perhaps for want of breath, and with lack-lustre eye, to point out to the stranger a stone in the wall at the end of his garden, (over-arched by two beautiful cotton-trees) *inscribed to the Prince of Poets*, which marks the house where Milton formerly lived. To show how little the refinements of taste or fancy enter into our author's system, he proposed at one time to grub up these beautiful trees, to convert the garden where he had breathed the air of truth and heaven for near half a century, into a paltry *Chreistomathic School*, and to make Milton's house (the cradle of *Paradise Lost*) a thoroughfare, like a three-stalled stable, for all the rabble of Westminster to pass backwards and forwards to it, with their cloven hoofs. Let us not, however, be getting on too fast—Milton himself taught a school!—There is something not altogether dissimilar between Mr. Bentham's appearance, and the portraits of Milton—the same silvery tone, a few dishevelled hairs, a peevish, yet puritanical expression, an irritable temperament, corrected by habit and discipline. Or, in modern times, he is something between Franklin and Charles Fox, with the comfortable double chin, and sleek

thriving look of the one, and the quivering lip, the restless eye, and animated acuteness of the other. His eye is quick and lively, but it glances not from object to object, but from thought to thought. He is evidently a man occupied with some train of fine and inward association. He regards the people about him no more than the flies of a summer. He meditates the coming age. He hears and sees only what suits his purpose, some "foregone conclusion;" and looks out for facts and passing occurrences, only to put them into his logical machinery, and grind them into the dust and powder of some subtle theory, as the miller looks out for grist to his mill! Add to this physiognomical sketch, the minor points of costume, the open shirt-collar, the single-breasted coat, the old-fashioned half boots and ribbed stockings; and you will find in Mr. Bentham's general appearance, a singular mixture of boyish simplicity, and of the venerableness of age. In a word, our celebrated jurist presents a striking illustration of the difference between the *philosophical* and the *regal* look: that is, between the merely abstracted and the merely personal. There is a lack-a-daisical *bonhomme* about his whole aspect, none of the fierceness of pride or power; an unconscious neglect of his own person, instead of a stately assumption of superiority; a good-humoured, placid intelligence, not a lynx-eyed watchfulness, as if it wished to make others its prey, or was afraid they might turn and rend him; he is a beneficent spirit, prying into the universe, not lording it over it; a thoughtful spectator of the scenes of life, or

ruminator on the fate of mankind, not a painted pageant, a stupid idol set up on its pedestal of pride, for men to fall down and worship with idiot fear and wonder, at the thing themselves have made, and which, without that fear and wonder, would itself be nothing !

* * * * *

Mr. Bentham's method of reasoning, though comprehensive and exact, labours under the defect of most systems—it is too *topical*. It includes every thing, but it includes every thing alike. It is rather like an inventory than a valuation of different arguments. Every possible suggestion finds a place, so that the mind is distracted as much as enlightened by this perplexing accuracy. The exceptions seem as important as the rule. By attending to the minute, we overlook the great; and in summing up an account, it will not do merely to insist on the number of items, without considering their amount. Our author's page presents a very nicely dove-tailed mosaic pavement of legal common-places. We slip and slide over its even surface without being arrested any where. Or his view of the human mind resembles a map, rather than a picture: the outline, the disposition is correct, but it wants colouring and relief. There is a technicality of manner, which renders his writings of more value to the professional inquirer than to the general reader. Again, his style is unpopular, not to say unintelligible. He writes a language of his own, that *darkens knowledge*. His works have been translated into French—they ought to be translated into English. People wonder that Mr. Ben-

tham has not been prosecuted for the boldness and severity of some of his invectives. He might wrap up high treason in one of his inextricable periods, and it would never find its way into Westminster Hall. He is a kind of manuscript author—he writes a cypher-hand, which the vulgar do not pry into. The construction of his sentences is a curious framework, with pegs and hooks, to hang his thoughts upon, for his own use and guidance, but quite out of the reach of any body else. It is a barbarous philosophical jargon with all the repetitions, parentheses, formalities, uncouth nomenclature and *verbiage* of law-Latin; and what makes it worse, it is not mere verbiage, but has a great deal of acuteness and meaning in it, which you would be glad to pick out if you could. In short, Mr. Bentham writes as if he had but a single sentence to express his whole view of a subject in, and as if, should he omit a single objection, circumstance, or step of the argument, it would be lost to the world for ever, like an estate, by a single flaw in the title-deeds. This is overrating the importance of our own discoveries, and mistaking the nature and object of language altogether. Mr. Bentham has acquired this disability—it is not natural to him. His admirable little work *On Usury*, published forty years ago, is clear, easy, and spirited. Mr. Bentham has shut himself up since then “in nook monastic,” conversing only with followers of his own, or with “men of Ind,” and has endeavoured to overlay his natural humour, sense, spirit, and style, with the dust and cobwebs of an obscure solitude. The best.

of it is, he thinks his present mode of expressing himself perfect, and that, whatever may be objected to his law or logic, no one can find the least fault with the purity, simplicity, and perspicuity of his style.

Mr. Bentham, in private life, is an amiable and exemplary character. He is a little romantic or so; and has dissipated part of a handsome fortune in practical speculations. He lends an ear to plausible projectors, and if he cannot prove them to be wrong in their premises or their conclusions, thinks himself bound *in reason* to stake his money on the venture. Strict logicians are licensed visionaries. Mr. Bentham is half-brother to the late Mr. Speaker Abbott—*Prok pudor!* He was educated at Eton, and still takes our novices to task about a passage in Homer, or a metro in Virgil. He was afterwards at the University, and he has described the scruples of an ingenious youthful mind about subscribing the articles, in a passage in his *Church of Englandism*, which smacks of truth and honour both, and does one good to read it in an age, when “to be honest (or not to laugh at the very idea of honesty) is to be one man picked out of ten thousand!” Mr. Bentham relieves his mind sometimes, after the fatigue of study, by playing on a noble organ, and has a relish for Hogarth’s prints. He turns wooden utensils in a lathe, for exercise, and fancies he can turn men in the same manner. He has no great fondness for poetry, and can hardly extract a moral out of Shakspeare. His house is warmed and lighted with steam. He is one of those who prefer the

artificial to the natural in most things, and think the mind of man omnipotent. He has a great contempt for out-of-door prospects, for green fields and trees, and is for referring every thing to utility. There is a little narrowness in this, for if all the sources of satisfaction were taken away, what is to become of utility itself? It is indeed the great fault of this able and extraordinary man, that he has concentrated his faculties and feelings too entirely on one subject and pursuit, and has not "looked enough abroad into universality."

New London Magazine.

SHADE OF NAPOLEON.

He, at whose bidding countless treasures rolled,
 At whose high mandate empires were controlled;
 He, by whose rapid glance and fatal breath
 Embattled millions crowded on to death;
 On whose least nod the fate of nations hung;
 Whom orators have praised, and poets sung;
 At whose command the arch triumphal shone,
 The brazen column and the gilded dome;
 Who o'er the mountains hung in air his road,
 Who looked, who spoke, and was believed a god.
 Where is he now? on what new field of war
 Drives the victorious Emperor King his car?
 Exiled his throne—a captive to his foe—
 E'en Death denies the wretch a glorious blow.
 On shores remote—the stone without a name,
 Marks the last refuge of this child of fame!

Chronicle.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

The King of Light, father of aged Time,
Hath brought about that day which is the prime
To the slow gliding monks, when every eye
Wears symptoms of a sober jollity*.

THE ushering in of the New Year with rejoicings, presents, and good wishes, is a custom of immemorial antiquity. The Romans, it is observed by an old writer on this subject†, made presents even when their year consisted of only ten months, of thirty-six days each, and began in March, as well as when January and February were added by Numa to the ten others; and Romulus and Tatius made an order that every year Vervine should be offered to them, with other gifts, as tokens of good fortune for the year. So in an old translation of Polydore Virgil:—Gevyng of New Year's Giftes had its original there likewise (in ancient Rome) for Suetonius Tranquillus reporteth, that the knights of Rome gave yerely, on the calends of January, a present to Augustus Cæsar, although he were absent." And Tacitus makes mention of an order of Tiberius, forbidding the giving or demanding of New Year's Gifts, except at this time.

Our English Nobility, from the earliest times, seem to have been accustomed every New Year's tide to make presents to the Monarch; and Matthew Paris tells us that King Henry the Third

* Poole's English Parnassus.

† Monthly Miscellany for December, 1692.

extorted such gifts from his subjects. Even so late as the beginning of the last century, the courtiers commonly accompanied their congratulations on these occasions with a purse containing gold in it. "Reason may be joined to custom," says the author just quoted, "to justify this practice. For as presages are drawn from the first things which are met on the beginning of a day, week, or year, none can be more pleasing than of those things which are given us. We rejoice with our friends after having escaped the dangers that attend every year; and congratulate each other for the future, by presents and wishes for the happy continuance of that course, which the ancients called *Strenarum Comeruum*. And as formerly men used to renew their hospitalities by presents called *xenia*—a name proper enough for our New Year's Gifts, they may be said to serve to renew friendship, which is one of the greatest gifts imparted by Heaven to men; and they who have always assigned some day to those things, which they thought good, have also judged it proper to solemnize the Festival of Gifts; and to shew how much they esteemed it, in token of happiness, made it begin the year. "The value of the thing given," he adds, "or the excellency of the work, and the place where it is given, makes it the more acceptable, but above all, the time of giving it, which makes some presents pass for a mark of civility on the beginning of the year, that would appear unsuitable at any other season."

To end the old year *merrily*, and begin the new one *well*, and in *friendship* with their neighbours,

were the objects which formerly the common people had in view in the celebration of this festival. New Year's Eve, therefore, was spent in festivity and frolic by the men; and the young women in the country, carried about, from door to door, a bowl of spiced ale, which they offered to the inhabitants of every house where they stopped, singing at the same time some rude congratulatory verses, and expecting some small present in return. This practice, however, which originated in pure kindness and benevolence, soon degenerated into little better than a mere pecuniary traffic. If we believe Selden in his *Table Talk*, who alluding to this subject, draws the following comparison: "The Pope, in sending relicks to Princes, does as *wenches* do by their *wassails* at New Year's tide, they present you with a *cup*, and you must drink of a flabby stuff; but the meaning is, you must give them money ten times more than it is worth."

On New Year's Morn, New Year's Gifts were given and received, with the mutual expression of good wishes, and particularly that of a happy New Year. The compliment was sometimes paid at each other's doors, in the form of a song; but more usually, especially in the North of England, and in Scotland, the house was entered very early in the morning, by some young men and maidens selected for the purpose, who presented the spiced bowl, and hailed you with the gratulations of the season.

The custom of interchanging gifts on this day, though now nearly obsolete, was in old times observed most scrupulously, and not merely in

the country, but, as has been hinted at, in the palace of the Monarch. In fact, the wardrobe and jewellery of Queen Elizabeth appear to have been supported principally by these annual contributions. Nichol's "Progresses" of this Queen, furnishes a curious enumeration of these gifts, the original rolls of account of which are still remaining, and on which he observes, "from all these rolls (and more of them, perhaps, are still existing), it appears that the greatest part, if not all the Peers and Peeresses of the realm, all the Bishops, the Chief Officers of State, and several of the Queen's household servants, even down to her apothecaries, master cook, serjeant of the pastry, and even the *dustman*, gave New Year's Gifts to her Majesty; consisting, in general, either of a sum of money, or jewels, trinkets, wearing apparel, &c. The largest sum given by any of the Temporal Lords was 20*l.*; but the Archbishop of Canterbury gave 40*l.*; the Archbishop of York 30*l.*; and the other Spiritual Lords 20*l.* and 10*l.*; many of the Temporal Lords and Great Officers, and most of the Peeresses, gave rich gowns, petticoats, smocks, kirtles, silk stockings, Cyprus garters, sweet bags, doublets, mantles, some embroidered with pearls, garnets, &c. looking-glasses, fans, bracelets, caskets studded with precious stones, jewels ornamented with sparks of gold in various devices, and other costly trinkets. Sir Gilbert Dethick, Garter King at Arms, gave a book of the States in William the Conqueror's time; Absolon, the Master of the Savoy, a bible covered with cloth of gold, garnished with silver and gilt, and two plates with the

Royal Arms; *Petruchio Ubaldino*, a book covered with vellum, of Italian; Lambarde, the antiquary, his *Pandecta* of all the Rolls, &c. in the Tower of London. The Queen's physician presented her with a box of foreign sweetmeats; another physician with two pots, one of green ginger, the other of orange flowers; two other physicians gave each a pot of green ginger, and a pot of rinds of lemons; her apothecaries, a box of lozenges, a box of ginger candy, a box of green ginger, a box of orange candit, a pot of preserves, a pot of Wardyn's candit, a box of wood with prunelyn, and two boxes of *manus Christi*; Mrs. Blanch, a parry, a little box of gold to put in comfits, and a little spoon of gold: Mrs. Morgan, a box of cherries, and one of abery-cocks; her master cook, a faire march payne; her serjeant of the pastry, a faire pie of quinces oringed; a box of peaches of Janneway (Genoa); a great pie of quinces and Wardyn's guilte; *Putrino*, an Italian, presented her with two pictures; *Innocent Corry*, with a box of lute-strings; *Ambrose Lupo*, *Joseph Lupo*, and *Cæsar Caliaro*, each with a pair of sweet gloves; a cutler with a meat knife with a fan haft of bone, *a conceit in it*. *Jaromy*, with twenty-four drinking glasses; *Jeromy Bassano*, two drinking glasses; Smyth, *dustman*, two boltes of cambrick. To all which articles, the Queen, though she made return in plate, &c. always took care the balance should be in her own favour.

The rewards given by King Edward VI. in the fifth year of his reign, on New Year's Day, to his officers and servants in ordinary, are said to

have amounted to 155*l.* 5*s.*—" and to their servants that present the King's Mistle with New Year's Gifts." The story of Bishop Latimer's New Year's Gift to Henry VIII. is well known. All the Nobles, together with the Clergy, were crowding with their rich presents to the King, in the splendour of which, each strove to outvie his neighbour; the Minister placed on the monarch's table a bible only, with one of the leaves turned down to that very, in his case, appropriate passage—" Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge." This bold admonition, which would almost have cost any other man his head, is said to have been received by the King from this venerable Prelate not only without offence, but with thanks. The only remains of the custom of giving New Year's presents at Court, now is, that the two chaplains in waiting on New Year's Day, have each a crown piece laid under their plates at dinner.

In a MS. book of accounts of the household expences of Sir John Franklyn, 1624, printed in the *Archæologia*, under the date of January 1, occur the following items, illustrative of New Year's Day customs at that period:—

	<i>s</i>	<i>d.</i>
Item to the musitioners uppon New Year's Day in the morning	1	6
Item to the woman which brought the apple stuck with nuts	1	0
Item to the boy who brought two capons	1	0
Item paid for the cup (supposed to have been the wassailing cup),	1	6

The "apple stuck with nuts," mentioned in this account, seems to have been presented as an humble substitute for an orange stuck with cloves, which was at this time a common New

Year's Gift. So Ben Jonson, in his *Christmas Masque*: "He has an *orange* and *rosemary*, but not a *clove* to stick in it." A *gilt nutmeg* (the 4to. 1598, reads "a gift nutmeg") is mentioned in the same piece, and on the same occasion.

The presenting of *capons* on this day, as a usual gift, is alluded to in the following passage of Cowley:—

Ye used in the former days to fall
Prostrate unto your landlord in his hall,
When with low legs, and in an humble guise,
Ye offered up a capon sacrifice
Unto his worship at a New Year's tide.

The tract *Vox Graculi* (1623) remarks on this custom of giving New Year's presents—"This year shall be given many more gifts than shall be asked for; and apples, eggs, and oranges, shall be lifted to a lofty rate: when a pomewater bestucke with a few rotten cloves, shall be more worth than the honesty of an hypocrite: and half a dozen eggs of more estimation than the vows of a strumpet." *New London Magazine.*

HUMAN LIFE.

CRIES SAM, all human life is frail,
E'en mine may not endure,
So lest it suddenly should fail,
I'll hasten to insure.

At Morgan's office Sam arrives,
Reckoning without his host—
"Avaunt!" the affrighted Morgan cries,
"We can't insure a ghost!"

"Zounds! 'tis my Poem, not my face—
"Here, list while I recite it:"

Cries Morgan, "Seek some other place,
"We cannot underwrite it."

John Bull.

CROSSING OF PROVERBS.

Prov. The more the merrier.

Cross. Not so; one hand is enough in a purse.

P. Hec that runnes fastest, gets most ground.

C. Not so; for then footinen would get more ground than their masters.

P. He runnes far that never turnes.

C. Not so; he may breake his necke in a short course.

P. No man can call againe yesterday.

C. Yes; he may call till his heart ake, though it never come.

P. He that goes softly, goes safely.

C. Not among thieves.

P. Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting.

C. Yes, lacke of meat.

P. Nothing is hard to a willing mind.

C. Yes, to get money.

P. None so blind as they that will not see.

C. Yes, they that cannot see.

P. There is no creature so like a man as an ape.

C. Yes, a woman.

P. Nothing but is good for something.

C. Not so; nothing is not good for any thing.

P. Every thing hath an end.

C. Not so; a ring hath none, for it is round.

P. Money is a great comfort.

C. Not when it brings a thief to the gallows.

P. The world is a long journey.

C. Not so; the sunne goes it every day.

P. It is a great way to the bottom of the sea.

C. Not so; it is but a stone's cast.

P. A friend is best found in adversity.

C. Not so; for then there's none to be found.

P. The pride of the rich makes the labours of the poor.

C. No, the labours of the poore make the pride of the rich.

P. Virtue is a jewel of great price.

C. Not so; for then the poore could not come by it.

Ladb's Magazine

AFFECTING ANECDOTE OF HANDEL.

WHEN Handel became blind, though he no longer presided over the oratorios, he still introduced concertos on the organ between the acts. At first he relied on his memory, but the exertion becoming painful to him, he had recourse to the inexhaustible stores of his rich and fertile imagination. He gave to the band only such parts of his intended composition as were to be filled up by their accompaniments; and relied on his own powers of invention to produce, at the impulse of the moment, those captivating passages which arrested attention, and enchanted his auditors. It was a most painful spectacle to see the venerable musician, whose efforts had charmed the ear of a discerning public, led by the hand of friendship to the front of the stage, to make an obeisance of acknowledgment to his enraptured audience. When Smith played the organ at the theatre, during the first year of Handel's blindness, *Samson* was performed, and *Beard* sung, with great feeling:

" Total eclipse—no sun, no moon,
All dark amid the blaze of noon."

The recollection that Handel had set this air to music, with the view of the blind composer, then sitting by the organ, affected the audience so forcibly, that many persons present were affected even to tears.

Somerset-House Miscellany.

THE COURT OF POYAIS.

A NEW SONG FOR THE NEW WORLD.

BY THE POYASIAN POET LAUREAT.

TUNE—"Packington's Pound."

OLD Europe is quite worn out—while the West
With the spring-tide of vigour and genius is blest :
Her soil so prolific—so genial her clime—
Columbia's fertility distances time !

A *Prince* or *Cacique*

Springs up like a leek ;

Protectors and *Presidents* sprout every week.

Then a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway !
And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais !!

His Highness is now just about to create
The orders and ranks of his embryo state—
His peers and his judges, his senate and guards,
His ministers, household, and even his bards,
Are all to be named,
And a government framed,

On views which great Thistlewood's self had not blamed !
So a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway !
And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais !!

Make haste, jolly boys, for the foremost will get
The foremost good things—in the Poyais Gazette ;
And those who delay will accomplish, I fear,
No more than a Whig or a dunce can get here ;
Of "*qui cito, bis*,"

The English is this—

The early will get what the tardy may miss.
Then a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway !
And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais !!

His Highness (God bless him !) in candour, now deigns
To tell to whose care he has destined the reins :
And whom, in his scheme of colonial manning,
He means for *his* Liverpool, Eldon, and Canning !

He fears that his band
 May appear second-hand,
 But they 'll rise when they touch that regenerate land!
 So a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway!
 And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais!!

To the care of the public finances, he names
 My *Lord Mack-a-boo*—better known as Sir James—
 His Highness, perhaps, would not choose such a Necker.
 If he meant that his loans should e'er reach his Exchequer

The Treasurer, too,
 Having nothing to do,
 May work at his *hist'ry* of Maracayboo.
 Then a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway!
 And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais!!

Lord Chancellor Ill-done (late Brougham) will dispense
 Sound law, rigid honour, and solid good sense;
 And in the recess—having judged every case—
 Teach parrots to chatter and apes to grinace!
 While Williams shall be,
 With a very small fee,
 Accountant and Master i' th' 'black Chancerie.
 So a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway!
 And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais!!

To thrive as Chief Justice Tom Creevy can't fail,
 He knows how a libeller's sentenced to jail,
 And needs but repeat to each criminal elf
 The lecture old Ellenbro' read to himself;
 But sitting in bank
 Where the climate is dank,
 'Tis thought the Chief Justice may smell rather rank;
 But what cares King George and his old-fashioned sway!
 So hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais!!

Burdett's place was doubtful—the mere name of Scott
 Sufficed to determine Sir Francis's lot;
 As *Judge of the Arches*, he may decide on
 Those delicate cases, best known as *Crim. Con.*;
 While little Cam Hob,
 The Tom Thumb of the mob,
 Attends, as his proctor, the charges to fob.

Then a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway!
And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais!!

Lord Chamberlain Peter, all martial his state,
And teach—he knows how—all the footmen to wait;
Lord Steward, little Taylor presides at the table;
And *Maberley (Count of Bazaar)* in his stable;
His Lordship contracts
For hunters and hacks,

Hay, oats, beans, horse-cloths, mops, bushels, and sacks!
Then a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway!
And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais!!

Lord Althorp his title and rank will resign,
Content by his own native merit to shine:—
And all his friends tell us that 'tis not too late
To teach him, as porter, to open the gate:
To manage the claims
Of the Irish, he names

In his absence, Jack Smith and the straight-sighted James;
Then a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway!
And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais!!

Small Tankerville smiles, his old place to secure,
And looks with his wand, like a lark on a skewer:
Lord King has do definite office—but brings
His name—to excite a due hatred of Kings!
To manage the stage,
The actors engage,

And to play *Master Ford*, is Lord Blesinton's rage.
So a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway!
And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais!!

With a gown on his back and a wig on his head,
As touchy as tinder—as heavy as lead,
The Speaker-elect, in his privilege dress'd,
Lets loose his own tongue, but ties up all the rest!
'Tis a very great place
For a man in his case,

Who is now but a kind of house-steward to his Grace.
But a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway!
And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais!!

At the head of his Guards, to discomfit a mob,
 His Highness is pleased to commission Sir Bob;
 No blood he e'er lost, and no blood he e'er drew!
 Expelled each old service, he's fit for the new!

But as some folks demur

To his title of Sir,

He means to invest him again with the spur.

Then a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway!
 And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais!!

Joe Hume—with one page of a delicate mien—

Embarks as Lord Rector of *New Aberdeenn*:

He offers, besides, with a zeal that ne'er slumbers,
 To lecture on English, ship-building, and numbers.

Moreover the "*Ractor*"

Wull act as "*Dissactor*,"

And paymaster, postmaster, clerk and contractor!!!

Then a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway!
 And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais!!

'Twas settled that little Grey Bennett should rule,

With sugar-cane sceptre, the Black Sunday School;

In pungent salt pickle, his rods he had dipped;

Yet then he'd have wept all the time that he whipped!

But it seems that of late

He has got an estate;

And stays here in England to pipe and to prate.

So a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway!

And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais!!

To sing such great statesmen and morals so pure,

His first bard is Bowring—the second Tom Moore,

Leigh Hunt was refused, as a cockneyized calf,

And Rogers, for being too comic by half!

For me, I confess

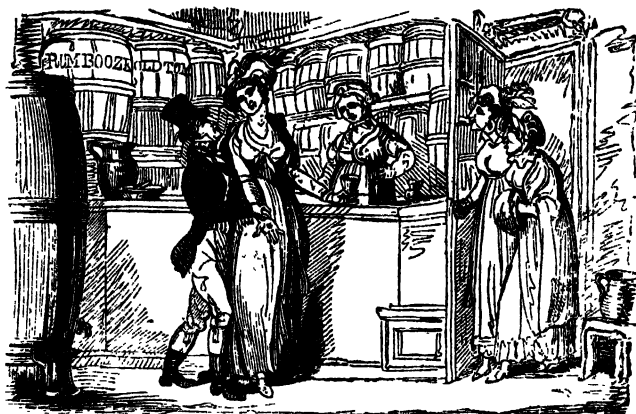
I am paid to express

My love for Poyais, and I can do no less.

So a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway!

And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais!!

John Bull,



Designed by T. Rowlandson.

ILL-REQUITED LOVE;

OR, MISS HANNAH MARIA JULIANA SHUM.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. IV.

THERE was a damsel—one Miss Hannah Maria Juliana Shum—charged by the books of Covent-garden watch-house, with having robbed a young gentleman of a golden sovereign. The young gentleman made such a pathetic appeal against the publication of his name—being, as he said, “a young man just verging into the affairs of the world,” that we shall content ourselves (and our readers also, we hope) with saying, he was simply a young gentleman of little person—and that little made the most of *secundum artem*; that is to say, the boot-maker had lengthened him at one end, and the hair-dresser at the other; whilst his tailor had done all that padding could do, to increase his bulk longitudinally.

The damsel — Miss Hannah Maria Juliana Shum, was not the purest damsel in existence perhaps—certainly not the purest in attire, and her face, pretty as it certainly was, would have been all the prettier for a commodity of soap and water. But in describing the persons of this rather ill-matched pair, we shall forget their adventures. They were thus then:

The young gentleman left his home on the preceding night, with the intention of going to the play, but in his way thither he met Miss Hannah Maria Juliana Shum, and she looked at him from under her black-arched eye-brow with such a look as he could not resist. Now, since he could not resist, he should have turned his back and fled; but instead of flying, he stopped and asked her how she did. She replied, that she should be very well, if she was not so very cold; and, sighing deeply, she added—"Oh! what a delightful thing is a glass of nice hot brandy and water, on such a piercing night as this!" Here was a direct appeal to the young gentleman's generosity, and gallantry, and all that sort of thing, and every thing in the world almost; and he could no more resist it than he could the sparkling of her jet-black eye. So he gave her his arm and his heart together, and looking round he saw the words, "Fine Cognac Brandy, neat as imported," staring him full in the face, from the windows of a tavern, most opportunely opposite. What was to be said for it? Nothing at all. In his opinion the brandy and water was now inevitable, and they went into the tavern and drank a glass; and so delightful did

they find it, that they had another, and another, and another. But still, as Miss Hannah Maria Juliana Shum sweetly remarked—

“The sweetness that pleasure has in it,

“Is always so slow to come forth,”

—that they had another or two to help it to come forth faster, and it did—to such a degree, that the young gentleman took up the song and sang—

“As onward we journey, how pleasant,

“To pause, and inhabit awhile

“Those few *gassy* spots, like the present,

“That ’mid the dull wilderness smile!”

By and by two other ladies, friends of Miss Hannah Maria Juliana Shum’s, dropped in, and, the gentleman insisting upon it, they also had some glasses of nice hot brandy and water. In short, they were all so jocund, that at length the gentleman made up his mind to make a night of it—“But first,” said he, “I should like just to step home, and tell them not to sit up for me.” “Tell the d—l!” exclaimed Miss Hannah Maria Juliana Shum—“that’s all a *hum*; for if you go away you’ll not come back again.” The gentleman was shocked; but his love was not shaken, and he pledged his honour that he would return. “*Honour* is all my eye,” said the gentle Juliana Shum—“pledge your *honour*, indeed!”—will you pledge a *sovereign*?”—“I will!” said the gentleman; and he did—for, as we have already stated, he was a *young* gentleman. The ladies waited his return—because they were not remarkably well able to go, in consequence of the Cognac. When the gentleman returned, he, very naturally, expected the return of his sove-

reign; and the ladies very naturally knew nothing about it; whereupon the young gentleman's love evaporated—or rather exploded, with a bounce; and his love being all gone, he was ungallant enough to send his once-loved Miss Hannah Maria Juliana Shum to the watch-house.

During the night, however, he repented himself of his cruelty; and he told the Magistrate that he did not wish to prosecute her. "I am a young man," said he, "just verging into the affairs of the world, and a business of this kind has such an ugly look with it, that I shall be much obliged to you, Sir, if you will let the lady go, and I am sure she is very welcome to keep the sovereign."

The gentle Juliana, seeing matters in this comfortable train, ventured to tender the gentleman his sovereign again, which he as tenderly refused; and then the Magistrate dismissed them both with a rather untender admonition.

Herald.

ON FERDINAND GIVING POZZO BORGO THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

WHY does this Sovereign, Don Fernando,
Give the Fleece to Pozzo Borgo?
Why don't you know the Royal Glutton
Shears his flock—devours the mutton.
Pimps, priests, and panders take the wool,
Who laud this knave of thickest skull;
The horns, the garbage, and the trotters
Have half-starv'd curs who lick his platters.
From Holy Leagues the Lord preserve us,
They'd soon make us their *pecum servus*.

Chronicle.

JANUARY IN LONDON.

Now—but before I proceed further, let me bespeak the reader's indulgence at least, if not his favour, towards this everlasting monosyllable, *now*, to which my betters have from time to time been so much indebted, and on which I shall be compelled to place so much dependance in this my present undertaking. It is the pass-word, the “open sesame,” that must remove from before me all lets and impediments—it is the charm that will alternately put to silence my imagination when it may be disposed to infringe on the office of my memory, and awaken my memory when it is inclined to sleep—in fact, it is a monosyllable of infinite avail, and for which, on this, as on many other occasions, no substitute can be found in our own or any other language: and if I approve above all other proverbs, that which says, “there's nothing like the time present,” it is partly because “the time present” is but a periphrasis for Now!

Now, then, the cloudy canopy of seacoal smoke that hangs over London, and crowns her queen of capitals, floats thick and threefold—for fires and feastings are rife, and every body is either “out” or “at home” every night. Now school-boys do not know what to do with themselves till dinner-time—for the good old days of frost and snow, and fairs on the Thames, and furred groves, and skating on the canals, and sliding on the kennels, are gone by; and for any thing in the shape of winter, one might as well

live in Italy at once! Now, (on the evening of Twelfth-day) mischievous maid-servants pin elderly people together at the windows of pastry-cooks' shops—thinking them “weeds that have no business there.” Now, if a frosty day or two *does* happen to pay us a flying visit on its way home to the North Pole, how the little boys make slides on the pathways for the lack of ponds, and, it may be, trip up an occasional housekeeper just as he steps out of his own door;—who forthwith vows vengeance, in the shape of ashes, on all the slides in his neighbourhood—not, doubtless, out of vexation at his own mishap, and revenge against the petty perpetrators of it, but purely to avert the like from others!—Now Bond-street begins to be conscious of carriages—two or three people are occasionally seen wandering through the Western Bazaar—and the Soho ditto is so thronged, that Mr. Trotter begins to think of issuing another decree against the inroads of single gentlemen.—Now linen-draper begin to “sell off” their stock at “fifty per cent. under prime cost,” and continue so doing all the rest of the year—every article of which will be found on inspection to be of “the last new pattern,” and to have been “only had in that morning!”—Now oranges are eaten in the dress-circle of the great theatres, and inquiries are propounded there, whether “that gentleman in black,” meaning Hamlet, “is Harlequin?” And laughs and “La! mamma’s” resound thence, to the remotest corners of the house; and “the gods” make merry during the play, in order that they may be at leisure to

listen to the pantomime! and Mr. Farley is consequently in his glory, and Mr. Grimaldi is a great man: as, indeed, when is he not?—Now newspapers teem with twice-ten-times-told-tales of haunted houses, and great sea-snakes, and mermaids; and a murder is worth a jew's-eye to them; for “the House does not meet for the dispatch of business, till the third of February.” And great and grievous are the lamentations that are heard in the said newspapers, over the lateness of the London season, and its detrimental effects on the interests of the metropolis:—but they forget to add, “Erratum—for *metropolis* read *newspapers*.”—Now Moore's Almanack holds “sole sovereign sway and mastery” among the readers of that class of literature;—for there has not yet been time to nullify any of its predictions—not even that which says, “we may expect some frost and snow about this period.”—Finally—now periodical works put on their best attire—the old ones expressing their determination to become new, and the new ones to become old; and the *New Monthly Magazine* in particular—which is both new and old, and which realizes in its performances the pretensions of all the others (!)—makes a point of putting forth the first of some pleasant series of papers (*ecce signum!*) which cannot fail to fix the wavering propensities of the most periodical of readers and make him her own for another twelve months at least!

New Monthly Magazine.

A NEW SIMILE,

ADDRESSED TO THE SOFT SEX, BY A SUFFERER.

WHAT simile can we discover,
 That will fit.
 A humble, tame, and married lover?
 This is it—

He is like *an instrument*,
 His wife's keen fingers stray'd on,
 Passive and obedient,
 Only to be play'd on.
 Be she cross or be she kind,
 He still bears
 (For 'tis useless not to mind)
 All her airs.

He must ever be *in tune*
 When the lady takes him .
 If he's *sharp*—ah ! very soon
 Flat enough she makes him.
 What instrument? *Piano-forte* ?
 He? Ah no !

He must always be, in short,
 Pi-a-no.

For that simile still worse
 If with *fort* he meddles,
 She soon *piano* will enforce,
 By treading on his *pedals*.

'Then a *Harp* does he resemble,
 Sweet and soft ?
 'Tis true, she makes his heart-*strings* tremble,
 Much too oft ;

But *in her arms* her harp still stands,
 When she plays so clever ;
 While he oft comes too near *her hands*,
 But near her arms—Oh, never !

Then, like a *Flute*, to sooth and cheer her,
 No,—'tis hard ;
 But to her lips he ne'er comes nearer
 Than a yard.

Flutes are chiefly *box*, we see ;
 And we with far more fitness,
 May say *she's* made of *box*, not *he*,
 As both his ears can witness.

Then is *he* like a *Violin*

In tones and shapes ?

That is it !—He's often in

Horrid scrapes.

He's sure as *empty*, too, to win

A wife that is love's riddle ;

For oft, alas ! she'll make him grin

Like *head of an old fiddle.*

Chronicle.

NEGRO WIT.

A SHORT time since a gentleman driving on the road between Little River and this town, was overtaken by a negro boy on a mule, who attempted for a long while, without success, to make the animal pass the carriage. At length the boy exclaimed to his beast, "I'll bet you one *fippenny* I make you pass this time ;" and after a short pause, again said, "you bet ?—very well." The boy repeated the blows with renewed vigour, and at last succeeded in making him pass ; when the gentleman, who overheard the conversation between Quaco and his steed, said to him, "Well, my boy, now you have won, how are you going to 'make the mule pay you ?"—"Oh, Sir," says Quaco, "me make him pay me very well ; Massa give me one tenpenny for buy him grass, and me only buy him a fippenny worth !"

Brighton Gazette.

ORIGIN OF GYPSIES.

THEY were a collection of strange people, to whom the French have given the name of Bohemians. In other countries they are called Egyptians, Gypsies, or Syrians, and in Italy, Zingani, or Zingari. They wandered in troops from one end of Europe to the other, with tabors and castanets, dancing, singing, telling fortunes, shewing tricks of legerdemain, curing diseases with certain cant words, and stealing everything that came in their way; and observed certain religious ceremonies among themselves, which neither they nor any one else knew the meaning or origin of. These people have dwindled away considerably of late, since mankind have begun to throw off the infatuated notions of witchcraft, talismans, predictions, and possessions by evil spirits; there are still a few of them to be met with, but they are become very scarce. Nothing appears more probable than that those people were a remnant of the ancient priests and priestesses of Isis, intermixed with those of the goddess of Syria. These tribes, as much despised by the Romans as their ancestors had formerly been revered, carried their ceremonies and mercenary superstitions with them all over the world. Wandering missionaries of the faith they professed, they ran from province to province, to make converts of those whom mere chance had confirmed their predictions, or who, having recovered by the course of nature from slight disorders, imagined they owed their cure to the

miraculous efficacy of certain mysterious words and signs of these false prophets.

The description that Apuleius gives us of these vagabond prophets and prophetesses, is the very picture of what these wandering tribes, called Gypsies, have for a long time been in every country in Europe. The castanets and tabors are the cymbals and crotals of the Isean and Syrian priests.

Apuleius, who spent most of his life in searching after religious and magic secrets, speaks of the predictions, talismans, ceremonies, dances, and songs of these pilgrim priests, and in particular remarks their very great skill in stealing whatever came in their way, either in the court-yards or houses, where they were admitted. When Christianity took place of the religion of Numa, and Theodosius had destroyed the famous temple of Serapis, in Egypt, some of the Egyptian Priests joined themselves to those of the Goddess Cylebe and the Goddess of Syria, and went about begging alms in the same manner as hath been practised by our mendicant friars; but as they could not expect any countenance from the Christians, they found it necessary to add the trade of quack doctors to that of pilgrims, and practised chiromancy, or palmistry, and invented several singular dances.

Mankind love to be deceived and amused, and therefore this offspring of the ancient priests have continued even to the present time.

Such has been the end of the ancient religion of Isis and Osiris, whose very names still impress respect. This religion, which in its origin was

altogether emblematical and venerable, began so early as the days of Cyrus, to degenerate into a medley of ridiculous and superstitious customs. It fell into still greater disrepute under the Ptolemies. In the time of the Romans, it was reduced to the most abject state; and at length we see it wholly left to a set of wandering thieves and pick-pockets.

British Press.

TO A BUST OF NAPOLEON.

NAPOLEON, noblest of an evil race,
 Heroes and conquerors, whom the blind desire
 Of power and glory urges to debase
 God's gifts, so men but tremble and admire.
 Thine imag'd Bust, in antique beauty great,
 Seems, whilst I gaze, to breathe again and burn
 With living energy, its brow dilate,
 And the calm smile to indignation turn,
 As thou hadst guess'd my meaning—Wake, arise,
 Start forth and let Marengo's banner wave
 Glorious once more in slighted Freedom's eyes
 Over the Hirelings' wreck and Despots' grave!
 Thy sullied name and Europe's wrongs redeem,
 Strike—'tis the time!—Alas! that smile is gone
 And thy stern words but bitter mockery seem,
 As thou indeed hadst harden'd into stone:
 "I saw and warn'd you—but, what Prophet said,
 "Disown him living, and invoke him dead?
 "Whilst but one leaf of laurel bound my brow
 "They dar'd not this—crush'd. (let them answer how,) }
 "I tell ye from my rock, *yourself must save ye now!*" }
Chronicle

ORANGE BATTERY AMONG THE SHEENES.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. V. ..

MESSRS. Joseph Solomons and Michael Isaacs were charged with having assaulted Mr. David Martin.

The parties are all orange-merchants in Covent-garden market. Mr. David Martin deposed, that as he was standing by his merchandize, about the hour of ten in the morning, counting some money he had just then taken from a customer, he suddenly received "a squashy, well-damaged St. Michael's, *vop* in his right ear;" and upon his turning round his head to see where it came from, he received another, equally squashy, *vop* in his left ear. Then turning his head to the left, he received another in his right ear; and so on—left, right, left, right, for nearly two hours, without his being able to find out where they came from. "But at last," said he, "by a curious *skvint* of my two eyes at *vonce*, I catch'd both these ere gemmen in the fact."

Messrs. Michael Davis and Joseph Solomons solemnly denied having done any such thing, and assured the Magistrate that Mr. David Martin was "a man what wasn't to be believed upon his oath." Nay, Mr. Joseph Solomons offered to prove this before his Worship, if he would give him leave.

His Worship gave him leave; and setting his arms a-kimbo, whilst he stared Mr. Martin full in the face, he demanded—"Now, Mister Martin—for that's your name you know—you have been sworn, havn't you?"

"Ver goot," replied Mr. Martin, "I have shworn."

"Very well, then," continued Mr. Solomons, "now, upon the solemn oath you have took, didn't you—this very morning—whilst I was calling out to Aaron Levi, throw a great, big, rotten orange smack into my mouth?"

"That is where oranges ought to go!" observed Sir Richard, interrupting him.

"But not *rotten* ones, your Worship," rejoined Mr. Solomons, and then continued his cross-question to Mr. Martin—"I say, Mr. Martin, didn't you throw a great, big, rotten orange, which took my customer on the whisker, and came slap into my mouth, just as I was calling out to Aaron Levi, by which means I was almost choked?"

"Upon—my—solemn *oat*—I did not," replied Mr. Martin, with much emphasis.

"Oh! Lord!!" exclaimed Mr. Solomons; and he and his friend were both held to bail. *Herald.*

ON THE LOSS OF THE AUSTRIAN ORDER OF ST. ANNE AND MARIA THERESA.

THE Hun and the Russ
Have made a great fuss,
'Bout Theresa and Aane,
To frighten a man
With ribbands and Saints,
And regal complaints.
But this is all gammon,
He cannot serve both
"The People and Mammon."

Chronicle.

THE TICKLISH POINT.

IN the report of a case of *Crim. Con.*, *Carr v. Lillington*, the defendant's Counsel, Mr. Holbetch, laid great stress on two circumstances, first, the disparity of age between the husband and wife; and next, the unreasonable length of the periods of absence of the former. "In fact, (says the Counsel) the husband was absent from home more than half the year. Six weeks in each quarter he was on his commercial journeys, extending his connection, accumulating wealth, and neglecting what should be dearer to him than self, his wife."

The first of these circumstances, the disparity of age, it is hardly fair to urge, as the disparity was not less when the contract was entered into than when it was violated. The absence, however, involves one of the most ticklish questions that can arise in what may be called the *equity* of marriage.

There was a period when the ingenuity of Divines was very much employed in settling ticklish questions like the above. In Catholic countries this is still the case. There is no subject which the Casuists were fonder of discussing, than the various delicate considerations arising out of the manner in which the marriage duties are fulfilled. *Sanchez de Matrimonio* is an invaluable monument of the wisdom of our ancestors, and the extent of their knowledge on points which, in Protestant countries, are now very seldom elucidated.

But long after the Reformation, the Clergy continued to make married parties an object of their special care: and not merely the Established Clergy, but also those of the Dissenters. Indeed, the most distinguished writer on this was the celebrated Dissenting Clergyman—Richard Baxter. We cannot help thinking it a pity, that the place of writers of this description should be supplied by the Gentlemen of the Long Robe, whose morality is too apt to stretch itself to keep pace with their fee, and who have a sort of sinister interest in ensnaring poor females placed in critical situations, by the cobwebs of their sophistry. Mr. Richard Baxter, in his “Christian Economicks, or, Family Directory, containing directions for the true practice of all duties belonging to family relations, with the appurtenances,” treats very fully of the very point urged by Mr. Holbetch:

“Is it lawful for husband and wife to be long absent from each other? and how long? and in what cases?”

“Answer.—It is lawful to be absent either in the case of prayer, which Paul mentioneth, or in case of the needful affairs of their estates, *so long* as there may be no danger to either of them as to mental or corporal incontinency, nor to any other hurt which will be greater than the benefits of their absence: nor cause them to be guilty of the neglect of any real duty. Therefore, the cases of several persons do much differ; according to the different tempers of their minds, and bodies, and affairs. He that hath a wife of a chaste, contented, prudent temper, may stay

many months or years in some cases, when all things considered it tendeth to more good than hurt. As Lawyers, by their callings, are often necessitated to follow their callings at Terms and Assizes. And Merchants may be some years absent, in some weighty cases. But if you ask *whether the getting of money be a sufficient cause?* I answer, that it is sufficient to those whose families must be so maintained, *and their wives are easily continent*, and so the good of their gain is greater than any loss or damage that cometh by it. *But when covetousness puts them upon it needlessly, and their wives cannot bear it, or in any case where the hurt that is likely to follow is greater than the good, it is unlawful."*

Mr. Richard Baxter did not unadvisedly allude to what women can bear, for it would appear that he had strong doubts as to the propriety of building too much in *all* cases on their patience:—"There are some women (he says), whose phantasies and passions are naturally so strong, as that it seemeth to me that in many cases that they have not so much as natural free will or power to restrain them; but if in all other cases they acted as in some, I should take them for mere brutes that had no true reason; they seem naturally necessitated to do as they do. I have known the long profession of piety, which in other respects hath seemed sincere, to consist in a wife with such unmastered furious passion, that she could not, before strangers, forbear throwing what was in her hand, in her husband's face, or thrusting the burning candle into his face; and slandering him of the filthiest

sins; and when the passion was over confess all to be false, and her rage to be the reason of her speech and actions. And the man, though a Minister of more than ordinary wit and strength, yet fain to endure all without returns of violence till her death. They that never knew such a case by trial, can tell how all might be cured easily; but so cannot they that are put upon the cure."

All this is said feelingly and considerately. And were the case stated fairly for both sides in these delicate matters, the consequences would often be less lamentable than they are. Husbands should reflect, that there are two parties to a contract, and that the will and inclinations of the one ought not alone to be consulted. They may depend on it, that the Code of Morality of Mr. Holbetch will often be remembered, when the verdict of the Jury is forgotten. *Chronicle.*

RULE TO GO BY.

ΜΕΛΑΝΚΟ ΟΥΤΙΣΕΙΣ—EPICARMUS.

I admit, Sir, that you have handled the "*ticklish point*" with consiuerable address, but I must be permitted to say, that Mr. Holbetch, Mr. Baxter, and you, are still at hawk and buzzard as to that very ticklish and important question:—"Is it lawful for husband and wife to be long absent from each other, and how long?"

"What is truth?" was once asked, but the interrogator went away without the answer, and the inquiry remains to this day just where it was.

Such is precisely your case, and it was left to me to step in and solve the difficulty. Husbands and wives will be pleased to attend; and in all future cases of *crim. con.* in which the point arises, Counsel will, it is hoped, have the prudence to regulate their speeches and commentary accordingly.

This, supported by venerable authority, is *the rule to go by*:—"There is," says Andrews, "among the Jews, a law concerning jealousy, and the Rabbis have written comments upon it, and argue the point with such nicety, that the *exact number of minutes* is allotted which a *married lady* may spend with a gentleman before her husband has any right to suspect her. *It is*, those precise casuists determined, *just as long as it takes to boil an egg and to swallow it.*"

This is perfectly clear, and no husband can henceforth plead ignorance of the rule, in the observance of which consist both his duty and his security.

Mr. Reader adverted, in *Carr v. Lillington*, to the Mosaic law, whose "awful sentence," said he, was "The adulterer and the adulteress shall instantly be put to death." He might have added the mode—*stoned*: see Job, 8, 5. "*Moyſes mandavit nobis hujusmodi lapidare.*" A very effectual preventative, and by no means a severe law; always supposing that the foregoing *rule* laid down by the Rabbis, was abided by; for, in that case, the law must have remained a dead letter. Spanish jealousies, and all the arts devised by man to secure the chastity of wives, are weak, paltry and inefficient, compared

with the rule of these learned Rabbis. Egg'd on to a strict adherence to this regulation, husbands have nothing to fear.

After promulgating this prophylactic, I expect to hear no more of *crim. cons.*; but I cannot take my leave of them without a remark on such an offence sounding in damages. If a gig be run foul of and broken, I can readily understand why the person damaged should rest contented with the payment of the coach-maker's bill: but how it ever came to be imagined that injured honour, or a lacerated heart, could or ought to be satisfied by a sum of money, is beyond my comprehension. The compensation is insult added to dishonour. The noble mind has ever felt a dishonour keener and deeper than a wound, but here dishonour placed in one scale, and so many pieces of gold in the other, are deemed to be so exactly balanced, that there is nothing left for the finest feelings of human nature to repine at or regret. The baseness of such justice can only be equalled by the crime.

However, the world now has *the rule to go by*, and it will hereafter be the husband's fault, and not the wife's, if the Decalogue in this particular be ever violated again.

ARGUS.

Chronicle.

ON A LEFT-HANDED WRITING-MASTER.

THOUGH Nature thee of thy *right* hand bereft,
Right well thou writest with ~~the~~ hand that's *left*.

Herald.

GENIUS, AS CONNECTED WITH TRADE.

An Alphabetical Arrangement of Eminent Persons, who have been concerned in, or connected with Trade.

- | | |
|--|---|
| Akenside, the son of a butcher. | Howard, apprentice to a grocer. |
| Bloomfield, a shoe-maker. | Hume, a merchant's clerk. |
| Boccaccio, natural son of a merchant. | Inigo Jones, a journeyman carpenter. |
| Bonner (Bishop), a peasant. | Johnson, Samuel, son of a bookseller. |
| Bunyan, a tinker. | Jonson, Ben., a bricklayer. |
| Burns, a ploughman. | Kouli Khan, son of a shepherd. |
| Butler, the son of a farmer. | Lillo, a jeweller. |
| Cervantes, origin unknown, but served as a common soldier. | Luther, Martin, a miner. |
| Chatterton, an attorney's clerk. | Mahomet, a camel-driver. |
| Chaucer, the son of a merchant. | Milton, son of a scrivener. |
| Churchill, cyder-presser. | Molière, son of a tapestry-maker. |
| Cibber, son of a sculptor. | Moore, E., a linen-draper. |
| Claude Lorraine, a pastry-cook. | Plautus, a miller. |
| Collins, son of a hatter. | Pope, son of a linen-draper. |
| Columbus, a wool-stapler. | Prior, Mat., son of a joiner. |
| Cowley, son of a grocer. | Rabelais, an apothecary. |
| Cromwell, son of a brewer. | Ramsay, Allan, a barber. |
| Davenant, son of an innkeeper. | Richardson, a printer. |
| De Foe, a hosier, and son of a butcher. | Rousseau, son of a cobbler. |
| Demosthenes, son of a sword-maker. | Shakspear, son of a wool-stapler. |
| Erasmus, grandson of a physician. | Smollet, a surgeon. |
| Euripides, son of a green-grocer. | Tamerlane, son of a shepherd. |
| Falconer, son of a barber. | Tillotson, son of a weaver. |
| Ferguson, son of a shepherd. | Virgil, son of a pedlar. |
| Fox, George, a shoe-maker. | Walter, Izaak, a linen-draper. |
| Franklin, a journeyman printer. | Watts, son of a shoe-maker. |
| Gay, a silk-mercant. | William the Conqueror was a bastard, and his mother was the daughter of a tanner. |
| Gessner, bookseller and printer. | Wolsey, the son of a butcher. |
| Giffard, a shoe-maker. | Zimmerman, a physician. |
| Gray, son of a scrivener. | <i>Gentleman's Magazine.</i> |

ON PUNNING.

..... "He ne'er could ope his muns,
But out would pop a brace of puns."

THIS sort of wit, however light and frivolous some thinking people imagine it, has, nevertheless, been frequently used by the gravest of mankind. It requires, however, like irony, to be handled dexterously: a bungler at this weapon is generally laughed at, and becomes contemptible in the opinion of his hearers; but when it is at once delicately and pointedly aimed, it never fails to entertain good society. That leviathan, Dr. Johnson, is said to have affirmed, that a man who could make a pun, would pick a pocket; but the Doctor has proved himself a filch by his own practice, and has incurred, like all other punsters, the eternal punishment which that quick-sighted poet, Dean Swift, describes in his "*Art of Punning*." Lords, ministers, and commons, barbers and lawyer's-clerks, man-milliners, dustmen, and nightmen, (*dulces homines*, as Lingo would say), now wanton with the leading strings of punning. I cannot agree with a certain publication, that punning is a nuisance: it shews the invention of the mind, and always pleases when not offensively personal, or contemptibly weak and unperceived. Nevertheless, Mr. Editor, if you think the following jokes of a punster (now defunct!) will either add to the glory of punning, or expose its fallacy, they are at your service.

He observes of a young lady who eloped with

a *feather merchant*, that she took *wing* to Gretna Green. He is continually stunning one's ears with one *Rapin* who invented *knockers*. On looking into a *Mirror*, he makes many wise *reflections*, and *frames* his own jokes upon it. And on seeing a man who went up with Mr. Green in his *balleon*, *fall down*, he pronounced him a *descendant* of that famous Aeronaut. On a man whose *feet smelt* (not of the rose), he called it a *fetid smell*. And on striking a boy on the head with the *handle* of an umbrella, till he cried out, he would exclaim, that he hit him to some tune—to a tune of *HANDEL*. On a *tree*, he begins with—*let us branch* off into some subject—hav'n't you got *sap* enough already—I beg *leave* to dissent, &c. and *boughs* with deference to your opinion, and *stalks* away, because he cannot *stem* your eloquence: all these are common enough, and such as any young puppy of a punnikin might *bark* at. Of a person who made a bad cure of an *eye*, he said he ought to be *lash'd* through the world, or thrown down the *cataracts* of Niagara, for being such a sorry *pupil* of his master. And pulling his pocket *handkerchief* out, he says, he *hankers chiefly* after such and such things. On seeing a man before a looking-glass, tie his *neckcloth well*, he exclaimed *vel you tie* in *speculum*! Some old *hair-bottomed* chairs put him in mind of a poem of Lord Byron's, because they were *coarse hair*. He would rather let all foreign *loans alone*, particularly those of *Holland*, because he would get *Neither Lands* nor money for his loan, though his credulity might get a *Polish*. He says he had *stout* notions of

marrying a *brewer's* daughter; *but* her father was against the match, so they thought of *hopping* off to the north. Then he has seen lovers under a *cypress* tree. He talks of his friend, Mr. *Eel*, who lives in *Skinner's-street*. He asks *Lucy* for a light, and says he is in *lux via* (luck's way!) from thence he would *infer* Lucifer! On seeing a *church*, he says, he has very *aspiring* ideas, for he should like to be the *chancellor* of England: such jokes deserve a *halter*, for they put one in a *terri-ble fry*! On passing a *river*, he said, he had *divers* notions of throwing himself in, because the *Bank* was to issue no more paper *currency*. He hears reports, that a house which was pulled down and *rebuilt*, was haunted, but remarks, that it was only a *story raised*. He says, that a man that will fish all day, ought to have a *rod* for pursuing such a *line* of conduct: so says Theodore *Hook*! When he goes skaiting, he says, he commences on *fundamental* principles, and it is but justice for him to *crack* his jokes there. On seeing a lady who wore a cap called the late *queen's cap*, he remarked, it must be a *mob cap*. He talks of his friend the cheesemonger, being a *mighty* fine sort of man, and when he is *sotus*, he says, he is always *so-lo* (w). He says, Mr. *Rayner* will be a *Reigner* at the English Opera. Miss *Wood*, of the Haymarket, has been long used to the *boards*, and has played a good *deal*; but observes, that no one dared ever yet to *touch Wood*. Mr. Liston once complained to the manager of Drury-lane: some one said, go to *El-liston*, and he will *listen* to you. He says, that Miss *Tree* ought to be called

a *palm-tree*, from the applause she gets; and that Miss *Dance* has taken a trip to Bath. That Miss *Chester* is at *Manchester*: that Miss *Love* has a great deal of *cupid-ity*; and that Mrs. *Chatterley* knows she has a *tongue*. A man told him once that he was no *pun-ster*, on which he could not stir a *pun*! He *blows*, he told him, the *flies*: and says *Old Maids* are *verging* (read *virgin*) on the vale of life. He talks of his friend the *fiddler* keeping the even *tenor* of his way, that he *Wares* well, although he is *bow'd* down with age. He talks of *George the Third*, *Wilks*, *Wat Tyler*, and *darned stockings*, in one breath, because they are *men ded*! And says the best language for punning is the *Punic*. With him a *strong* man is a *Musselman*. And he calls a *flower pot* an *Elector of Middlesex*, because it is a *Land holder*. Says, our immortal *Sheri-dan* was too fond of *wine*: it was by his *wit* he got his *bread*, though Mr. *Whitbread* often proved *crusty* and opposed him. "*Facilis descensus Averni*," says he, to a friend who slipped down the stairs of a modern *Hell*, in Pall Mall. He will tell you of a *Bear* he once saw *Brewing*! Shakspeare's *Commentators* are *common 'tatoes*. He deplores the catastrophe of the man who was *assaulted* by a *donkey*, and says all *flesh* is grass, and a great deal of it *scurvy* grass. He has seen *coal-heavers* laugh till they were *black* in the face. And when he sees draymen *lowering beer* in a public-house cellar, he says, it is a sign that *beer has fallen*. Drinking, he says, makes him *lean*, because he *leans* against every post and wall that *bars* his passage, which is uncommonly *grating*

to his feelings. And when he gets up a *rope ladder*, he says, he is an *upright* man, and cannot fail *rising* in the world. If any one talks of our *first* parents, he says, he was on the *eve* of mentioning them, and if he was *able*, he would give so and so a good *caining*—plague on such jokes, say I. A celebrated poet, he says, ought to write *more*, for he has wrote *little* long enough, almost till he was done *brown*. He talks of Mr. *Westcott*, who is a relation of Mr. *Coates*: such observations would be only making *breaches* into nonsense. I *trow sirs*, it would, was his reply. He exclaims, *requiescat in pace* over a dead *puss*. *INGENS cui lumen ademptum*, when he sees the *engines* running. And thanks Mr. *Peel* for the *Repeal* of the Marriage Act.

Mirror.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

HER, by her smile, how soon the stranger knows;
 How soon, by his, the glad discovery shows,
 As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy!
 What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
 He walks, he speaks in many a broken word;
 His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
 And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
 When rosy sleep comes on with soft surprise.
 Lock'd in her arms, his arms across her flung
 (That name most dear for ever on his tongue),
 As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
 And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings.
 How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
 Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart;
 Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
 And, if she can, exhaust a Mother's love!

Herald.

FRAGMENTS, BY L. E. L.

Gleanings of poetry,—if I may give
 That name of beauty, passion, and of grace,
 To the wild thoughts that in a startlit hour,
 In a pale twilight, or a rose-bud morn,
 Glance o'er my spirit,—thoughts that are like light,
 Or love, or hope, in their effects.

LAMENT FOR THE PAST YEAR.

Farewell, thou shadowy Year, farewell !

My heart feels light that thou art gone ;
 That last star was thy burial light,

That passing wind thy funeral moan.

Another Year? It cannot be,

Surely, what thou hast been to me !

Twelve months ago I sat, as now ;

Glorious was the blue midnight,

A glad sound came from many bells,

And never shone the stars more bright ;

I thought the sky, so calm, so clear,

Might be an omen of the Year.

False sky ! false stars ! showed they their light

But as in mockery to the eye,

'That sought in their bright page to read

A something of its destiny ?

Why looked they beauty, looked they hope,

On such a darkened horoscope !

For, not one warning shadow told

How many clouds were on the wind,

Of hopes that fell like autumn fruit,

Leaving the sapless boughs behind !

All that has been may be again,

And yet lives in my spirit's pain.

Now there is storm upon the sky,

The clouds hang heavy, as with care ;

The stars have darkened one by one,

A moaning sound is on the air ;

And be the year the worst to me,

'Tis but what I expect should be.

100 MR. BELL AND LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON.

Come, thou New Year! I doubt thy life
Will be such as thy birth has been,
Ended as it begun, in tears,
A desolate and darkened scene.
There is now but one only thing
Which I can wish, or thou canst bring.

A deep, a lone, a silent grave,
Is all I ask, dark Year, of thee ;
To others hope and pleasure bring,
But only bring the grave to me!
The wearied heart, in its despair,
Will seek and find a haven there.

Literary Gazette

MR. BELL AND LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON.

BEFORE Mr. Bell had finally retired from the Court of Chancery, he waited on the Lord Chancellor, to acquaint him of his intention. The Learned Lord, justly estimating the distinguished legal abilities of Mr. Bell, remonstrated with him on the impolicy of putting his intentions into immediate execution. ‘My Lord,’ said Mr. Bell, ‘I am growing old.’ “I am your senior by some years,” replied Lord Eldon. ‘My Lord, I feel myself growing weak.’ “I am much weaker, Mr. Bell,” said the Chancellor. ‘I have a swimming in my head—’ “and so have I,” retorted his Lordship. ‘My Lord,’ said Mr. Bell, ‘I have made money enough.’ The Chancellor was silent !

Chronicle.

BARRISTERS OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

SIR WILLIAM DUGDALE, in his account of the Inner Temple, says, "In 1664, the King went thither in his barge from Whitehall, and dined there. The solemn revels which were begun by the whole house, Judges, Sergeants at Law, Benchers, and the Utter and Inner Bar, were led by the Master of the Revels" (doubtless some such proper person as Dr. Rennel). "After this ceremony, one of the gentlemen of the Utter Bar was chosen to sing a song to the Judges, Sergeants, or Masters of the Bench, which was usually performed; or in default of it, was an amerciaiment. This ended, some of the gentlemen of the Inner Bar presented the house with dancing, which was called the *post revels*. These dances were continued till the Judges or Bench thought proper to rise and depart."

Hayman, in his *Quodlibets*, printed in 1628, observes:

"When I was of Lincoln's Inne, the fashion was (and I thinke is still) after dinner, upon grand and festive days, some young gentleman of the house would take the best guest by the hand, and he the next, and so, hand in hand, they did solemnly passe about the fire, the whole company each after other in order; to every staffe a song (which I could never sing) the whole company did with a joyn'd voice sing this burthen:

Some mirth and solace now let us take,
To cheare our hearts, and sorrows slake.

Upon this kind of commencement of these revels, I conceited this :

When wise, rich lawyers dance about the fire,
 Making grave needlesse mirth, sorrowes to slacke,
 If Clyents (who doe them too dearly hire,
 Who want their money, and their comfort lacke)
 Should, for their solace, dance about the hall,
 I judge their dance were more methodicall !"

By methodical, we suppose he means that clients, being naturally far more inclined to be grave than either Barristers or Judges, would better acquit themselves in "solemn revels."

Chronicle.

HOGARTH'S NO-DEDICATION.

HOGARTH wrote a History of the Arts, which he intended to publish as a supplement to the *Analysis of Beauty*, and even went so far as to write the dedication for it, which was as follows :

"The No-Dedication ; not dedicated to any Prince in Christendom, for fear it might be thought an idle piece of arrogance ; not dedicated to any man of quality, for fear it might be thought too assuming ; not dedicated to any learned body of men, as either of the Universities or the Royal Society, for fear it might be thought an uncommon piece of vanity ; nor dedicated to any one particular friend, for fear of offending another ; therefore dedicated to nobody ; but if for once we may suppose nobody to be everybody, as everybody is often said to be nobody, then is this work dedicated to everybody,

"By their most humble and devoted

"WILLIAM HOGARTH."

Somerset-House Gazette.

A LOVE SONG.

BOAST not to me the charms that grace
 The finest form, or fairest face;
 Shape, bloom, and feature, I despise;
 Wealth, wealth, is beauty to the wise.

Come then, my Cræsa, fill my arms
 With all thy various store of charms;
 Charms that of Time defy the rage,
 And laugh at wrinkles and old age.

Come then, oh come, and with thee bring
 The thousand joys from wealth that spring;
 Oh! bring the deeds of thy estate,
 Thy quit-rents, mortgages, and plate.

Still keep, unseen, those auburn locks,
 And yield thy treasures in the stocks;
 Oh! hide that soft, that snowy breast,
 And give, instead, thy iron chest.

Thy guineas shame the blushing rose,
 Which in those cheeks, unheeded, blows;
 Too sweet for me that ruby lip,
 Give me thy India bonds and scrip.

Can aught with those bright eyes compare?
 Thy diamonds, Nymph, still brighter are.
 Can aught those pearly teeth excel?
 Thy pearls themselves please me as well.

Say, dost thou boast that beauteous arm?
 Its bracelet boasts a richer charm:
 Those fingers, too, are lovely things,
 But lovelier far their brilliant rings.

My passion, Nymph, brooks no delay,
 For charms which never feel decay;
 Charms which will mock thy fleeting breath,
 And yield their raptures after death.

British Press.

OBSOLETE CHARACTERS.

No. I.—THE OLD ENGLISH YEOMAN.

HARRISON, in his *Introduction to Holinshed's History of Great Britain*, gives the following interesting definition of the substantial Yeoman, or Farmer, in Queen Elizabeth's days :

“This sort of people have a certaine preheminence, and more estimation than labourers and the common sort of artificers, and those commonlie live wealthilie, keepe good houses, and travell to get riches. They are also for the most part farmers to gentlemen, or at the least wise artificers, and with grazing, frequenting of markets, and keeping of servants (not idle servants, as the gentlemen doo, but such as get both their owne, and part of their master's living), do come to great welth, that manie of them are able and doo buie the lands of unthrifitie gentlemen, and often setting their sonnes to the schooles, to the universities, and to the ins of the court; or otherwise leaving them sufficient lands whereupon they may live without labour, doo make them by those means to become gentlemen: these were they that in times past made all France afraid; and albeit they be not called Master, as Gentlemen are, or Sir, as to Knights apperteineth, but onelie John and Thomas, &c. yet have they beene found to heive doone verie good service: and the kings of England in foughten battles, were woont to remaine among them (who were their footmen), as the French kings did amongst their horsemen; the prince thereby shewing where his cheefe strength did consist.”

Herald.



Designed by T. Rowlandson.

TWO AT A TIME; OR, IRISH ACCIDENTS.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. VI.

JOHN M'CARTHY appeared on a warrant to answer the complaint of his fair rib, Norah, for *bating* and *ill-trating* her.

John, it appeared, loved not only Norah, but, like *Giovanni*, had caused the lengthening of the apron-strings of more than two or three in his native place, the city of Cork. In England he had, like *Macheath*,

“Dallied and toyed with twenty fair maids;”

but, unfortunately for poor John, he was followed by three of his *chere amies* in different quarters. Norah had, however, gone to a *fortin-tellet's*, to know the fate of one of her *childer*; and the old Sybil, who knew more than perhaps she ought

to do of John's affairs, lost sight of the young ones, and spoke only of the grown-up *child*. Norah's suspicions were roused, and she suffered the "Green-eyed Monster" to work on her vitals, but had the resolution to keep her feelings to herself for some time, during which period she determined on watching every movement of loving John.

The Devil, or some evil spirit, threw in the way of John, Miss Margaret Sullivan; and John, humming to himself the *Good old days of Adam and Eve*, turned into a whisky shop. They had just got a naggin before them, when in came Norah! The scene that followed may be conjectured, but not described. Who was to *have* John—Norah or Margaret?—John thought at that time—

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear *devil* away."

And without stopping to soothe either, off he *bolted*, and left them to settle the matter as they could, thinking he should certainly escape from one of them. In this he was mistaken, for he was followed home by the *two*; and, in a rage, turned to, and beat his wife with a *birch* broom. Margaret did not escape in the scuffle, but as she found faithless John was the property of another, she declined making any charge against him. John, when called on for his defence, seemed inclined to soothe the matter, and on an undertaking that Norah *alone* should enjoy his love, and not his hatred or ill usage, the affair was dismissed, leaving the warrant open if he again transgressed.

Bell's Life in London.

MINISTERIAL FAME.

TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Nos quoque floruimus, sed flos fuit ille caducus.—OVID. *Trist.* 5.

We Ministers flourish by turns in the round,
But fading the flower, and soon on the ground.

THY *lib'ral principles** we see,
Have heap'd a load of fame on thee,
Thou great Reformer of the age!
But those who held the reins before,
Were lauded full as much or more,
Then where's the good of being sage?

Thou cunning seest this jilting Fame
Can go as quickly as she came,
And only mock the sons of men.—
Hence hast thou learnt from one†, 'tis clear,
How to secure her "half a year,"
As thus, thou "must build Churches then!"

* The Alien Bill is one; for it would be a pretty thing indeed to be compared to Jews:—"One law shall be to him that is home-born, and unto the stranger that sojourneth among you."—EXODUS, chap. xii. v. 40.

† "Oh, Heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope a great man's memory may out-live his life half a year; but by'r lady, he must build churches then."—HAMLET, Act 3, Sc. v.

Half a year is something, but the error of all great men, from those of ancient days down to Napoleon, is, that they don't know the exact time when they ought to hang themselves.

*Si circumducto captivorum agmine, et omni
Bellorum pompâ, animam exhalasset opiman, &c.*

The hour of success or popularity is, says JUVENAL, the critical moment. We throw out this friendly hint for the serious consideration of ministers during the recess:—

— descending from his state
n that blest hour, he should have beg'd his fate."—DRYDEN.

Chronicle

THE VEGETATIVE PISTOL.

COURT OF REQUESTS.

O'REILLY *versus* FAGAN.

THIS case came on to be heard before the Commissioners, and excited a good deal of amusement in a very crowded court. We have obtained an accurate short-hand report of the proceedings.

Crier. Tim. O'Reilly!—*Tim.* Here, your Onor!

Crier. Larry Fagan!—*Larry.* Aint I under your nose?

Crier. Come into court!—and the plaintiff and defendant entered, each taking his *sconce* by the fore-lock, and dragging it down, as an apology for an *obedience*.

Commissioner. Well, Mr. O'Reilly, what have you to say against Mr. Fagan?

Tim. A great dale, your Onor.

Commissioner. Make it as short as you can, Mr. O'Reilly; for we have abundance of business this morning. How was this debt of thirty-nine shillings and eleven-pence three farthings incurred?

Tim. Devil an incur there's in it, plase your Onor; bekase its the price of a fowling-piece of mine that he has, and I can't get it out of his clutches, by no means at all at all.

Commissioner. Did you lend it to him?

Tim. Devil a lend, your Onor.

Commissioner. Did you sell it to him?

Tim. Devil a sell, your Réverence.

Commissioner. Come, then, tell us all about it.

Tim. An' that I will, your Worship, [*and he wiped his mouth, and pulled up his unmentionables*]. You must know, your Worship, that this man, that is to say, Larry Fagan here's father and mine were gossips, and lived at Scullabogue, in Ireland.

Commissioner. At where?

Tim. At Scullabogue, to be sure, your Onor.

Commissioner. I'm afraid I should split my skull, if I were to have that name to repeat often.

Tim. Devil a *split*, your Onor; 't isn't a little thing that'd *split that*. (*A laugh*).

Commissioner. Go on, if you please.

Tim. It's I that will, your Onor. Larry Fagan's father that's there; no, he's not there naither, bekase he's dead—but Larry's father comes in one day to *my* father, that's dead too, and says he, "Tim." (for my father was a Tim. before me), "is it yourself that'll lend me your gun to shoot ould grumpy;"—(that was the name of a sow of his, your Reverence)—"bekase I think she's dying of owld age, and I'd just put her out of her misery?"—"Faith and to be sure I will," says my father that was; "but the devil a powther or shot I have."—"Never mind that," says owld Fagan—God rest his soul!—"powther or no powther, I'll be bound I'll do for her;" and with that my father gives him the gun from off the mantle, where I remembered it from the hour of my birth; and out he goes. Well, your Onor, I thought I'd folly him, to see the sow shot—and out I goes too.

Commissioner. What! then he went to shoot the pig without powder or shot!

Tim. It's truth that you spake, your Onor; and I went to see him.

Commissioner. And did he shoot the pig without ammunition?

Tim. It's he that did. (*Loud laughter in court*).

Crier. Order! order! among them are people as is laughing!

Commissioner. Go on, Mr. O'Reilly, if you please.

Tim. Where was I? You put me out, and I forget what I was saying.

Mr. Fagan, the defendant, here dryly said, "Liars ought to have good mimories."

Tim. (running towards Fagan), "Who do you call a liar, you spalpeen? I'd be after breaking your countenance for a farthing."

Commissioner. Not here, Mr. O'Reilly, if you'll be so obliging. Go on, if you please—you were just shooting the pig without powder or shot.

Tim. So I was, your Onor.—(Aside, and turning with a scowl towards Fagan, "Your soul to the gallows, I wish I had you in the street.")

Commissioner. Proceed—proceed—good Mr. O'Reilly.

Tim. Yes, your Onor—where did you say I was?

Commissioner. You were going to tell us how the defendant's father killed old grumpy. (*Laughter*).

Tim. Bad luck to that thief—he's quite bewildered me.

Commissioner. Now, do go on, Mr. O'Reilly; you went out, you say, with Mr. Fagan—and the gun.

Tim. I did, your Onor, and our dog *Scabby*—and we goes to Fagan's haggard, where the poor owld sowl was; and so Mr. Fagan goes up to her, as she was lying on her back, and he says to her, "God be good unto me;" and with the butt end of the gun he gave her a blow on the head, that stunned her, your Onor; and after that he borrys my knife, and, be the same token here it is—(he produced an old pocket-knife)—and cuts her throat; and so devil a word more she spoke.

Commissioner. My good fellow, what has this to do with the defendant?

Tim. Wait, and I'll tell you. Where was I? Well, so after he shot the sow—

Commissioner. He didn't shoot her—but knocked her brains out, and then cut her throat.

Tim. Well, that's the same thing, sure.

Commissioner. It may be in Ireland, but not in this country. But come to the point.

Tim. I'm a coming as fast as a horse'd trot. Well, your Onor, owld Fagan took the gun home, and never returned it from that day to this. Myself came over to this country to seek my fortune; and last Martlemas I heard as my father was gone to Heaven, your Onor—the Lord be merciful to him!

Mr. Fagan again interfered, in his dry way—"Be my conscience, if he is gone to Heaven, he's the last of the O'Reillys that'll travel that road."

Tim. What's that you say, you ——?

Commissioner. Never mind what he says, but finish your evidence.

Tim. Devil a word more I've to say, barrin one

day, when I went into Larry's room, there—what should I see but the same owld gun as my father lent to his father; and which was never returned, and which is my property, bekase it was my father's before me; and it's for the value of that same gun I brought him before your Worship.

Commissioner. Is that all you have got to say, Mr. O'Reilly?

Tim. It is, your Worship; and what more would you have a body say?

Commissioner. Not a word—you have said quite enough.—Now (turning to Mr. Larry Fagan) what have you to say upon this subject?

Larry. Not much, your Onor.

Commissioner. The less the better. How do you account for the possession of this gun?

Larry. Asy enough, your Worship.

Commissioner. Come let us hear—have you got the gun in court?

Larry. To be sure I have, and a witness too—that's better than the gun.

Commissioner. Produce both.

Larry. Mick, come in with the fowling-piece!—and Mick, a carrotty-headed bricklayer's labourer, worked his way through the crowd to the presence of the Commissioner, with an old rusty musket in his hand.

Commissioner, (turning to O'Reilly). Is that your gun?

Tim. May be it ain't.

Commissioner. Is it, I ask you?

Tim. Why, to be sure it is.

Commissioner. Well now, Mr. Fagan, call your witness.

Larry. I needn't call him, your Onor; for there he is, (pointing to Mick).

Commissioner. Well, Mick—what's your name beside Mick?

Mick. Flannigan, your Onor.

Commissioner. Well, Mr. Flannigan, what do you know of this gun?

Mick. A good dale, your Onor.

Commissioner. To whom does it belong?

Mick. To Larry Fagan, and his father before him to be sure, your Onor.

Commissioner. How do you know that?

Mick. Asy enough, your Onor.

Commissioner. When did you see it first?

Mick. Och, a long time ago.

Commissioner. Where?

Mick. At ould Mr. Fagan's, at Scullabogue, to be sure.

Commissioner. Can you remember how long ago?

Mick. That I can't; but I know it was quite a *young* thing when I first saw it.

Commissioner. Quite *new*, I suppose you mean, Mr. Flannigan?

Mick. Faith I don't, your Reverence; I mane quite *young*, for it was not the bigness of my hand when I first clapped my two good-looking eyes on it.

Commissioner. You don't mean to say it grew to its present size from something of a smaller description?

Mick. Don't I? Indeed but I do, your Onor; for if it was the last word I had to say, I remember it when it was nothing but a *pocket pistol*!

A loud roar of laughter here put the business of the court to a stand-still, and the Commissioners themselves could no longer preserve their gravity. Mick looked astonished, for he did not seem advised of his having said any thing particularly humorous; but he was still more astonished when he was ordered out of court for his bare-faced impudence, and saw the gun safely delivered into the hands of Mr. O'Reilly, who kissed it with as much fervour as if he had just recovered a long-lost relative.

Mr. Fagan also looked amazed at the failure of his ingenious defence, and went away, swearing he would employ lawyer Phillips to bring the matter before the House of Lords.

Bell's Life in London.

MR. MACALPINE AND MR. MONEY;

OR, THE BARBERS AND THE BEARS.

-- --" Indeed, quoth Bruin,
I now perceive there's mischief brewing."

HUD.

WHAT wonder *stocks*, like a balloon,
(Fit emblem!) mount up to the moon,

Lunatic bubble in its true sense;
When 'tis his Lordship that declares
A wish that folks should kill all *bears*,
Or he'll indict them as a *nuisance*!

Chronicle.

CHARLEY EASTUP ON INHUMANITY.

Vestminster Pit, Sunday.

SER,

TO-DAY bein vat a lawyer's clarke as cums to my pit calls a '*die ease non*,' (by vich I suppose he meens a day on vich my bear and bajjers has an easy time of it), I've mended the old pen as I rote all my former yepissels with, and have tuk it up to call yure attenshon to summut as I hav jest red in the Bishop's paper. Here it is:

"*Grand Shooting Party*.—Friday se'nnight and Monday week were slaughtering days in the home coverts at Whersted-lodge, the scat of Lord Granville, near Ipswich. On Friday there were killed with guns, 2 partridges, 151 pheasants, 6 woodcocks, 70 hares, and 36 rabbits—total 265. And on Monday, with 12 guns, 4 partridges, 433 pheasants, 4 woodcocks, 320 hares, and 58 rabbits—total 819. Grand total 1084.

"The following list has been handed to us, as containing the number of heads of game killed on Monday by the noblemen and gentlemen respectively. It does not exactly correspond with the statement above, which we have no doubt is correct, but we suppose it included the wounded birds, which were not picked up till the next day.

" Duke of York	128	" Hon. Mr. Montague	70
Duke of Wellington	120	Hon. Mr. Ponsonby	55
Lord Granville	48	Hon. Mr. Arbuthnot	26
Hon. Mr. Greville ..	120	Sir Robt. Harland, Bart.	40
Hon. Mr. De Roos ..	105	Rev. Mr. Capper	41
Hon. Mr. Anson ..	83		
Hon. Mr. Lamb	78	Total	924"

Vel Ser, vat do you think of that?—Theres 819 poor annemals kild in vun day, and 105 wounded; —“picked up in the voods the next day;”—left to die of broken legs and vings!—And vat sort of annemals vas they, Ser?—tame annemals, vat vas fed in “the home coverts” till they vas as tame as barn-dore foulds; pritty annemals, Ser, innocent annemals; annemals as feel as much as Mr. Martin.—And hoo vas it as kild and wounded them, Ser?—Vy a Rial Dook, a common Dook, a Lord, seven Honnorabels, a Barrownite, and a Reverend Minister of that religgon, vich Mrs. Fry told vun of our chaps tuther day in Newgate, vas a religgon of kindness, of mercy, and of luv? And vy did they commit this “slaughter?”—Vat vas there motiv for this buchery? Ile tell you, Ser.—Pleasure! greet pleshure, Ser! There was the pleshure of eatin a few of em; there was the pleshure of laying rich people, as havvent got no “home coverts,” under the sort of hobblegashon vich they think it to reseave a present of game from a Dook or a Lord; there was the pleshure of boastin about there shutin, and of countin the number as died at vunce, and the number as died by degrees in the voods; there vas the pleshure of lettin the Rial Dook shute the most!—that’s a pleshure as may be vurth sumthin sum day; and, last of all, there vas the pleshure of having their names in the newspaper. I don’t say much of that, for its a pleshure to me, and yure verry gud to indulge me in it. But I jest vant to ask Mr. Martin vat he thinks of all this? I no he vont do nothin, but I vant to no vat he thinks? I jist vant to no vether he thinks there’s any jestice in

his Hact of Parliament, vich settels a donky-boy in a jiffey, and lets all them Nobs commit as much cruelty as ever they like? O Lord, O Lord, vat a vurld this is! Here's he, as will be the Hed of the Law; here's Dooks, Lords,* Barrow-nites, and Honnorabels, all law-makers themselves; here's Parson-Magistrates, as upholds the laws and executes em, as preeches aganste cruelty, and sends a poor man to the mill for pickin up a ded hare vich has died of a mortifi-cashun caused by vun of theer oun guns; here's aset of Rial, Nobel, Honnorabel, Vurthy, Reverrent Gentelmen, goin out to a "slaughtering day in the home coverts," to kill 819 annamels, as never did em any harm, and to wound 105 more, all for pleshure. And here is the Bishops Paper, vat rites for the shuvvel hats, and vat so ofen blackards "the ignorant, cruel, feroshous, lower order's" publishin a fine boastien description of the "slaughtering day," and calculatin the number as vas kild outrite, and the number as died of slow lingerrin pain in the voods, and vas picked up the next day "by the Nobelmen and Gentelmen!"

A happy new yeer to you, Ser; and if you puts this in, you'l be, as yushall, a frend to the poor.
—Yure most obedient sarvant to command,

CHARLEY RASTUP.

Annals of Sporting.

SPIRITS OF THE AGE.

No. II.—THE REV. SIR HENRY BATE DUDLEY, BART.

THIS gentleman, who was born in the year 1746, and who for above half a century has been distinguished in the literary and political world, died on the 1st of February at Cheltenham, aged 78. His father was a respectable clergyman at Chelmsford in Essex, by whom he was educated, and afterwards sent to college. His first engagement in public or political life, was his establishing the *Morning Post* and *Morning Herald* newspapers; the latter in 1780, the former a few years previous. He also commenced the *Courier de l'Europe*, printed in French, and the *English Chronicle*. Of the *Morning Herald* he was for many years sole proprietor, and he supported the paper with extraordinary success, by his wit and versatility of talent. To the *Probationary Odes* and the *Rolliad*, which at that time drew universal attention, he contributed largely; and wrote entirely the *Vortigern and Rowena*, a satirical work, pourtraying, with admirable spirit, and in the diction of Shakspeare, the characters of all the eminent persons of that day. This appeared at the time of Ireland's forgery. In the time of Mr. Garrick he produced the opera of the *Rival Candidates* at Drury-lane Theatre, and afterwards the *Blackamoor washed White*, which, in consequence of party-spirit running so high at that period, caused a contest amongst the audience, with drawn swords, upon the stage itself. He

was the author of the operas of *The Flitch of Bacon*, and *The Woodman*. The former was written for the Haymarket Theatre, for the purpose of introducing his friend Shield, as a composer, to the public. The rest of his dramatic works are, *The Travellers in Switzerland*, and *At Home*, a bagatelle produced about ten years ago. As a magistrate, he was most active and vigilant.

To Sir Henry Dudley the country is, in a great measure, indebted for one of its ornaments—Gainsborough. His patronage of this excellent painter in early life, principally contributed to his subsequent success. He was also the patron of J. Louis de Lolme, who wrote the work upon the Constitution; Lavoisier, who established the present beautiful system of chemistry; and of every man of merit who needed and solicited his assistance. Sir Henry was the intimate friend of Garrick, of the Earl of Sandwich, (who patronized Captain Cook), of the elder Colman, of Cumberland, of Bonnel Thornton, and of Mrs. Cowley; and the associate of all the wits of the day. He first discovered the merits of Mrs. Siddons, who was then performing in a barn at Cheltenham, and mentioned her to Garrick, who commissioned him to engage her, leaving the salary to his discretion.

Sir Henry, in addition to some other valuable church preferment, was a Prebendary of Ely, Chancellor of the Diocese of Ferns, and was created a Baronet.

It is a curious circumstance, that the lady, about whom the quarrel and subsequent battles

and duels of Sir Henry (then known as Parson Bate) with Messrs. Miles and Fitzgerald, took place nearly fifty years since, was the beautiful Mrs. Hartley, the actress, who died on the same day with Sir Henry.

John Bull.

ON SIR R. WILSON'S LOSS OF MARIA THERESA'S RIBBON.

" Farewel ye gilded follies—
 Farewel ye honour'd rags—
 Fame's but a hollow echo;
 Their honour the darling but of one short day,
 Their state a gaudy prison to live in,
 And torture free-born minds."

Sir H. Wotton's Farewel.

In life's early morn when thy young soul was fir'd,
 Unskill'd in the course thou to glory aspir'd,
 To the battle field rush'd—on chivalry's wing,
 And sav'd from the foeman a fugitive King—
 Thy guerdon a bauble of boyhood the prize,
 Which aye is the jest of the good and the wise;
 'Tis tyranny's badge hung on slavery's chain,
 Which the breast of a freeman ought ne'er to sustain;
 Let conclaves of Kings with their sceptres of lead,
 With tinsel and ribbons deck the slaves who have sped;
 Their craft is abhorr'd, the Holy redressors,
 Who scourge the oppress'd, and shield the oppressors!
 But redeem'd is thy honour, restor'd is thy truth,
 The hubble has burst, the vain phantom of youth,
 Not for *one* didst thou bleed, but *millions* to save,
 And hail'd art thou now by the *free* and the *brave*;
 Dispers'd o'er the world they'll rally again,
 Their watch-word remember, *Ricgo* and *Spain*;
 Kings cannot disgrace thee, nor rob of thy fame,
 'Tis enroll'd, 'tis recorded—thy glory, their shame.

Chronicle.

SPIRITS OF THE AGE.

No. III.—MRS. HARTLEY.

THE once beautiful and admired actress, Mrs. Hartley, died on the 1st of February, aged 73, at Woolwich. She was a contemporary with Garrick, and, we believe, the only one that remained, excepting Mr. Quick and Mrs. Mattocks, who are still alive. Her extreme beauty, and the truth and nature of her acting, attracted universal admiration, and caused her to rank the highest (as a female) in her profession, previous to the appearance of Mrs. Siddons. Mr. Hull had written his tragedy of *Henry the Second*, or *Fair Rosamond*, several years previous to its production, and despaired of obtaining a proper representative for the character of Rosamond, until the above lady appeared. Mason also, the celebrated poet, wrote his tragedy of *Elfrida*, that she might personify the principal character. *Elfrida* has always been admired as a beautiful poem, but it is not calculated for stage effect; it was, nevertheless, at that time supported, and even rendered highly attractive, by the person and talents of the late Mrs. Hartley. She was the very favourite subject of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and appears as the beautiful female in a number of his most celebrated pictures; two in particular are professed portraits of her, called "Mrs. Hartley, as Jane Shore," and "Mrs. Hartley, as a Bacchante." A fine study for the former was recently sold at the late celebrated sale of the

Marchioness of Thomond's pictures, at Christie's
 She died in easy circumstances, her merits,
 during her public services, having procured her
 a handsome independence.

British Press.

THE INIMITABLE CHARLES MATHEWS.

THE following *jeu d'esprit* on his performances
 at Oxford, is a parody on the Sapphics of Ho-
 race:

Mathews Comici Laudes.

Prime Mimorum! Thou rare mimic Mathews,
 Quem jocus circum volat blithe as May-day,
 To canant Gownsmen giddy and the grave too,
 All over Oxford.

Tu potes Proctors comitesque Bull-dogs
 Ducere, et Redcoats celeres morari;
 E'en the stern Masters tibi blandienti
 Smilingly cedunt.

Quin et each high Don Sociique vultu
 Titter invito 'mid the gay assemblage;
 Shouts of applause rise rapid, dum catervas
 Carmine mulces.

Tu, merry fellow, velut es levamen
 To the pale forms whose final doom approaches,
 Who, citò coram solio Minervæ
 Shuddering shall stand.

Fell are her Priests! Quum Vitulos prehendant,
 Singulos, eheu! lacerant in pieces!
 Hi tamen mites sweetly gaze at Mathews
 Full of his frolics.

Serus in Lunnum redeas, diuque
 Gratus intersis populo togato!
 Leave the dull Cockneys,—with us be at Home, Sir!
 Go it in Oxford!

Literary Gazette.

THE THREE BLIND TIPPLERS.

THREE sightless inmates of the sky, •
 Whose names were *Justice—Fortune—Cupid*,
 Finding their public life on high
 Somewhat monotonous and stupid,
 Resolved one morning to unite
 Their powers in an Alliance Holy,
 And purify the Earth, whose plight
 They all agreed was melancholy.

Quoth Justice—Of the world below
 I doubtless have the best idea,
 Since in the Golden Age, you know, •
 I ruled it jointly with Astræa;
 While, therefore, we on earth abide,
 For fear our forces should be parted,
 Let *me* be your perpetual guide:—
 Agreed, *nem. con.*, and off they started.

Love first, and Fortune next descends,
 Then Justice, though awhile she tarried,
 When Cupid cries—This flight, my friends,
 Has made my throttle somewhat arid:
 Beneath each wing, before our trip,
 I popp'd a golden vase of nectar,
 And I for one should like a sip—
 What says our worshipful Director?

The proposition, 'twas decreed,
 Redounded to the mover's glory,
 So down they sate upon the mead,
 And plied the flagon *con amore*;
 But not reflecting that the draught
 With air of earth was mix'd and muddled,
 Before the second vase was quaff'd,
 They all became completely fuddled.

Now reeling, wrangling, they proceed,
 Each loudly backing his opinion,
 And 'stead of letting Justice lead,
 All struggle fiercely for dominion:

Whereat her sword in wrath she draws,
 And throws it in her scales with fury,
 Maintaining that the rightful cause
 Requires no other judge and jury.

Fortune, purloining Cupid's darts,
 Tips them with gold for sordid suitors,
 Making sad havoc in the hearts
 Of matrimonial computers;
 While Love on Fortune's wheel apace
 Plagues mortals with incessant changes,
 Gives flying glimpses of his face,
 Then presto! pass!—away he ranges.

Their pranks, their squabbles day by day,
 Gave censors a better handle,
 Till Jove, impatient of their stay,
 And anxious to arrest the scandal,
 Bade Fortune—Justice—Love return,
 But to atone for their miscarriage,
 Lest men for substitutes should yearn,
 He sent them down, Luck, Law, and Marriage.

New Monthly Magazine

THE GREATEST BORE IN LONDON.

WHEN Sir William Curtis returned from his voyage to Italy and Spain, he called to pay his respects to Mr. Canning at Gloucester Lodge. Among other questions, Sir William said, "But, pray, Mr. Canning, what do you say to the tunnel under the Thames?"—"Say," replied the Secretary, "Why, I say it will be the greatest bore London ever had, and that is saying a great deal."

Times.

OBSOLETE CHARACTERS.

No. II.—THE COUNTRY BOOR.

BISHOP EARLE has touched this homely subject with singular point and spirit.

“A plain country fellow is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lye fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his tallons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not salads. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks *gee* and *ree* better than English. His religion is a part of his copyhold, which he takes from his landlord, and refers it wholly to his discretion; yet if he give him leave, he is a good Christian to his power, that is, comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable of only two prayers, for rain and fair weather. His compliment with his neighbour is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market-day, when, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before bad weather; let it come when it will he cares not.”

Herald.

LIVERY SERVANTS.

“ Mark their *badges*, then tell me, are they men ?”

TEMPEST.

THE *livery servant*, like those who wear the colours of the *Holy Alliance*, is a kind of vermin that “ crawls offensive to my sight,” and I could wish for some good *Hubert* to hand him out. Not that I object to honest service, or that the needy should be domestic servants to the wealthy; but I hold *the livery* in utter detestation. Kings, it is true, are the servants of the public (amply justifying the universal outcry against the morals and conduct of servants), and on great days they wear their livery—but this is not much to the point, and for example we should not chuse to look to that quarter. In their case it is certain that the livery, or state dress, is of infinite importance. Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette lost their places, and their heads too, through negligence in this particular. See Mad. Campan. Kings are servants by election or otherwise, and their freedom is, as in the case of all servants, restrained; and the liberties they take, as in the case of servants in general, often very improper, militating most injuriously against the duties they have to perform.

“ Who rules o’er freemen, should himself be free;”

has been ridiculed by that staunch Tory, Dr. Johnson, in the parody,

“ Who drives fat oxen, should himself be fat;”

and certain it is, that however fat he may be, whatever the condition of the *bulls* he drives, an

equal freedom is out of the question. Law, etiquette, many curbing rules and ordinances shackle him both in body and mind. These, the livery of robes, and the duties of office, are servitude. Stars are badges, garters, chains: but they are by courtesy called honours.

Homer has said, *ἥμισυ γὰρ τ' ἀρετῆς*—that a man loses half his virtue the day he becomes a slave—and I agree with him; but there is a marked distinction between a slave and a livery servant. I feel every kindly impulse mix with my pity for a *slave in chains*, but I despise and turn with disgust from a *servant in livery*—the slave wears his chains by compulsion, the servant his livery by his own base consent.

It has happened to us to hear some persons exclaim—"Did you ever hear of such impudence! a fellow came after my place this morning, and when we had agreed upon every thing, he refused to wear *a livery*!" And where, I would ask, was the impudence in this? Is it not enough to be an honest servant—why stigmatize him with a *badge*?—"Sufferance is the badge of all the tribe"—why add an useless and degrading one to gratify a vile, tasteless, unmanly vanity? The refusal was honourable to human nature. We are then told of the pride of livery servants. Pride is often the offspring of a consciousness of demerit, and affability and condescension are avoided, because they throw the party open to an examination which they cannot bear. A livery is sure to excite this contemptible pride, founded on a feeling of disgrace, and as a means of keep-

ing familiarity and its dangerous consequences at a distance.

Again, they are insolent, and we say, *Quid Domini facient, audent cum talia fures?* or, what will masters do when servants thus presume? Why, the same; for, as Addison observes, "Servants are not all rogues, but are what they are, according to the example of their superiors. And you have in *liveries*, beaux, fops, and coxcombs in as high perfection as among people that keep equipages." But, independent of this very natural mimicry, their insolence and impertinence are affected and encouraged to prevent comparisons, and to carry off with the best possible countenance, the disgrace which is sensibly felt to attach to a *livery*. You will enter a hall, where you may see half a dozen servants in splendid liveries, lounging on the hall chairs with an apparent contempt of all comers—I say *apparent*, because they have no real contempt but for the exhibition which they themselves are making. It is a bullying to cover cowardice. If it should chance that among these you behold one out of livery, it is a little Goshen—a sunny spot, on which the eye reposes as on the light of freedom amidst the shades of slavery: I am perfectly of that author's opinion, who says, "To be naked is to be much nearer to the being a man, than to go in livery."—HOMO.

Chronicle.

CATCHING THE TARTARS.

AMONG the first settlers of Brunswick (Maine) was Daniel Malcolm, a man of undaunted courage, and an inveterate enemy of the Indians, who have given him the name of Sungurnumby, *i. e.* very strong man. Early in the spring, he ventured alone into the forest, for the purpose of splitting rails from the spruce, not apprehensive of the Indians so early in the season. While engaged in his work, and having opened a log with small wedges about half its length, he was surprised by Indians, who crept up and secured his musket, standing by his side.—“Sungurnumby,” said the Chief, “now me got you; long me want you; you long time speak Indian, long time worry him; me have got you now; look up stream to Canada.”—“Well,” said Malcolm, with true *sang froid*, “you have me, but just help me to open this log before I go.” They all, five in number, agreed. Malcolm prepared a large wooden wedge, carefully drove it, took out his small wedges, and told the Indians to put in their fingers to the partially cleft wood, and help to pull it open; they did; he then suddenly struck out his blunt wedge, and the elastic wood instantly closed fast on their fingers, and he secured them.

Herald.

 EPIGRAM ON JOSEPH HUME, M. P.

INTO all sorts of subjects, both known and unknown,
 Mr. Hume goes what one may call souse,
 Unluckily having no *sense* of his own,
 He's always for taking the *sense* of the House,

RESURRECTION MEN AT APPLEBY.

THE resurrection men, who were reported to have been at Appleby, created considerable dismay amongst the children and old wives. One old woman, with portentous countenance, hurried into a friend's house with "Ha ye seen't resurrection men to-day?"—"What! have they come to Appleby, Mary?"—"Marry hey the—it's a pity but a cwourse was takken wi' them."—"But you know, Mary, no person having been buried here of late, of course they cannot carry off any body from our church-yard." "Whya that maks nea odds—they hey plaisters 'at they clap ower fwolks mouths, sae that they cannot shoot oot, an' off they gang wi' them. Theer was a young lad at Carlisle that they got awld on, and clap't a plaister ower his mouth; and, as he cuddn't shoot oot, he flang his clogg through a shop window when't fwoolk cam' ott, and they war fworced t' run away. Theer was another young lad 'at they gat awld on and plastered in't sayma way: they oppen't swoles of his feet, and war thrang bleeding him to deeth; but somehow or other they war fund oot, and they meade off."

Globe and Traveller.

ON A LADY WHO SPOKE BOLDLY OF HER CONTEMPT
FOR THE CALUMNIES OF THE WORLD.

"I wrapt me in my virtue's spotless vest;
That's what the world calls, going lightly dress'd.

Herald.

A LONG STORY.

AN Italian nobleman, who was grievously afflicted with old age and the gout, entertained a *conteur*, or fable narrator, whose business it was to talk him to sleep. The *conteur* was a man to have talked the world to sleep in twenty minutes; but the excessive restlessness of his patron sometimes defied his utmost exertions. One night it fell out that the Marchese was particularly wakeful, and the *conteur's* invention more than usually slow. He had exhausted his whole stock in hand of adventures, and contrived (such as they were) three new tales; but still the patient slept not, and kept calling upon him to continue. At length, wearied out, the *conteur* struck at a fresh fable. "There was a poor peasant," said he, "who dwelt upon the Pomeranian mountains, who went forth one day to a neighbouring market to purchase a flock of sheep: he made his bargain, though prices were high, and set out on his return home, driving 200 ewes"—("It was a large flock," muttered the Marchese)—"two hundred ewes, besides lambs, before him; but a storm arose towards night, and the rivulets swelled with the rain; at length the peasant came to the bank of a wide river, which was no longer fordable, from the floods, though it had been so when he passed in the morning. There was no bridge nearer than three leagues, and the roads were getting heavy for the cattle. Could a boat be procured? There was one; but so small that it would only carry one

sheep at a time. In this dilemma the traveller had no choice; he put a sheep into the boat, rowed it over with some difficulty, (for the stream was now strong and rapid), landed it on the far shore, and returned for another—.” When the *conteur* had arrived at this point of his story, he stopped; and composed himself to sleep; but the nobleman, who was still awake, cried out, as usual, “Go on, Beneditto; go on. Why do you not proceed with the farmer on his journey?”—“Ah! let me sleep, my Lord, I entreat you,” returned the *conteur*, in despair; “I shall be awake again, I am sure, before he has got his sheep over.”

Chronicle.

AN ALLITERATIVE SONNET,

ON A YOUTH WHO DIED OF EXCESSIVE FRUIT-PIE.

CURRENTS have check'd the current of my blood,
 And berries brought me to be buried here;
 Pears have par'd off my body's hardihood,
 And plums and plumbers spare not one so spare.
 Fain would I feign my fall; so fair a fare
 Lessens not hate—, 't is a lesson good:
 Gilt will not long hide guilt; such thin wash'd ware
 Wears quickly, and its rude touch soon is rued.
 Grave on my grave some sentence grave and terse,
 That lies not as it lies upon my clay,
 But, in a gentle strain of unstrained verse,
 Prays all to pity a poor patty's prey—
 Rehearses I was fruitful to my hearse—
 Tells that my days are told, and soon I'm toll'd away

London Magazine.



Designed by T. Rowlandson.

THE PETTICOAT WHIP;

OR, A LIFT FOR LOVE.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. VII.

THE scene before us presents a new feature in *Corinthianism*—a *Coachman* inside his coach, and a *Peer* without upon the box, is now a mere thing *a-la-mode*;—but a peer-less petticoat handling the *ribbons* in *prime* style, and *cutting a fly's eye out* in turning corners to a nicety—and that in the *dark* too, has something of novelty to recommend it to the notice of the humourist.

Medlecock, a Bow-street patrol, was on duty in Gray's-Inn-lane—when he saw the coach, No. 1106, so furiously fly along, that “it was out of sight in almost no time.” Nevertheless, swift as it flew (and we think a coach quite as likely to fly as Wordsworth's “little boat” to “dive upwards”) he saw Jehu seated between two

Dianas of Drury, the one driving along for dear life; the other, no doubt, engaged in soft dalliance with her swain of the stables, lulled by the melodious rattling of the coach. We, however, marvelled not at "lovers' haste" through Gray's-Inn-lane—a lane celebrated for law and light-fingers, both long since allowed to be inimical to love. But we beg pardon of our readers and Mr. Medlecock, the patrol—the latter of whom was standing in the street, as he saw the coach "fly," and as we have already stated; so that Mr. Medlecock had no chance of meddling with our party at that time. In the course of an hour (it was now between twelve and one o'clock in the morning) back "flies" the same coach at the same rate, but with only the "*coach-woman*," as Mr. Medlecock said, "alone on the box by herself," flogging away, whip and cut, as hard as she could. He rushed at the horses' heads, seized the reins, and forgetful of Mr. Martin's Act, (and which, by the way, we hope all offenders may be kept in mind of,) he struck the poor animals over their noses with his staff, whilst the *lady*, nought relaxing, flogged them over their backs, until the jaded creatures (between them both) were beaten to a standstill. He then ordered the fair Amazonian to dismount, who gracefully catching her loose garments in her hand, leaped upon the ground, expressing her sentiments as to his eyes and limbs with all the freedom of a woman of quality, who is above the prejudices of custom. Mr. Medlecock, however, opened the coach door, when, lo! what should he espy but coachee and his unconscious

queen locked in each other's arms, fast asleep, and who had thus retired to conceal their "rising blushes."—"Hallo!" said Mr. Medlecock, "what's the row here!"—"Y-ya-hip!" answered coachee, rubbing his eyes, "I say, Poll! drive on and be d——'d t'ye! Touch 'em up under the flank, and they'll go it like winkin!"—"No, but Poll won't touch 'em up any where," returned Mr. Medlecock, "and if you don't take charge of the coach, I'll take it to the green-yard, and yourself to the watch-house!" This hint brought the love-lorn Jonathan to his senses—what he retained of them—and bidding the fair farewell! and the patrol to go to St. Peter—or any other Saint he liked better—"he wended on his way."

Such was the purport of the charge urged in detail against the defendant, John Egerton, who now appeared to answer it in the best way he could.

Mr. Minshull, after telling the patrol that he should have put his threat of taking the coach to the Green-yard, and the driver to the watch-house, into execution, asked the defendant what he had to say for himself?

"Verily, your Worship," replied John Egerton, "I ben't guilty.—Do I look like a man, at my years, to be running such rigs as them ere?—Howsomever, look how I may, though it was my coach, I wasn't out with it that ere night—being in bed and fast asleep at the time, as my wife can come forward to testify; and therefore as I wasn't there—by a *comparity* of reasoning it couldn't be me."

Medlecock would not take upon himself to

identify the person of the coachman, though he was positive as to the number of the coach, and therefore the Magistrate called upon John Egerton to give up the name of the driver, since he denied being the driver himself.

"Must I tell?" said John.

"Indeed you must," replied his Worship, "or else I shall hold you responsible."

"Why then," said John, "it was my son Jonathan; and I wish they had taken him to the watch-house—whereby my horses would have been all the better for it—for my son Jonathan is but a randomish sort of a chap."

Under these circumstances John Egerton was discharged, and a summons issued against his son Jonathan.

On Wednesday, "Randomish Jonathan" appeared before the Magistrate in *propria persona*, attended by his mamma. The evidence was read over to him, and he was asked what he had to say to it?

"Say," replied randomish Jonathan, very indifferently, "why its wery well in *pint*, all that ere, a coz I did give jest a lift for love to them ere girls as is mentioned:—but as for drivin, and that ere, the girl as was on the box can drive as well as any other man in London, let him be who he will."

Mrs. Egerton interceded with the Bench on behalf of her son, who she said was as good a lad as ever broke the world's bread, and had never been misgiven (query *Miss-given*) before.

"Then, in that case," said his Worship, "I shall only fine him forty shillings, instead of 3/.

as I might do; and I hope it will be a warning to him not to be misgiven a second time.

Jonathan said he "could not pay no such money, and therefore he must *serve* it out in prison." So to prison he went; but he had not been locked up more than ten minutes before his mother came back and paid the fine, besides seven shillings costs.

Her *Miss-given* randomish Jonathan was then set at liberty, and quitted the Office cursing the unfortunate fruits of his liberality, and vowing never again to give "a Lift for Love."

Bell's Life in London.

BANE AND ANTIDOTE.

"Abuse was calculated to urge Kings to acts of which they might otherwise not be guilty.—Lord Clarendon says of the first Earl of Portsmouth, that 'finding himself less commended than he deserved for what he had done, he cared less to deserve well than he had cared before.'"

Mr. WM. LAMB's speech, March 23.

———" *Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Præmia si tollas.*"—JUVEN. Sat. x.

Most excellent logic! how just and how true

To account for the *Holy Alliance* of Kings!

No premium for all the great good that they do,

What wonder they shun all the *virtues*, poor things!

If so, it's a pity, for only reflect

How sad for the people, how terribly hard:

But their *vices* no more, then, we've cause to expect,

For *they* have ne'er yet had *their* proper* reward!

* *Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema.*

British Traveller.

GERMAN EPIGRAMS.

The Translations are said to be by Mr. Bowring.

THE REPOSE OF OLD AGE.

You wish for age, and yet you dread to die;
Is pain then sweeter than tranquillity?—*Erich.*

DEATH.

Many have died in valour's field,
And many a man disease has kill'd;
But lust, and wine, and luxury, call
To death's dark mansion more than all.—*Triller.*

ADVICE GIVERS.

Some folks there are whom others well might teach,
Yet always will be teaching;
'Tis quite a punishment to hear them preach,
Yet they still will be preaching.—*Hagedorn.*

SOCRATES' COUNCIL.

Marry or not—say how shall I end it?
Marry or not—you'll be sure to repent it!—*Brokes.*

Three things give every charm to life,
And every grief controul—
A mellow wine, a smiling wife,
And an untainted soul.—*Beccan.*

ANATHEMAS.

I know not if 'tis wise or well
To give all heathens up to hell—
Hadrian—Aurelius—Socrates—
And others, wise and good as these;
I know not if it is forbid,
But this I know—Christ never did.—*Glein.*

He who marries once may be
Pardon'd his infirmity;
He who marries twice is mad:
But if you should find a fool
Marrying thrice—don't spare the lad—
Flog him—flog him back to school.—*Götz.*

That tongueless you may find a maid,
 I can conceive it;
 But silent with her tongue in her head,
 I'll not believe it.—*Gotz.*

EPITAPH.

Here lies, thank God, a woman who
 Quarrell'd and storm'd her whole life through;
 Tread gently o'er her mouldering form,
 Or else you'll rouse another storm.—*Weckherlin.*

HONOURABLE SERVICE.

If one have served thee, tell the deed to many;
 Hast thou served many, tell it not to any.—*Opitz.*

Better to sit in Freedom's hall,
 With a cold damp floor and mouldering wall,
 Than to bend the neck, and to bow the knee,
 In the proudest palace of slavery.—*Olearius.*

The world is but an opera show,
 We come, look round, and then we go.—*C. Gryphius.*

ADAM'S SLEEP.

He laid him down and slept—and from his side
 A woman in her magic beauty rose,
 Dazzled and charm'd, he call'd that woman "bride,"
 And his first sleep became his last repose.—*Besser.*

Ere yet her child has drawn its earliest breath—
 A mother's love begins—it glows till death,
 Lives before life—with death not dies—but seems
 The very substance of immortal dreams.—*Wernicke.*

EPITAPH.

What thou art reading o'er my bones,
 I've often read on other stones;
 And others soon shall read of thee,
 What thou art reading now of me.—*Flemming.*

London Mag.

THE MALLOM-MOT; OR, UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

MR. EDITOR — In a late Paper you noticed the corruption that has crept into the word *pass*, it being, in fact, the culprit that *passes*, i.e. suffers sentence, and not the Judge. Etymology is very curious and amusing in this respect. People are little aware of the origin and primitive sense of numberless words in common use. A work, written by a man, whom no one would suspect of having so employed his pen, I mean the infamous Cleland, has recently fallen into my hands, entitled, “*The way to things by words, and to words by things, being a sketch of an attempt at the retrieval of the ancient Celtic.*” A more learned and ingenious book has rarely appeared; and as it is, I believe, very rarely to be met with, I shall, for the entertainment of your readers, make a short extract from it.

“*Oyez, oyez, oyez* — The Proclamation in a Court of Justice is not from the Norman *oyez*, hear, but signifies, this is the time appointed for justice. *Oy, Ey, is. Now is justice.*

“*Parliament* — A Meeting or Assembly in order to *pass laws*. A *Legislative Convention*. *Par-ley-mot**. Parliament, in the sense it is

* In the certainty that *Ey* had, among a number of other significations, that of *Law*; the added prepositive *L* makes it *Ley*, and with variations *Law*, *Lex*, *Loi*, and in Italian *Legge*. The common Celtic paragogic *t* makes it *Ley Leyt*: thence we have our *Courget*, which is strictly a *Court of Law*; it is the radical to the *Lit de Justice* of the French, whose ancient language being obliterated or lost to them, the sense of this word is, among others, now out of

derived from the French, is palpably nonsense. Our Parliament remounts to the times preceding the invasion of the Romans, who abrogated that custom, which was afterwards restored by our kings, in different degrees at different periods.

“The *Mallom-mot* was *an assembly of the whole nation*, or of all the inhabitants of a district, convened to deliberate on the public affairs, and to pass laws, which were thence called the *Malmutine Laws*, and not from an imaginary *Malmutius*, no more than the *Martian Laws* were from one *Martius*; it should be *Campus Martius*, the same, as the *Mallom-mot*, or *Shire-gernot*. On the indication of such a National Assembly, it was the custom to sacrifice, without mercy, the person who appeared at it, *the last*; which was done as a terror to the tardy, and a warning to obey the summons. Thence came the expression of *having the Mell*, or being immolated; thence the vulgar proverb of *the Evil* (spirit i. e. *D’evil**) take *the hindmost*. This severity was, however, at length softened to a defamatory punishment, which was, in the face of the assembly to *carry a dog*, and to kiss his posteriors. This shame was held little inferior to death itself. Thence

memory; thence that barbarous pleonasm *tenir un lit de Justice*, to hold a *Law of Justice*. Holding a *Bed of Justice* is still more ridiculous, unless for her to take a nap on it.

* *Devil* from *Διαβολος*, is absolutely not even a Greek word: for surely to derive it from *διαβολη*, *Calumny*, as Dr. South and others have done, is an inadmissible violence to the sense. Calumny is undoubtedly part of the Devil’s character, but would hardly give him the name. *Devil* is a contraction of the two primitive words *The* and *Evil*, *D’evil*; *D* being notoriously often used for *Th*. It is antithetical to the word *God*, which is itself a contraction of *Good*.

that low expression *lag last*, &c. Thence the Dutch term of contumely *Hounds' foot*, allusively to having been the footstool to a dog—*Hound*. Thence the French have their word *honte* to express *shame*. Thence the Italian word *Vergogna* — *Fercagna* — carrying a dog. This custom of *carrying the dog* was especially inflicted on traitors, whose crime was not absolutely capital, and existed in Germany till very lately. There are traces of this custom to this day in Poland.

“However the *Mallom-mot* entirely ceasing, the *Parley-mot* was probably found more convenient than such a tumultuary assembly*, and took place of it.” P. 28-29, ETYMON. Chronicle.

* This assembly was on the *Commons* either adjacent to the Caër (Town), or appropriated to that purpose by the people. Whether the *Commons*, as representatives of the nation, did not rather take their name from this meeting on the *Commons*, than from the *Commonally*, a word in some measure derogatory from the supreme authority of such a meeting, I leave to the reader to judge; but the *Common*, or spot of ground itself, which undoubtedly derived its name from the *Meeting* or *Community* of *Mallom* or *Mallow*, was so inviolably privileged, as never to be inclosed or cultivated as private property. Thence the word *mallow* became generalized and applied to grounds that lay unsworn. The *m*, in the ancient British dialect, being into *f*, gave the word *fallow*.

ON THE SUCCESS OF “THE HYPOCRITE” LAST SEASON AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THE friends of theatricals hail with much glee,
A standard old Comedy's triumph, and tell,
That till it was done by the *Drury Lane*,
The *Hypocrite* never was acted so well.

Post.

SHERIDAN AND HIS ELECTORS.

THE late Brinsley Sheridan being on a canvassing visit to his constituents, the *independent* electors of Stafford, was met in the street by one of his old voters, who accosted him as follows:—
 “Well, Maister Sheridan, I’m glad to see you. How, be ye, ek?”—“Why, thank you, my friend, very well. I hope you and your family are well,” replied Sheridan. “Ay, ay,” answered the elector, “they are pretty nobbling; but they tell me, Maister Sheridan, as how you are trying to get a Parliamentary Reform. Do ye think ye shall get it?”—“Why, yes,” says Sheridan, “I hope so.”—“And so do I,” replied his constituent, “for then you’ll be able to pay off the old election scores, shan’t ye?”

When Sheridan was appointed Treasurer of the Navy, under the Whig Administration, his constituents at Stafford deputed two of their body to wait upon him, for the purpose of putting him in mind of certain promises which he had made them, and which were to be fulfilled on his getting into office. Accordingly, two of these enlightened and patriotic electors waited upon the orator at his residence in London. Preliminary compliments having been disposed of, Sheridan asked them what was the more immediate purport of their visit? “Why,” replied the electors, “we are come to congratulate you upon your getting into a good place, and you know, Sir, there are some old bills standing.”—“Yes, yes,” was the answer; “but I can do

nothing for you now. I have not received a far-thing yet from my office.”—“Why,” said the electors, “we can hardly expect it at present, but, you know, you have always promised to treat us all alike—to show no favour.” Sheridan having assured them that there should be no partiality manifested in the distribution of his favours, the visitors left the room. One of them, however, returned, without being observed by his companion, to get a frank from Sheridan, for the purpose of enclosing a letter to his wife in Stafford. His friend had nearly got to the bottom of the stairs before he missed him, when, upon turning his head, he immediately suspected foul play, and rushing towards the apartment, he met his companion just at the moment he was putting the frank into his pocket. This was enough. The enraged elector dashed, with clenched fists, and eyes sparkling with rage, into Sheridan’s room.—“D—n me,” he exclaimed, “if I didn’t always think you was a ——— scamp, Sheridan!” The Treasurer was struck with astonishment, and hastily inquired what was amiss. “Amiss!” replied his constituent; “didn’t you say you would treat us all alike? What have you been giving to him there?”—“Giving to him,” said Sheridan; “why nothing but a frank for his wife.”—“Well, man,” said the elector, “give me one, and let it be just like his.” Which demand being immediately complied with, he took his leave perfectly satisfied.

Herald.

SPIRITS OF THE AGE.

No. IV.—THE LATE MR. HORNE TOOKE.

MR. TOOKE was, in private company and among his friends, the finished gentleman of the last age. His manners were as fascinating as his conversation was spirited and delightful. He put one in mind of the burden of the song of "the King's old courtier, and an old courtier of the King's." He was, however, of the opposite party. It was curious to hear our modern sciolist advancing opinions of the most radical kind without any mixture of radical heat or violence, in a tone of fashionable *nonchalance*, with elegance of gesture and attitude, and with the most perfect good humour. In the spirit of opposition, or in the pride of logical superiority, he too often shocked the prejudices or wounded the self-love of those about him, while he himself displayed the same unmoved indifference or equanimity. He said the most provoking things with a laughing safety, and a polite attention, that there was no withstanding. He threw others off their guard by thwarting their favourite theories, and then availed himself of the temperance of his own pulse to chafe them into madness. He had not one particle of deference for the opinions of others, nor of sympathy with their feelings; nor had he obstinate convictions of his own to defend—

"Lord of himself, uncumber'd with a creed!"

he took up any topic by chance, and played with it at will, like a juggler with his cups and

balls. He generally ranged himself on the losing side, and had rather an ill-natured delight in contradiction, and in perplexing the understandings of others, without leaving them any clue to guide them out of the labyrinth into which he had led them. He understood, in its perfection, the great art of throwing the *onus probandi* on his adversary, and so could maintain almost any opinion, however absurd or fantastical, with fearless impunity. I have heard a sensible and well-informed man say, that he never was in company with Mr. Tooke without being delighted and surprised, or without feeling the conversation of every other person to be flat in the comparison; but that he did not recollect having ever heard him make a remark that struck him as a sound and true one, or that he himself appeared to think so. He used to plague Fuseli, by asking him after the origin of the Teutonic dialects; and Dr. Parr, by wishing to know the meaning of the common copulative, *Is*. Once at G——'s he defended Pitt from a charge of verbiage, and endeavoured to prove him superior to Fox. Some one imitated Pitt's manner, to show that it was monotonous; and he imitated him also, to show that it was not. He maintained (what would he not maintain?) that young Betty's acting was finer than John Kemble's, and recited a passage from Douglas, in the manner of each, to justify the preference he gave to the former. The mentioning this will please the living—it cannot hurt the dead. He argued on the same occasion in the same breath, that Addison's style was without modulation, and

that it was physically impossible for any one to write well, who was habitually silent in company. He sat like a king at his own table, and gave law to his guests—and to the world! No man knew better how to manage his immediate circle, to foil, or bring them out. A professed orator beginning to address some observations to Mr. Tooke with a voluminous apology for his youth and inexperience, he said, "Speak up, young man!"—and, by taking him at his word, cut short the flower of his orations. Porson was the only person of whom he stood in some degree of awe, on account of his prodigious memory, and knowledge of his favourite subject, languages. Sheridan, it has been remarked, said more good things, but had not an equal flow of pleasantry. As an instance of Mr. Horne Tooke's extreme coolness and command of nerve, it has been mentioned that once at a public dinner, when he had got on the table to return thanks for his health being drunk with a glass of wine in his hand, and when there was a great clamour and opposition for some time, after it had subsided, he pointed to the glass to show that it was still full. Mr. Holcroft, the author of the *Road to Ruin*, was one of the most violent and fiery spirited of all that motley crew of persons who attended the Sunday meetings at Wimbledon. One day he was so enraged by some paradox or raillery of his host, that he indignantly rose from his chair, and said, "Mr. Tooke, you are a scoundrel!" The other, without manifesting the least emotion, replied, "Mr. Holcroft, when was it that I am to dine with

you? Shall it be next Thursday?" "If you please, Mr. Tooke!" answered the angry philosopher, and sat down again. It was delightful to see him sometimes turn from these waspish or ludicrous altercations with overweening antagonists, to some old friend and veteran politician seated at his elbow; to hear him recall the time of Wilkes and liberty, the conversation mellowing like the wine with the smack of age; assenting to all the old man said, bringing out his pleasant traits, and pampering him into childish self-importance, and sending him away thirty years younger than he came.

Bell's Life in London.

TO BERTRAND.

*Vides quanto facilius sit TOTAM GENTEM quam UNUM VIRUM
vincere."* *SENECA, Epist. ix.*

BALD-HEADED Bertrand, well hast thou deserv'd
Thy Emperor's love; and he deserves no less
Thy lowest homage, which in his distress
Has never from its subject duty swerv'd.
I saw Napoleon in the pomp of power,
Surrounded by his Empire's noblest flower,
Nor envied him his proudest mightiness.
But I do envy him in this his hour
Of two-fold triumph—double victory
Over his foes and o'er calamity!
The greatest men are in their falls most great;
And that which gives to low minds majesty,
Lessen'd his grandeur. He has conquer'd fate,
O'er which he rises—"in himself all state!"*

"In himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On Princes."

*Milton, Par. Lost, b. v.
Chronicle.*

ANECDOTES OF THE NOBLE TENTH.

SOME officers of the 10th, or rather some persons in the costume of that regiment, were not many weeks since invited to a party given by a lady of fashion residing in one of the squares in Dublin. The invitation was accepted, and the lady, anxious to lose no opportunity of contributing to the entertainment of her guests, seeing these affected coxcombs standing aloof from the social circle, and appearing to look discontented, asked them to join the dance. The stiff and conceited reply was, "The 10th don't dance." She then asked them to go to the card-table. The reply was, "The 10th don't play cards." The lady, even after these ridiculous replies, still anxious to please them, asked them to join the party in the music-room: "The 10th don't like music" (and we should be surprised if they did, for that would be a proof of some civilization), was the reply. The lady, naturally chagrined at such impertinence, left them to shift for themselves till supper time. On supper being announced, she expected the 10th would be consistent in their negative character, but having more regard for their appetite than their consistency, they were proceeding to the supper-room, when the lady said in a loud tone, she supposed the 10th did not sup. The gentlemen went off, regretting the loss of their supper.

British Press.

The following anecdote is current in Dublin. Several of the officers of a certain dandy regiment

were lounging about in the most affected manner, according to their general custom; when a gentleman who had known one of them before he was spoiled by joining the regiment, proposed introducing him to a partner; in reply to which the dandy yawned out, "No, 10th don't dance." "Poh!" said the gentleman, "the lady I will introduce you to would be a credit to your late Colonel, even since his accession; do stand up and make one amongst us."—"Well," again yawned the dandy, "show her—trot her out!" At this the proposer, ashamed of his acquaintance, withdrew. Upon his rejoining the ladies, one of them, a fine high-spirited girl, aware of his intentions, insisted upon knowing the result of his mission, which, after some preface, he gave her verbatim. "Oh, never mind," says she, "introduce me;" for which purpose he returned, and brought the dandy in his hand; as soon as he approached sufficiently near to her, the lady, with excellent mimicry and audible voice, but without rising from her seat, called to her friend—"No, won't do—trot him in—trot him in!"—to the great amusement of the party and the discomfiture of the thing.

Chronicle.

Mr. Battier, who lately belonged to the regiment of cavalry called the 10th Hussars, during the period he was placed in *Coventry* by that magnificent body, continued to dine, as usual, at the mess. One day he directed his servant to take his plate to an officer who was carving a dish of rabbits, in order to be helped to some of them. The officer placed an entire rabbit on the

plate, saying, "The 10th never carves for merchants."

Herald.

THE DANDY HUSSAR.

The following *jeu d'esprit* has been handed about in Dublin :

ON CAPTAIN ——'S ATTENTIONS TO AN HEIRESS.

Dear Ma'am, if you ask what my trade is,
A soldier I am for the ladies;
With the baggage in peace,
With the baggage in war,
No harm ever reaches the dandy Hussar.

Chronicle:

SCIOMACHY.—MR. BATTIER AND SIR H. HARDINGE.

"He (Sir H.) added verbally, that he would meet any gentleman who would come forward for Mr. B., but that he would not meet Mr. B.... Mr. B. would not commit actual violence upon him, but that Sir H. H. might consider himself horse-whipped (at the same time shaking his whip over Sir H.'s shoulders)."

As H—rd—nge here declines the field,
In courtesy he should not yield—
Good manners quite forgot—
But out when thus he's called to go,
The least that he can say is, "Poh!—
"Now think that you are shot!"

'Tis wise in him to shun the fight,
Most moral, proper, fit and right,
But then there's one thing cruel—
To say, "On you I'll not attend,
But if you like, I'll shoot your friend,"
Is faith an Irish duel.

'Tis true, such friends as would be bang'd,
 Or kindly, in one's place, be hang'd,
 'Mongst things ideal are ;
 And as the whipping's but a *shade*,
This satisfaction may have made
 The matter pretty square ! *

Chronicle.

* It may, however, be affirmed, that when the horse-whipping is but a shade, it is perfectly consistent that the fight should be with a shade.—See Horace's *Umbra*, or *Friends*—

“*Mæcena's adduxerat umbras.*”—Sat. ii. 8.

HYPER CRITICISM.

WHEN Colman read his admirable opera of *Inkle and Yarico* to the late Dr. Moseley, the Doctor made no remark during the progress of the piece, and when it was concluded he was asked what he thought of it. “It won't do,” said the Doctor, “stuff, nonsense!” Every body else having been delighted with it, this decided disapprobation puzzled the circle; he was asked why? “I'll tell you why,” answered the critic; “you say in the finale,

Now let us dance and sing,

“While all Barbadoes' bells shall ring.”

It won't do—there is but one bell in the whole island.”

John Bull.
 1836



Designed by J. Findlay.

THE FRENCH ACHILLES.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. VIII.

AMONG the watch-house prisoners brought before Sir R. Birnie, was one Monsieur Achille de Lesque, a very superb personage, with an orange-tawney thatch upon his upper lip.

He had been consigned to durance for certain manifestations of mischievous magnificence in Drury-lane Theatre; and according to the evidence of Ollier, a box-keeper, and Bond and Nettleton, of the police, those manifestations were thus:

Mons. Achille entered the theatre at half-price. There was nothing very magnificent in that, but he very magnificently marched into the dress-boxes; and being there, he speedily created a very magnificent *brouillerie* among the company.

How it originated the witnesses did not know, but they were called upon to remove Mons. Achille from the boxes; and they found him very magnificently defying the whole house. With some difficulty they prevailed upon him to quit the box, and then they left him to himself again. In half an hour after they found him manifesting his magnificence in the saloon, to the great consternation of the ladies and gentlemen then and there assembled. He was expelling his London Achilles, by shuffling from one end of the saloon to the other, jostling every body who came in his way, and pelting the ladies with orange peel. "If you do not conduct yourself more peaceably," said a gentleman to him, "the police will remove you." "A-ha! the English police—*sacre!*" retorted Mons. Achille, at the same time honouring his communicant with a bit of orange peel. The gentleman called the police, and Bond and Nettleton repaired to his assistance. They told Mons. Achille that unless he behaved better, they should certainly be under the disagreeable necessity of conducting him to the watch-house. "*Mon Dieu!* this is your English freedom!" exclaimed Mons. Achille; "you d—n English police, conduct me, one French General, to your d—n nasty *wash-house!* I shall smack you to hell—ahah!" So saying, he sent a half-sucked orange full upon Nettleton's nose; and in five minutes after he was safely deposited in the coolest apartment in Covent-garden watch-house.

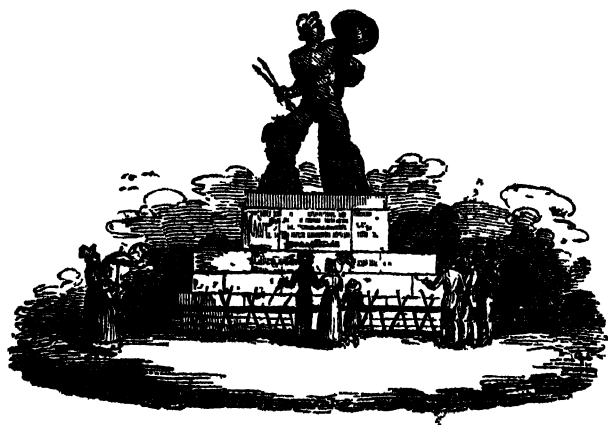
His opinion of the English police seemed to have undergone a very considerable alteration during the night, for when he was brought before the Magistrate, he merely shrugged his shoulders in reply to the charge, and pleaded "a little too much wine" in extenuation.

Sir Richard asked him whether it was true that

he was a French General? to which he replied that he was an officer in the French army; and though the Magistrate pressed the question as to his rank, he always sunk the General, and replied simply, "I am an officer."

Nettleton seemed rather anxious to withdraw his charge, but Sir Richard would not allow him to do so; and addressing Monsieur Achille, he said, "You well know, Sir, that had you so conducted yourself in a French theatre you would have been quickly dragged away by certain gentlemen with fixed bayonets, who would have dealt with you in a very different manner; and since you do not know how to behave yourself in an English one, we must teach you. You will find sureties for your better behaviour in future, and you will remain in custody of the gaoler until you do."

Monsieur le General Achille de Lesque then made his bow, and retreated with the gaoler—*sans tambour, sans trumpeite!*



BARKIANA.

BEWARE MAD DOGS.—BOW! WOW!! WOW!!!

Copy of a Metrical Report presented to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, on the present alarming prevalence of Hydrophobia. By SIR RICHARD BURNIE, Knt and F.R.S., the City Marshalman.

NEWSPAPER HYDROPHOBIA

Sir Richard Burnie, Bow-street Clerk,
 Reports, from observation,
 That many dogs to his belief,
 Are mad within his station—
 With Hydrophobia, some no doubt,
 More—Politics, and guzzle,
 And some *Duke Bishop* has found out,
 Who much require a muzzle.
 Bow, wow, wow, &c

Don Clement keeps a saucy cur,
 A *Black Scotch bandy Hewit*, (1)
 Who much annoys the Chancellor, (2)
 With an *hug but true wit*
 The *Courier's* Mastiff—*Billy Wun*—
 Snarls in good temper back again,
 He is both *tides* do the people *him* (3)
 And laugh till sides do crack again.
 Bow, wow, wow, &c

The *Herald* keeps a merry *Hewit*, (4)
 Tho' Thwaites himself is *justian*,
 Whose Bow-street note is ever bright,
 And full of wit's combustion

(1) See *Tim Bobbin for Dogs*(2) See *Morning Chronicle*.

(3) It would appear that the worthy Editors, who are personal friends in private life, agree to differ in public.

(4) See *Mornings at Bow-street*, by J. Wight, Reporter to the Morning Herald.

The *Morning Post's* a lady's *Pet*, (5)

A perfect *harmless* creature,
Who rhyming loves to *whine* a bit,
But all in great good nature.

Bow, wow, wow, &c

If near the Change you chance to range,

Beware a dog call'd Colonel, (6)

Who sometimes *barks* a *little strange*,

Near *Globe* and *Traveler's* Journal

John Taylor's dogs are all well bred,

As any 'neath the *Sun*, *Sun*,

And since George Canning's been the head,

Have had a famous *run*, *Sun*.

Bow, wow, wow &

The *British Press*—'I rather guess'

Have lost their *Irish Towner*, (7)

Who tho' six feet and nothing less,

Was but a *nibbling* mouse!

The *Star* keeps two suspicious dogs,

Sholto and *Reuben Percy*, (8)

Whose active habits nothing clogs,

But all are at their mercy.

Bow, wow, wow, &c

MR. FOGG'S CITY REPORT.

Within the City—every dog

The Marshal's men can muster—

Are here strung up, by Mr. Fogg,

Like onions in a cluster.

(5) Rosa Matilda's *Muse* has been somewhat melancholy of late

(6) The worthy Colonel is very fond of long dry articles on Political Economy, in the Jeremy Bentham style.

(7) The leading articles of this paper were for some time marked by a beautiful obscurity of diction. It has recently, we perceive, been enlightened by a little more wit: hence we conclude some change for the better.

(8) The writers of these popular anecdotes, are said to be both employed on the *Star Evening Paper*.

The *New Times* keeps a wily elf
 Call'd *Doctor*—he's a *gain one*,
 Who looks to *something* on the shelf,
 A tolerably *sane* one. (9)

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

In Fleet-street, *Shackell's Bull* so rare
 Produces great complaints, Sir;
 He boldly *snaps* at the Lord Mayor,
 And *growls* at all the *Saints*, Sir.
 Lord Waithman dares not stir abroad,
 Lest he should bite his heels, Sir,
 And all the Aldermanic board
 His Lordship's tremor feels, Sir.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

There's *Walter's surly snappish tike*,
 An ugly dog to meet, Sir,
 When most he seems to fawn and like,
 Will fly to bite your feet, Sir.
 The *Ledger* keeps a quiet cur,
 A well *train'd* dog for shipping,
 Who westward never thinks to stir,
 But lives on *Civic dripping*. (10)

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Brighton Gazette

(9) Doctor Stoddart, editor of the *New Times*.

(10) The *Ledger*, which is seldom seen westward of Temple Bar, is edited by an Alderman, the copyright being the property of certain merchant-connexions with the shipping interest.

AN ABSTEMIOUS DUKE.

SOMEBODY telling Rogers the other day, that the Duke of Marlborough had become so abstemious as scarcely to take any animal food—"That is quite natural," said the wag; "A man is generally supposed to have given over eating when he sends away his plate!"

John Bull.

CARDINAL CONSALVI'S WILL.

SOME idea of the sacred chiefs of the Church of Rome's contempt for worldly riches, may be obtained by the perusal of the will of this Cardinal, which is stated to contain the following dispositions:—Count Parisaini, his kinsman, is appointed executor. The Cardinal leaves 3000 scudi to the poor of the different parishes of Rome. He directs two thousand masses to be celebrated for him; and a plain monument to be erected to his memory in the church of St. Marcellus; it will contain his remains and those of his brother, who was buried there; he directs a certain inscription, written by himself, to be added. He orders two chapels to be built in the said church, in which many masses are daily to be celebrated. Twenty-three of his best snuff-boxes (presents from different Sovereigns) will be distributed amongst some convents at Rome. His first valet-de-chambre and his housekeeper will each receive thirty scudi per month during their lives. The second valet will have twenty scudi per month. All three will be provided with convenient places of residence. The other domestics will enjoy their full wages during their lives, and will divide 2000 scudi amongst them. The congregation *de propaganda fide* is made universal here. The Franciscans of Santa Maria, in Aracoli, have a snuff-box given to them of great richness, adorned with diamonds, which they are directly to sell, and apply the produce thereof in maintaining the frontispiece of their church. The Minimes of St. Andrea, *delle fratti*,

have a similar snuff-box given them, with the like direction: as also the church of Santa Maria *della consolazione*; each of these boxes is estimated at 8000 scudi. A snuff-box of the value of 12,000 scudi to the hospital of St. Michael, *à Ripogrande*, of which he was the apostolic visitor. A fine garden upon the river Tiber to the Duke of Braschi. Two hundred ounces of silver and a watch to the Abbe Capacrimi, employed as Secretary of State; and a very fine picture to the Pope.

But

TRAVELLING BACKWARDS*.

——— *Vestigia—retrorsum.*—OVID.

For trav'ling backwards, Mr. Lloyd,
 You hope to shine in story;
 But men there are, in state employ'd,
 Who beat your crab-like glory.

There's Mr. Peel in Ireland's cause;
 And then, in our finances,
 The Smiling Fur' should make you pause
 In retrograde advances!

What's trav'ling backward ten short days?
 Why, Sir, it is but fooling—
 A thousand years the well-earn'd praise
 Of some who take to ruling!

* See Mr. Lloyd's feat, in the Morning Chronicle of May 1824.

LINES FROM ALL HIS MAJESTY'S LIEGE DOGS

We dogs from Covent-garden,
 The city, and the plain,
 Intreat your Lordship's pardon,
 For sending you this strain;
 But grief has taught us boldness—
 So abject are we now,
 Then listen not with coldness
 To our smother'd bow—wow—wow !

We're driven thro' the city,
 We're follow'd thro' the town,
 And monsters, without pity,
 Cut dogs and puppies down.
 We never caus'd a riot,
 We ne'er kick'd up a row ;
 But sang in ease and quiet
 Our merry bow—wow—wow !

We've lov'd mankind more dearly
 Than man oft loves his kind,
 And must we thus then yearly
 In muzzles be confined ?
 Oh ! tear from us the fetters
 That rankle on our brow,
 And we shall be your debtors
 For a hearty bow—wow—wow !

We cannot brook refusal,
 We must be free as air,
 And then we'll sing as usual
 In honour of the Mayor.
 Would you but list to reason,
 The bull-dogs all avow
 A leg they ne'er would seize on,
 But only bow—wow—wow !

The terrier's word is given,
 (Oh ! let it not be vain !)
 That if his bonds be riven
 He'll ne'er go mad again.
 If you will but be gracious,
 And canine claims allow,
 Pug ne'er will be *pugnacious*,
 But join our bow—wow—wow !

• (Signed) ALL THE DOGS.

Egan's Life in London.

IRISH METHOD OF FINDING A VERDICT.

To bring about unanimity in a Jury at Wexford last assizes, a stratagem was resorted to. The evidence against Gribble (the revenue officer charged with the robbery of tobacco from the King's stores) appeared to be conclusive. Notwithstanding the able defence of him by his counsel (Mr. Smith), it was the general impression in Court that he could not escape conviction. Only one of the Jury, however, was under that impression. "Well, gentlemen," said he to the others, "since you will not agree to adopt my view of the case, a thought strikes me by which we can get over the difficulty. I'll write 'guilty,' and then I'll retire, and you can act as you think proper." The expedient was approved of—the fearful word "guilty" was written down. Our readers, no doubt, picture in imagination the sword of justice, like that of Damocles, suspended over the head of poor Gribble; but, as the proverb says, "all is not lost that's in danger:" the conscientious juryman having stepped aside, his worthy companions added "Not."

British Press,

THREE MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. IX.

WILLIAM and **MARY WARREN**, a newly married couple, came voluntarily before the Magistrate—Mary to complain of William, and William to complain of Mary; but Mary seemed to have the most cause to complain, for, though nature had given her a pair of very fine black eyes, William, in his waywardness, had made their lids of the same colour—and that, too, by no very gentle operation,—an operation which would lead one to believe that he considered the wedding ring as a symbol of the ring pugilistic. Be this as it may, however, we shall state their case, for the benefit of the newly-married public in general.

William is in his twenty-third year, and Mary in her nineteenth; they have been married just three months: it was altogether a love match; poverty has not peeped in at their door, and yet love has already flown out through their window. And why has he so soon deserted them? Mary attributed his flight to William's excessive thirstiness; and William ascribed it to Mary's love of money—which, as he very truly observed, is the root of all evil. Mary said William was cruel enough to strike her because she told him of remaining so long at the public-house. William, on the contrary, said Mary was of such a desperate bad temper, that she was continually bumping him about from chair to chair, and boxing his ears whenever he came home—not be-

cause he spent too much money, but because he did not get enough: she wanted him to live upon water-gruel, in order that they might become rich; and he wanted to enjoy the good things of this world as fast as they came to hand—*Dum vivimus vivamus*. Mary admitted she was not *particklarly* good-tempered; and William admitted that he was ashamed of having struck her, “for,” said he, “I love her as well or better than ever I did, and I shouldn’t have *towelled* her if she hadn’t tempted me to it!” “And pray, how did she tempt you?” said the Magistrate “Why, by boxing my ears,” replied William, “and telling me I daren’t hit her again.”

It was evident to their Worships that there were faults on both sides. It was clear to them that Mary had thought to find her husband all perfection—or, at all events, that she was determined to make him so; and it was equally clear, that, however William might love his wife, he had still some love to spare for an occasional jollification from home—that, in short, he could at one time sing—

“When the heart of a man is oppress’d with care,
The mist is dispell’d if a woman appear.”

And at another,

“When the heart of a man is elated with beer,
The bliss is dispell’d should his spouse appear.”

But of this jovial *penchant* they thought he might be cured, if his wife would give him soft words instead of boxing his ears; and, after recommending him to spend his *beer-money* at home instead of abroad, and censuring him severely for striking his wife, they seriously advised them to

shake hands in kindness, and try each other for three months longer.

They shook hands accordingly, and left the office arm-in-arm, apparently very well satisfied with what had been done for them.

Herald.

THEY POURED THE RED LIBATION FORTH.

THEY pour'd the Red Libation forth,
And fill'd the golden bowl;
I dash'd it on the famish'd earth,
And spurn'd its base control;
And said—no more my peace shall be
A victim to thy treachery!

They wove of Fame the blooming wreath,
My brow the chaplet twined;
My foot I trod the flowers beneath,
And gave them to the wind;
And said—my heart no more shall trust
To that which is itself but dust!

They brought me Beauty's child, and gave
To me her fairy form:
Death came! She fill'd the silent grave;
Fed on her cheek the worm:
I loved, yet said—no more will I
O'er flower so frail, in sorrow sigh!

They brought me then a spirit sweet—
Religion, ever fair;
My tears bedew'd her holy feet,
My soul arose in prayer;
And said—Fame, Pleasure—all farewell!
Blest spirit! thou hast broke their spell!

British Press.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

"IN the time of King Henry VIII.," says a note to Dr. King's Poems, in Chalmers's Collection, "the Park was a wild wet field; but that Prince, on building St. James's palace, enclosed it, laid it out in walks, and collecting the waters together, gave to the new-inclosed ground and new-raised buildings the name of St. James's. It was much enlarged by Charles II., who added to it several fields, planted it with rows of lime trees, laid out the Mall, formed the canal with a decoy, and other ponds for water-fowl. The lime trees or *tilia*, whose blossoms are uncommonly fragrant, were probably planted in consequence of a suggestion of Mr. Evelyn, in his *Fumifugium*, published in 1661."

Charles II was very fond of the Park. His habit of walking there, attended by his dogs, both sad and merry, has been noticed before. His ducks, which he also amused himself with feeding, inhabited a spot called Duck Island, which was erected into a "government," in order to furnish the French exile and wit, St. Evremond, with a pension. Bird-cage-walk must not be forgotten, which was an aviary of Charles's raising, and retains its appellation.

In books of fifty and a hundred years back, if you meet with a hungry gentleman, who did not know where to get a dinner, you always find him sitting on a bench in the Park. Others generally accompany, most of whom are politicians. Bickerstaff meets here his acquaintance the uphol-

sterer, who lets his affairs run to ruin in his zeal for the King of Sweden.

It would appear from novels, that the Park enjoyed some privilege from arrest. In Fielding's *Amelia*, the hero often walks in the Mall, when he can go no where else. During the existence of the old cathedral of St. Paul's, the inside of that church was the resort of the hungry, who, in allusion to a tomb, supposed to contain the body of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, gave rise to the saying of dining with Duke Humphrey. The Mall is so called from the game of Mall, to which Waller alludes. Charles II. transferred it from Pall-mall.

In a house looking into Mr. Bentham's garden, in Bird-cage-walk, lived Milton. The front of it is in York-street, and, without being the ancient one, is in a very squalid condition.

The Horse Guards was in a poor condition in the time of Charles. The stables looked like the open corridors of an old inn; and a toy of a building, with a stair-case outside, appears to have been the guard-house. These conclusions are drawn from the print in Pennant.

, *Bill's Life in London*

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL;

OR, LEGITIMATE AMBITION.

IF Ferdinand, that best of kings,
 Makes *petticoats* and such like things,
 Adorned with his own stitches,
 There is no reason to be seen
 Why, in that case, a *neighbouring* Queen
 Should not put on the *breeches*!

Chronicle.

ANECDOTE OF DRYDEN AND OTWAY.

DRYDEN and OTWAY were contemporaries, and lived for some time opposite to each other in Fetter-lane. One morning the latter happened to call upon his brother bard about breakfast time, but was told by his servant, that his master was gone to breakfast with the Earl of Pembroke. "Very well," said Otway, "tell your master that I will call to-morrow morning." Accordingly he called the next day about the same hour, "well, is your master at home now?" "No, Sir, he is just gone to breakfast with the Duke of Buckingham." "The devil he is," said Otway; and actuated either by envy, pride, or disappointment, in a kind of involuntary manner, took up a piece of chalk that lay on a table, which stood upon the landing place, near Dryden's chamber, and wrote over the door,

"Here lives Dryden, a poet and a wit."

The next morning, at breakfast, Dryden recognised the handwriting, and told the servant to go to Otway, and desire his company to breakfast with him; in the mean time he added to Otway's line of

"Here lives Dryden, a *poet* and a *wit*,

"This was written by Otway *opposite*."

When Otway arrived and saw that his line was linked with a rhyme, being a man of rather a petulant disposition, he took it in dudgeon, and turning upon his heel, told his friend, "that he was welcome to keep his wit and his breakfast to himself."

ALL-CHIN IN DEFENCE OF HIS NOSE;

OR, BROTHER BUNGS IN BATTLE.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. X.

ONE Mr. Spillings was brought up on a peace warrant, charging him with having threatened the life of Mr. All-chin.

Mr. All-chin is a publican—and a very much mis-named one, for his *nose* is beyond all comparison the most predominant feature about him. He deposed that Mr. Spillings came into his house with another person, and demanded a glass of orange shrub; and because he refused to serve them, Mr. Spillings told him—firstly, that he ought to be ashamed of himself, for refusing to serve a brother *bung*; secondly, that he would arrest him, as he had many another *bung*; thirdly, and lastly, that if he would come out into the street, he would *unscrew* his ugly nose for him! “Hearing this,” continued Mr. All-chin, “I rushed out into the street after him—thinking to give him in charge to the watch; but Mrs. All-chin, poor thing, came hanging about me so, and begging of me not to be rash, that I thought the best way would be, to go another way to work with him. So I let him go, and came here next day and got a warrant for him.”

“Which warrant charges him with threatening your life,” said his Worship; “and I have heard nothing yet but ~~his~~ *having* called you a brother *bung*, and a nonsensical threat of pulling your nose.”

"I beg your Worship's pardon—he didn't say he would *pull* my nose—he said he would *unscrew* it! That was the word he used; and I can bring forward many respectable neighbours to prove it."

His Worship said, he really did not know what was meant by unscrewing a man's nose; but as it did not appear that his life had been threatened, he should discharge the warrant. And it was discharged accordingly—the defendant, Mr. Spillings, and other witnesses, having first offered to prove that no threat at all had been used, and that Mr. All-chin was all talk and fury.

Herald

"SIT PRO RATIONE."

Not a word with him but a jest, and every jest but a word.—
LOVE'S LABOUR LOST. Act ii. sc. 1.

MR. CANNING ON THE LEATHER TAX.—"They (Ministers) had overlooked the means which his Honorable Friend (Sir Joseph Yorke) thought were most desirable to attain the wished-for end—they had in all their motions confined themselves to the contents of books, instead of applying themselves to the binding [*renewed thoughts*]."—See *Courier*, May 19.

How much it loves *contents*, we know,

For either House will daily show

Them nicely bound together,

But let the *non-contents* received

The care that's due to the *acquired*,

There'd be no tax on *leather*.

Not that his Colleagues of the day,

In Ireland hold it *sine quâ*—

There 'tis not worth the *minutes*—

For there, regardless of *contents*,

They think it answers all intents,

To show their love of *binding*!

"LEATHER AND PRUNELLA."

Chronicle.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

AN EXCUSE FOR NOT ACCEPTING THE INVITATION OF A FRIEND
TO MAKE AN EXCURSION WITH HIM.

By the late Dr. Jenner.

- 1 THE hollow winds begin to blow,
- 2 The clouds look black, the grass is low ;
- 3 The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
- 4 And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
- 5 Last night the sun went pale to bed,
- 6 The moon in haloes hid her head ;
- 7 The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
- 8 For see, no rainbow spans the sky.
- 9 The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
- 10 Clos'd is the pink-ey'd pimpernell.
- 11 Hark ! how the chairs and tables crack ;
- 12 Old Betty's joints are on the rack ;
- 13 Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
- 14 The distant hills are looking nigh ;
- 15 How restless are the snorting swine,
- 16 The busy flies disturb the kine ;
- 17 Low o'er the grass the swallow wings ;
- 18 The cricket too, how sharp he sings ;
- 19 Puss on the hearth with velvet paws,
- 20 Sits, wiping o'er her whisker'd jaws ;
- 21 Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
- 22 And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
- 23 The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
- 24 Illum'd the dewy dell last night.
- 25 At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
- 26 Hopping and crawling o'er the green ;
- 27 The whirling wind the dust obeys,
- 28 And in the rapid eddy plays ;
- 29 The frog has chang'd his yellow vest,
- 30 And in a russet coat is drest.
- 31 Though June, the air is cold and still ;
- 32 The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill.
- 33 My dog, so alter'd in his taste,
- 34 Quits mutton bones, on grass to feast ;

172 ANECDOTE OF GARRICK AND WESTON.

35 And see, yon rooks, how odd their flight,
36 They imitate the gliding kite,
37 And seem precipitate to fall—
38 As if they felt the piercing ball.
39 'Twill surely rain, I see with sorrow,
40 Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

British P.

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK AND WESTON.

ONE evening, when Weston was announced to play *Scrub*, and Garrick *Archer*, in the course of the day he sent to Mr. Garrick a letter, requesting a loan of money, as he was continually in the practice of doing, under the impression that he was arrested. This Garrick at last discovered, and in consequence refused sending at that time what Weston had requested; upon which the latter neglected going to the theatre at his usual time; and when the hour of performance arrived, Garrick came forward and said as follows:—“Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Weston being taken suddenly ill, he is not capable of appearing before you this evening; and therefore, if it meets your approbation, I will perform the part of *Scrub* in his stead.” Weston, being in the two-shilling gallery with a sham bailiff, halloed out, “I am here, and can’t come; I am arrested.” Upon which the audience sided with Weston, by insisting he should play the part, which the manager was obliged to acquiesce in, by paying the supposed debt, to the no small mortification of David.

Somerset-House Miscellany.

STANZAS TO PUNCHINELLO.

Thou lignum-vitæ Roscius, who
 Dost the old vagrant stage renew,
 Peerless, inimitable Punchinello !
 The Queen of Smiles is quite outdone
 By thee, all-glorious king of fun,
 Thou grinning, giggling, laugh-extorting fellow !

At other times mine ear is wrung,
 Whene'er I hear the trumpet's tongue,
 Waking associations melancholic ;
 But that which heralds thee, recalls
 All childhood's joys and festivals,
 And makes the heart rebound with freak and frolic.

Ere of thy face I get a snatch,
 O with what boyish glee I catch
 Thy twittering, cackling, bubbling, squeaking gibber —
 Sweeter than syren voices—fraught
 With richer merriment than aught
 That drops from witling mouths, though utter'd glibber !

The upturn'd eyes I love to trace
 Of wondering mortals, when their face
 Is all alight with unexpected gladness ;
 To mark the flickering giggle first,
 The growing grin—the sudden burst,
 And universal shout of merry madness.

Sometimes I note a hen-peck'd wight
 Enjoying thy marital might,
 To him a beatific *beau ideal* :
 He counts each crack on Judy's pate,
 Then homeward creeps, to cogitate
 The difference 'twixt dramatic wives and real.

But, Punch, thou'rt ungallant and rude
 In plying thy persuasive wood ;
 Remember that thy cudgel's girth is fuller
 Than that compassionate, thumb-thick,
 Establish'd wife-reforming stick,
 Made legal by the dictum of Judge Buller.

When the officious doctor hies
 To cure thy spouse, there's no surprise,
 Thou shouldst receive him with nose-tweaking grappling;
 Nor can we wonder that the mob
Encorts each crack upon his nob,
 When thou art feeing him with oaken sapling.
 As for our common enemy,
 Old Nick, we all rejoice to see
 The *coup de grace* that silences his wrangle;
 But, lo, Jack Ketch!—ah, well-a-day!
 Dramatic justice claims its prey,
 And thou in hempen handkerchief must dangle.
 Now helpless hang those arms which once
 Rattled such music on the sconce;
 'Tush'd is that tongue which late out-jested Yorick
 That hunch behind is shrugg'd no more,
 No longer heaves that paunch before,
 Which swagg'd with such a pleasantry plethorick
 But Thespian deaths are transient woes,
 And still less durable are those
 Suffer'd by *lignum-vitæ* malefactor's;
 Thou wilt return, alert, alive,
 And long, oh long may'st thou survive,
 Fust of head-breaking and side-splitting actors!

New Monthly Magazine.

ANTI-CLIMAX.

MR. M., the Professor of Chemistry in the University of Dublin, who was more remarkable for the clearness of his intellect than the purity of his eloquence, adverted in one of his lectures to the celebrated Dr. Boyle, of whose talents he spoke with the highest veneration, and thus concluded his eulogy:—"He was a great man," said the Professor—"a very great man; he was the *father* of chemistry, gentlemen—and *brother* of the Earl of Cork.

News of Literature and Fashion.

OBSOLETE CHARACTERS.

No. III.—THE RURAL 'SQUIRE.

GROVE draws the following amusing portrait of the Country 'Squire of the early part of the last century. "I mean," says he, "the little independent gentleman, who commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without boots. His travels never exceeded the distance of the county town, and that only at assize and session time, or to attend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the next market-town, with the Attornies and Justices. This man went to church regularly, read the weekly journal, settled the parochial disputes between the parish officers and the vestry, and afterwards adjourned to the neighbouring ale-house, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. He was commonly followed by a couple of greyhounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a neighbour's house by smacking his whip, or giving the view-halloo. A journey to London was, by one of these men, reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the East Indies, and undertaken with scarce less precaution and preparation."

The mansion of one of these 'squires was of plaster, striped with timber, not unaptly called calimanco-work, or of red brick, large casement bow windows, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study; the caves of the house well inhabited by swallows, and the court set round with holly-

hocks; near the gate a horse-block, for the convenience of mounting.

The hall was furnished with flitches of bacon, and the mantel-piece with guns and fishing rods of different dimensions, accompanied by the broad sword, partisan, and dagger, borne by his ancestor in the Civil Wars. The vacant spaces were occupied by stags' horns. Against the wall was posted King Charles' Golden Rules, Vincent Wing's Almanack, and a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough. In his window lay Baker's Chronicle, Fox's Book of Martyrs, Glanville on Witches, Quincey's Dispensatory, the Complete Justice, and a book of Farriery.

The best parlour, which was never opened but on particular occasions, was furnished with Turk-worked chairs, and hung round with portraits of his ancestors: the men in the character of shepherds, with their crooks, dressed in full suits, and huge full-bottomed perukes; others in complete armour or buff coats, playing on the base-viol or lute. The females likewise as shepherdesses, with the lamb and crook, all habited in high heads and flowing robes."

"Alas, these men and their houses are no more!"

Herald.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

She. You men are angels while you woo the maid,
But devils when the marriage vow is said.

He. The change, good wife, is easily forgiven—
We find ourselves in hell, instead of heaven.

Chronicle.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR:

AN ORIGINAL SATIRE.

ADDRESSED TO GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER,

BY CASTIGATOR.

"Am I so lightly held—so low in estimate,
To brook dishonour from a knave in place,
And crouch me like a pliant underling;

* * * * *

* * * By heaven, not so!

The slave shall answer me."

SHEE'S *Alasco*.

THE uncalled-for *officious* hypercritical zeal and contemptible conduct of the new Licensor, in suppressing Shee's tragedy of *Alasco*, created a very general feeling of indignation on its being first known, which was, however, considerably increased when the work was published, and the *unobjectionable* passages *objected* to by Mr. George Colman, printed verbatim in Italics. A writer in the *Morning Chronicle* very properly enquired of this new-blown Censor, who has so long averted public scorn, and vended objectionable wares, only because, as a modern Satirist observes of him, he

"Draws on the name a gifted Sire bequeathed;—"

"how long since it may be, that he was first enlightened by these new illuminations of piety and loyalty? Did he propose to vindicate the cause of religion by the publication of *My Nightgown and Slippers*, or to uphold decency by his *Broad Grins*? Was the Prize Essay, which has earned for him the most odious and least constitutional office in the State, his *Lay of the last Fiddle*?—or were the obscene adventures of his

Sir ——* *O'Shaughnashane,—Isaac Shove,—Miss Bunn, and Mrs. Bunt,* and a multitude of other such filthy stories, the mere types of a Christian hero? Let him understand that loyalty is not to be learned in the sort of school in which we all know him to have practised.

* * * * *

Truly, Mr. Colman (the Licenser) has been somewhat eager to flesh his maiden sword; but he should learn, that rather than have forbidden the lists that ought to open to the candidates for public renown—to a Literary Knight of such approved deserts as Mr. Shee—he had better have vegetated for ever.”

To this letter was annexed certain animadversions on the *pure* life and character of the Licenser, which the Editor of the *Chronicle*, out of pity (we suppose) for the aged and imbecile Critic, thought it necessary to suppress. In our estimation, Mr. Colman deserved all and every castigation he on that occasion received; and we have good reason to know that he has since been informed from a very high quarter, that such hypercritical and over-zealous exertions of his official authority are much more calculated to injure the cause of morality, and disturb the present harmony of politics, than to serve any set of men or party in the state. It had been our intention to have recorded this act of literary tyranny by certain *chaste* selections from Mr. Colman's own works, placed in opposite columns parallel with the rejected passages of *Alasco*;

* The name cannot be pronounced in modest company.—ED.

but that we found, after mature deliberation, we should commit an unpardonable offence against decency, and liable ourselves to the charge of disseminating obscenity, by reprinting the filthy extracts. To mark, however, our sense of the injustice done to the highly-gifted Author of *Alasco*, the insult offered to the Literature of the age, and the Drama in particular, we shall close our remarks on this disgraceful stretch of arbitrary power, by inserting the following original Satire, written impromptu, but never before published.

EDITOR.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR.

HAIL, moral Sage,—immoral times befit
 The careful watchings of thy *chastened* wit;
 Rupe as thou art, and in 'the sear o' leaf,'
 Thy *virtues* shine almost *beyond belief*.
 Hail, sacred Guardian of a Nation's morals,
 Who, whether *decent* or *indecent*, quarrels
 With ev'ry phrase that might pollute the ear
 Of low ambition, and the courtly sphere;
 Who all at once *recanting former ways*,
 Would *mend* the latter period of thy days,
 And in the *mighty task* the world amend,
 Tho' 't were as easy to *produce its end*.
 Thrice hail, Montruse, to thee a debt we owe,
 Which baffles ev'ry skill *its worth to shew*;
 Thy cautious bearing brought the hero forth,
 To be the instrument of courtly wrath.
 Thus old police-men, when they need a *cad*,
 Find out some more than half-suspected lad,
 And having made a convert of the boy,
 Use him to *trap* a brother, and destroy.
 Thine be the praise my muse delights to sing,
 How *better far* thou serv'st thy *friend* than king;
 The jade runs riot at thy very name,
 Though all her life before I've found her lame;

Disdains the bit, requires no spur or trouble,
 Though you and George should chance to ride her double.
 Hail, *mighty Pair*,—to *sovereign dulness dear* !
 Accept this tribute, honest as sincere ;
 Learn how the world that union shall approve,
 Which neither sense can guide, or reason move.
 Jones ope your gates—ye gaol-birds shout on high,
 Be honest George, each patriot brother's cry :
 Ye *Rulers*—not the *rulers* of the land,
 But ye of Surrey, raise the ready hand,
 To 'plaud a brother,—hands as pure as snow,
 From ev'ry shade of virtue's ruddy flow.
 With incantation, spell, and potent charm,
 Let *modern Curls* the *modern Densus* balm,
 Anoint his brows with quack elixirs straight,
 Where's brother Eady and the chair of state ?
 That chair of gilded serpents and of stone,
 Which vice and folly ever makes her throne.
 Now bring the wreath—the deadly cypress bough,
 Enslim'd with envy and the adder's sting ;
 The robe of office o'er his shoulders throw,
 That ~~at~~ the *Grand Inquisitor* may know ;
 Then let the herald to the world proclaim,
 Here sits the Monarch of the Drama's fame !
 Come, honest Muse, for you and I must ride
 At more than speed, to overleap the tide
 Of public feeling, which in Shree's defence,
 Comes like an avalanche down the vale of sense,
 Impetuous, sweeping with a whirlwind's force
 All mean obstructions to its honest course ;
 A deluge dreadful, mocking earthly state,
 To stem the torrent of indignant hate ;
 Who roused to action, mounts her fiery car,
 To lead the Drama's Champion to the war ;
 The giant Knowledge bursts his iron chain,
 And laughs to scorn the *sordid views of gain* ,
 E'en Pity, meek-eyed Pity, wields a spear,
 And joins a cause that owns no base compeer.
 Was this a time ? when, robed in lovely peace,
 The nation seeks the arts of ancient Greece ;

(A peace by blood and treasures dearly bought),
 To forge new shackles for the Child of Thought?
 When all united, round their Sovereign bend,
 And all distinctions cease in common friend*,

* Every body knows George Colman was for many years closely connected with the Theatre Royal Covent-garden—from the first appearance of his *Htir at Law*, to the last appearance of his *Law of Java*: but, *O tempora*, since George obtained a *pension* from the Court, and Henry Harris, his friend, obtained a *pension* from his partners, both these gentlemen have withdrawn their good offices from the old concern, and have embarked most zealously with the *Griat Lessee* in support of the opposite house. George, as a mangler* of *mad melo-drames*, "*Dale nondus idonea fumo*," and his friend, the Ex-Manager, as a manufacturer of bad pantomimes.—"*Magnu refert quibuscum vineris*," is a proverb that was never more fully exemplified than in the conduct of the *Grand Inquisitor*.—" *Beneficium accipere libertatis vendere est*." The *petticoat* can effect more than the *pen*, and there are those who suspect that the Author of *Broad Grins* is more indebted to the influential exertions of the fair

* The following *jeu d'esprit* is attributed to the original Author of the *Cataract*. It was printed on a card, and circulated privately in the theatre:

A CARD.

"G. COLMAN, (late of Covent-garden) respectfully informs his Friends, and the Public in general, that being completely worn out in their service, he has commenced business in Drury-lane, in the Mangling Department, at which place specimens of his abilities in getting up small and great things may be seen. G. C. also goes out Charing, Terms 2s. 6d. per day, exclusive of gin. Any Lady or Gentleman in want of a complete Washerwoman, are informed G. C. can undertake the situation with confidence, he having his water from the Cata. t, in Little Russell-street; as also a small yard for getting up Linen. For character and other particulars enquire of Mrs. Gibbs, at Covent-garden; or to G. C., No. 4, Yeoman's-place, Crown-court, St. James's."

SUSANNAH BETWEEN THE TWO ELDERS.

On the rehearsal of that sublime melo-drame the *Cataract*, at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, the interpolations and additions by Messrs. Colman and Reynolds, were so numerous, that the original Author disclaimed any knowledge of his bantling: and on Winston calling him by name, he replied,—"*Moncrieff* is not my cognomen, Sir: don't you see I am *Susannah between the two Elders*."

182 EPIGRAM ON AN UNSUCCESSFUL PLAY.

Shame on thee, George!—of all men else, that you
Should prove fastidious—hypercritic too;
Who, if strict justice had but mark'd thy guile,
Had long since been companion with Carlile. C. M. W.
(Original.)

Incognita of Fulham, and the *Coterie* of Berkley-street, than to all he has either written or printed in the whole course of his life. To say the least, there is enough to create suspicion of some secret motives in the affair of *Alas-o*; not against the Author, for he, we believe, is personally unknown to the Licensor; but *ergo*, the Berkley-street *Coterie* is composed of George Robins, Ex-Chancellor and Committee-man of the rival establishment; Robert William Elliston, the *Great Lessie*, Henry Harris, an Ex-manager of the Theatre Royal Covent-garden; his friend, Reynolds, an Ex-writer, *reader*, and *rejecter* of Plays and Farces; and though last, not least, that all-important personage, Rigdumfunnybos, Grand Chamberlain to the fair *Incognita* of Fulham, and Army Accoutrement-maker to His Royal Highness the Duke of York. The very association with such a phalanx of *Ex-Covent-gardenists*, would be enough to shake the soundest skull; no wonder then (gratitude to the fair *Incognita* thrown into the scale) that we find the Grand Inquisitor commencing his anti-national and super-hypercritical fulminations against the new pieces of the new managers, at the house of his old friend, the Ex-manager Harris. But *N'inporte*, said the new firm, they are welcome to the *caput mortuum*—"Cedite Romæ scriptores cedite fravi"—Moncrieff and Colman!!! Winston and Henry Harris!!! Ye partizans of Old Drury, sound your penny trumpets! let every puff, black, red, white, and blue, proclaim this grand acquisition of talent by the *Great Lessie*.

EPIGRAM ON AN UNSUCCESSFUL PLAY.

DURING the war, a poor author's production was played at one of the theatres; but it unfortunately was damned, when the following Epigram was wittily written:

THIS thin third night, a poet's hope to mar,
Is owing, *he* can prove it, to the war:
Cries one, "these democratic murmurs cease—
I rather think 'tis owing to the *piece*." Brighton Gazette.

THE CHANCERY COMMISSION.

Νυν μὲν μάλα παγχυ κακος κακον ἡγηλαζει·
Ὡς αἰεὶ τῶν ὁμοίων ἀγει θεὸς ὡς τῶν ὁμοίων.—OD. 17.

“ The good old proverb how these men fulfil
One rogue is usher to another still.
Heaven with a secret principle endued
Mankind, to seek their own similitude.”—POPE.

THE proverb runs, and gains belief,
That “set a thief to catch a thief,”
He’ll well perform your mission,
But rude and vulgar is the saw,
Fit for the Catchpoles of the Law,
But not for our Commission !

No common rule will e’er apply
To things or men that rank so high—
The great you’ll find eschew it:
Justice, it’s true, no line hath drawn
’Twixt leathern doublets and the lawn,
But *Law* is apt to do it !

Proceeding then by strictest rule,
Near-sighted man but plays the fool,
And shews himself half-witted;
For grant the *equitable* look,
That cooks should sit and try a cook,
He’s sure to be acquitted.

But tho’ the De’el o’er Lincoln looks,
And broth is spilt by many cooks,
Hope need not quite desert *you*,
For, as two *noes* will make a *yes*,
Another *Vice* stuck close to *this*,
May yield a little *virtue* !

Chronicle.

THE NOCTURNAL KNOCK'EM DOWN;

OR, THE CRUEL EFFECTS OF A CUP TOO MUCH.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XI.

“DRUNK? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? O thou invisible spirit of *brandy and water*, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil.”

A most respectable man, a man of middle age, sedate bearing, extensive business, and high reputation, one whose calling is the knocking down of estates, was called upon, before the Magistrate, to answer for the knocking down of a watchman, the abusing of women, the demolition of parish property, &c. &c. He was brought up in custody from St. Clement's watch-house, with his dress shoes and black silk hose covered with mud; his inexpressibles inexpressibly torn; his nether lip sadly lacerated; his upper one bruised and swollen; and his whole person manifesting as much misery as any sober citizen need desire.

There was a multitude of witnesses against him, and by their evidence it appeared that the follies which brought him into this distressful state were briefly these:—Between twelve and one o'clock at night, or rather morning, he went into the *alamode-beef* house in Clare-court, kept by the widow Thomas, and seating himself in one of the boxes up stairs, he called for a glass of brandy and water. It was handed to him, and he

drank it off. He then called for a second bumper, and having ingulphed it, he called for a third; but the widow refused to supply him with any more; in her opinion he had drank more than enough before he entered her house, it was late, her company were all gone, she wished to close her house and go to bed; and she sent up a civil message to him, beseeching him to pay for what he had drank and depart in peace. He came down stairs, and, to her great astonishment, told her he had been robbed in her house, or, as he expressed it, the house had robbed him of a diamond pin, four sovereigns and a half in gold, and his watch; and therefore he demanded that she should give him credit for the brandy and water he had drank, and lend him seven shillings wherewith to procure him a bed for the night. The widow was mightily indignant at hearing this—"for the tithe of a hair was never lost in her house before." She told him flatly that she did not believe a word of it, nor would she lend him a single sixpence; and if he had no money he was welcome to the brandy and water, so he would only leave her house. But he would not leave; and after a full hour's altercation, the widow called in the watch, and treated her troublesome customer with a night's lodging in the watch-house. For this, as he had no money, he ought to have been much obliged to her; he wanted her to lend him seven shillings to pay for a bed, and she found him one for nothing; and though the bed might be a hard one, it would have been still harder upon her to be kept out of bed all night, a butt for a battery of hard words. However, he viewed

the matter in a very different light, though, for the first hour or two after he was locked down, he took it quietly enough; but towards five o'clock in the morning, he awoke in such a fury that, in a very short time, he had totally demolished the official table; battered the shutter of the strong-room to splinters; "tore a watchman's coat to ribbands;" and floored the self-same watchman by a smashing blood-splashing blow on his proboscis!

The Magistrates (Mr. Minshull and Sir R. Birnie) expressed their astonishment that a person of such high respectability should have demeaned himself in the manner described, and asked him what account he had to give of it?

"Why, Sir," he replied, "it is true that I went into this woman's house; it is true that I drank two glasses of brandy and water there; it is true that I wished to have a third glass; it is true that she refused to let me have it; it is true that I had not money to pay for what I had drank; and it is true that I wished her to lend me seven shillings to pay for a bed. But it is not true that I told her I had been robbed of my watch; for, on the contrary, I offered her my watch as a security for what I requested, and I even put it into the hand of her servant for that purpose."

"Certainly you did, Sir," said the girl of the house, interrupting him; "certainly you did, and by the same token you snatched it away again with such a *wengeance*, that the seals pulled the skin off my hand in twenty places! And you know, that before you pulled your watch out of

your pocket, you swore ten thousand oaths that you had been robbed of it."

He had nothing to say in reply to this; but he assured the Magistrate that he had indeed been robbed of a diamond pin and four sovereigns, and, to the best of his belief, he was robbed of them in that house, though he had no idea in what way.

Their Worships observed that the house was a very reputable one, and as he was so much inebriated before he went there, it was very probable he might have lost them elsewhere.

He was then ordered to put in bail for his appearance at the Quarter Sessions; but we afterwards heard that he found means to make his peace with all his adversaries; and we were pleased to hear it; for to do him justice, he seemed heartily ashamed of his situation; and every man who takes a cup too much is liable to the same misfortune.

Herald.

THE GREEK LOAN.

PRAY, do the Bonds of Hume and Co.

Intelligibly speak?

And are the fatal words, "I owe,"

In English or pure Greek?—

In Greek, and poor enough they say,

Plainly by no Oxonian;

They're Attic * promises to pay,

In dialect I, O, nian.

New Times.

* "Attic promises," were proverbial for non-performance.

LOVE'S ETERNITY.

*"Cum Paris Enone poterit spirare relictâ
Ad fontem Xanthi versa recurrit aqua."*—OVID.

WHAT need of wit? What need of wile?

I know your eyes are killing;

But, oh! he is n't worth a smile

Who is n't worth a shilling!

And yet, by all the Gods of Rhyme,

And by your lips I swear,

Though all my love is loss of time,

And all my hope despair;

The glittering Stream shall cease to stray,

The Wind refuse to rove,

Yea! Heaven and Earth shall pass away—

Before I cease to love!

Fair Freedom shall be found in quod,

Stern Justice in the quorum,

Carbide shall praise the grace of God,

John Bull shall learn decorum;

Loyal Addresses shall omit

"Our fortunes and our lives,"

The Commons shall be fam'd for wit,

The Peers for virtuous wives;

The Tenth shall dress without a glass,

Or dine with one remove,

All monstrous things shall come to pass—

Before I cease to love!

Young Widowhood shall love its weeds,

Old Knags shall loath the Tories,

And Monks be tired of telling beads,

And Blues of telling stories;

And titled Suitors shall be crost,

And famished Poets married,

And Canning's Motion shall be lost,

And Hume's Amendment carried;

And Chancery shall cease to doubt,

And Algebra to prove,

And Hoops come in, and Gas go out—

Before I cease to love!

And Peel shall sink his Popery cry,
 And Buxton lay his plans down,
 And Bankes shall vote with honesty,
 And Liverpool with Lansdown ;
 And hungry Knights shall lose their steak,
 And never talk of pairing,
 And County Members keep awake
 Through half an hour of Baring ;
 And not a soul shall go to grin,
 When Martin goes to move,
 And Mr. Cobbett shall get in—
 Before I cease to love !

Good sense shall go to Parliament,
 The Tithe shall be abated,
 A Papist shall be innocent,
 A slave emancipated ;
 A French Gallant shall break his heart,
 A Spanish Count his fetters,
 A Fortune-teller trust her art,
 A Radical his betters ;
 A pretty face shall like a veil,
 A pretty hand a glove,
 And Reason win, and Bribery fail—
 Before I cease to love !

In short, the world shall all go mad !
 And Saints shall take to masquing,
 And kisses and estates be had
 For nothing but the asking ;
 And Beauty shall be Ugliness,
 And Ocean shall be dry ;
 And Passion shall be passionless,
 And Truth itself a lie ;
 And Stars shall cease to shine below,
 And Stars to shine above ;
 And C—nn—ng—me be left for L—we,
 Before I cease to love !

Chorus.

THE PERIODS OF HUMAN LIFE.

Childhood—From 1 to 7 years of age. The age of accidents, griefs, wants, sensibility.

Adolescence—From 8 to 14. The age of hopes, improvidence, curiosity, impatience.

Puberty—From 15 to 21. The age of triumphs and desires, self-love, independence, vanity.

Youth—From 22 to 28. The age of pleasure, love, sensuality, inconstancy, enthusiasm.

Manhood—From 29 to 35. The age of enjoyments, ambition, and the play of all the passions.

Middle-age—From 36 to 42. The age of consistency, desire of fortune, of glory, and honours.

Mature-age—From 43 to 49. The age of possession, the reign of wisdom, reason, love of property.

Decline of Life—From 50 to 56. The age of reflexion, love of tranquillity, foresight and prudence.

Commencement of Old Age—From 57 to 63. The age of regrets, cares, inquietudes, ill-temper, desire of ruling.

Old Age—From 64 to 70. The age of infirmities, exigency, love of authority and submission.

Decrepitude—From 71 to 77. The age of avarice, jealousy, and envy.

Caducity—From 78 to 84. The age of distrust, vain-boasting, unfeelingness, suspicion.

Age of Favour—From 85 to 91. The age of

insensibility, love of flattery, of attention, and indulgence.

Age of Wonder—From 92 to 98. The age of indifference and love of praise.

Phenomenon—From 99 to 105. The age of insensibility, hope, and—the last sigh.

News of Literature

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

I never hadst said, that in the cloudy clime
 Which gave thee birth, thou willing would'st not die,
 The wish thus breath'd in thy prophetic rhyme,
 Has granted been by answering destiny.
 Greece saw thee die—Greece tully made thine own—
 By all the ties thy genius could impose;
 Greece claim'd thee living as her fav'rite son,
 And dead, laments thee with a nation's woe.
 Oh! well, *Chilae Harold* has his fame restored—
 And well his wayward pilgrimage has clos'd;
 In arms for liberty, by Greece ador'd,
 He died, to Moslem tyranny oppos'd.
 Oh, had his sword but drank the oppressor's blood,
 His dying voice but rais'd the victor's cry;
 The pilgrim's glorious death would then have stood
 A crowning, worthy of his poetry.

A HARROW SCHOOL-FELLOW

Chronicle.

IRISH ODE.

[From the "Memoirs of Captain Rock," whose elegant and spirited author no *nom de guerre* will ever conceal from his admiring countrymen.]

"The impatience naturally felt by the adherents of the Rock family at the unusual tranquillity which prevailed during the reign of James I, has been well expressed by one of my ancestors in a spirited Irish Ode, of which I have ventured to translate the opening stanzas, though without the least hope of being able to give any adequate idea of the abrupt and bursting energy of the original."

Rupes sonant Carmina.—VIRGIL.

WHERE art thou, Genius of Riot?
Where is thy yell of defiance?
Why are the Sheas and O'Shaughnessies quiet?
And whither have fled the O'Rourkes and O'Briens?
Up from thy slumber, O'Brannigan!
Rouse the Mac Shanes and O'Haggarties!
Courage, Sir Corney O'Toole!—be a man again—
Never let Heffernan say, "What a braggart 'tis."

Oh! when Rebellion's so feasible,
Where is the kern would be slinking off?
Con of the Battles! what makes you so peaceable?
Nial the Grand! what the dev'l are you thinking of?

Examinee.

CLASSICAL PUN.

As William Spencer was contemplating the caricatures at Fores's the other day, somebody pointed out to him the *marine pièce*, entitled "*The Ostend Packet in a Squall*;" when the wit, without at all sympathising in the nausea visible on some of the faces represented in the print, exclaimed,

"Quodcunque Ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi."

John Bull.



Designed by Theodore Lane

**WHERE SHALL I SLEEP?
OR, THE AWKWARD MISTAKE.**

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XII.

HENRY JUKES, a tailor, was brought up from St. Martin's watch-house to answer the complaint of Mr. Thomas Trotter, who is also a tailor—that is to say, they are two tailors; Mr. Trotter, the master, and Mr. Jukes, the man, or to speak more proverbially, the *servant*.

Mr. Jukes lodges on Mr. Trotter's premises, in Green-street, Leicester-square, and at two o'clock in the morning, Mr. Trotter being then fast asleep in bed with his wife, was awoke by some person on his side of the bed, leaning over him, and saying,—“Be quiet! can't you?” At the same moment Mrs. Trotter screamed, and said, “There's a strange man in the room!” “What

the d—l do you want here?" exclaimed Mr. Trotter—valourously jumping out of bed, and seizing the strange man by the collar. To which the strange man replied, by giving Mr. Trotter a thump on the eye, and unseaming his shirt from top to bottom! This was strange treatment in one's own bed-room! But Mr. Trotter kept his hold; Mrs. Trotter alarmed the lodgers; the lodgers called the watch, the watch came (with as much speed as they could), and when they held their lanterns to the strange man's face—who should it be but this identical Mr. Jukes! he had not "a word to throw at a dog," as one of the witnesses shrewdly remarked; and therefore he was at once consigned to the care of the watchmen, who *bundled* him away to the watch-house. Mr. Trotter added, that his wife was so much alarmed at the circumstance, she was quite unable to attend this examination, but she had told him that she was awoken by some one squeezing her hand, and saying, as aforesaid, "Be quiet!—can't you?"

Mr Jukes was now called upon for his defence. But first it may be as well to say something of his person. He was young—say five and twenty; short in stature; by no means *fat*; parenthesis legged; brush cropped; nutmeg complexion; unvaccinated; scarlet trimmed eyes; an Ashantee nose, and a mouth capacious enough to admit the biggest Battersea cabbage that ever was boiled—

' A combination and a form indeed,
Where *everything* did seem to set its seal,
To give the world assurance of a tailor!'

We have been thus particular in describing the person of Mr. Jukes, in order to show that he had no business whatever to be meddling with Mrs. Trotter, or with any other lady.

And now for his defence:—"Please your Worship, Sir," said he, "I have lodged in Mr. Trotter's house just one month next Tuesday week—I *think* it's Tuesday; but howsomever, that's neither here nor there. I'm a young man from the country, your Worship; a tailor *by trade*; and so is Mr. Trotter—only he's a master, and I'm a man! (His Worship smiled.) Last night, your Worship, Sir, I met with a few friends, and when I went home I had a great deal of trouble to open the street door—"No doubt of it," observed his Worship)—and somehow or other, when I got in, instead of getting into my own room, I got into the yard: it's a sort of a timber yard: and there I was, poking about amongst the timber, please your Worship—I'm sure for a good long hour, and I couldn't find my road out of it for the life of me!—and at last I found myself in Mr. Trotter's bed-room; but I'll be hanged if ever I touched his wife, or struck him; and I'll give you my honour that I did not go there intentionally."

His Worship had no faith in the honour of Mr. Jukes, and he was ordered to find bail for the assault; in default whereof he was handed over to the gaoler.

Herald

THE LIST OF LOVES.

"List, list, oh list!"

HAMLET

COME, fill high the bowl, 'tis in vain to repine
 That the sun of life's summer is o'er,
 'Mid the autumn of age this elixir of mine
 Shall each moment of freshness restore;
 Then now its bright glow by acquaintance improved
 Shuns o'er each past ecstasy frozen,
 Ill-tancy recalls the few friends I have loved,
 And the girls I have kiss'd by the dozen.
 By the dozen, oh monstrous mistake of the press,
 For dozen read hundreds, beginning
 With Fanny of Timmole, the sylph whose care
 First set my weak spirit a sinning
 I met her by night in the Liverpool stage,
 Ere the stage of my youth was resigned,
 As Fan! thy sole guard in that passionate age
 Was the guard on the dickey behind.
 Pretty Sophy stood next on the lists of my love,
 Till I found (but it might not be so)
 That her tender transports were tendered above
 While mine were all center'd below
 So I left her on Midsummer-eve with a kiss,
 For I ne'er could from kissing refrain,
 But honestly mean, when we next meet in bliss,
 To give her the kiss back again.
 Oh, Kate was then all that a lover could seek,
 With an eye whose least spark full of soul
 Would madden a dozen young sparks in a week,
 Though, like Parry, they lived at the Pole,
 In the fullness of bliss she would whisper so coy,
 "We were born; love, to bill and to coo."
 Oh Latty, I ne'er paid a bill with such joy,
 As I paid my addresses to you.

British Press,

CLERICAL WIT.

THE facetious Watty Morrison, as he was commonly called, was entreating the commanding officer of a regiment at Fort George, to pardon a poor fellow sent to the halberds. The officer granted his petition, on condition that Mr Morrison should accord with the first favour he asked: the favour was to perform the ceremony of baptism for a young puppy. A merry party of gentlemen were invited to the christening. Mr Morrison desired Major —— to hold up the dog. "As I am a Minister of the Kirk of Scotland," said Mr. M. "I must proceed accordingly." Major —— said he asked no more. "Well, then, Major, I begin with the usual question, "You acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?" The Major understood the joke, and threw away the animal. Thus did Mr. Morrison turn the laugh against the ensnarer, who intended to deride a sacred ordinance.

On another occasion, a young officer scoffed at the parade of study, to which clergymen assigned their right to remuneration for labour, and he offered to take a bet he would preach half an hour upon any verse, or section of a verse, in the Old or New Testament. Mr. Morrison took the bet, and pointed out, "And the ass opened his mouth, and he spoke." The officer declined employing his eloquence on that text. Mr. Morrison won the wager, and silenced the scorner.

Chronicle.

THE RHYMING REVIEW, FOR JULY, 1824.

LET us write a review ; but as every one knows,
None now-a-days reads them when written in prose ;
Suppose, for a freak, we should try to rehearse
What was scribbled last month in a handful of verse.

First, then, of our novels—at once there steps forth,
Sir Walter *, in mask, from the realms of the North ;
As careless as usual,—more careless, perhaps—
As many great beauties—as many short naps.—

Tis lost time to critique him—at all that is said
About haste, or confusion, he just shakes his head ;
He dashes on still, without heeding a word,
And the critic's forgotten—the novel adored.

But all must allow that his pen is more bright,
When it runs upon scenes long removed from our sight .
When the Templars† in chivalrous glory appear,
When the voice of Queen Bess‡ seems to ring in the ear

When Claverhouse§ sweeps in full vengeance along,
Or when Jacobite chiefs|| round their Chevalier throng ,
Then, then, is he splendid, he's never absurd,
Till he writes on the days of good King George the Third

In Red-gauntlet the hero of course is a goose,
And a law-suit occurs—'tis his general use,
Of the heroine's perfection as we have no great *hantle*,
Except that she's dressed in a pretty green mantle.

There's a Jacobite agent as usual at work,
As dark as the midnight, as stern as a Turk.
And the bore of the volume is Poor Peter Peables,
Whose senses, black law and bright brandy enfeeble.

* Red-Gauntlet. A Tale of the 18th Century, by the author of Waverley.

“ Master go on, and I will follow thee

To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.”—*As you Like It*.

3 vols. Constable, Edinburgh.

† Ivanhoe. ‡ Kenilworth. § Old Mortality. || Waverley.

But the grandeur and obstinate pride of the Stewart,
 The heart-breaking tale of the lost Nauty Ewart,
 The good quiet quaker, though coloured too broadly,
 The hypocrite Turnpenny, drunken and godly;

Father Crackenthorpe jovial, and *stuffy*, and *swilly*,
 And the tale and the music of wandering Willie,
 Are touches of nature, with truth or good sense,
 Which our grandsons will talk of a hundred years hence *.

To pass from Sir Walter—another bring quick, sir,
 Ha! here is R. Gillies's Devil's Elixir †,
 A high German story, some pathos, much stuff,
 Diablerie plenty—of horrors *quant. suff.*

- * Had we time in the text, we should add that there are
 Some fine Teniers' touches of Scotland's old bar;
 For instance, that glimpse, which, with so much precision,
 Gives Monboddo the blethering droll metaphysician.

We may also inform our readers, in prose, that we have received
 a tiny note from a Correspondent, which we cram in here.

Sir.—In Red-Gauntlet I noticed the following slips of the pen,
 which are at your service.

In vol. 1, p. 24. "Unstable as water he shall not excel," said my
 father, or as the Septuagint hath it, *Effusa est sicut aqua—non crescat*.

Now with all deference, the Septuagint is in Greek; therefore
 could not contain this quotation from the Latin *vulgate*.

In vol. 9, p. 23. Darsie Latimer says, that he "was transported
 in one of the light carts of the country, *then* called tumblers."

Now this Journal was written two or three days after the events it
 relates, and the name of "tumblers" was scarce changed in the in-
 terim, so as to allow Darsie to talk of what they were then called;
 there certainly is some alteration now—in 1824.—*A small Critic.*

† The Devil's Elixir. From the German of E. T. A. Hoffmann.
Im diusem jahre wandelte auch der.—*DRÜVEL. Offenllet auf den*
Strassen von Berlin. Haftit Microc. Berol. p. 1043.

In that yeare, the Deville was also scene walking publiclie on the
 streetes of Berlin.

2 vols. Blackwood, Edinburgh.

Query, Why does Mr. Gillies mispell *year*, *devil*, *seen*, *publicly*,
streets, in the above translation? He may believe us, that bad ortho-
 graphy does not make old English.

A sort of Saint Leon, mixed up with the monk,
A story as hard to untwist as old junk ;
A style rather crabbed—digressions misplaced,
In the middle of magic, a lecture on taste ;

Or when murder and incest are filling our skulls,
A bungling collection of hack Irish bulls,
Give the picture of this—but, good reader, there still is
Much matter to praise in these volumes of Gillies.

The lady Aurelia is charmingly drawn,
From the time that we hear of her passion's first dawn,
Through the dark maze of fate which she's destined to tread
Till murdered she bows at the altar her head.

And th' events hurry on, that, though hard to discover
What the tale is about till you have read it twice over,
Yet the interest is such that, small faults little heeding,
You would sit up all night to continue the reading.

Besides, ere you read half a sheet, you determine
That Mr. R. G. is a capital German ;
That he gets through Alt-Deutsch very much *con amore*,
As we knew long ago from his beautiful Horæ*.

"Some account of the life of the late Gilbert Earle†,"
Is a tale where a man falls in love with a girl,
Who, unlucky to say, has a husband already,
But proves to her faith somewhat little unsteady.

She pines—and she dies—and he homeward soon ranges.
(The scene of the Novel is placed near the Ganges) ;
Is mournful and gloomy, sees strange alteration
In country, town, faces,—in short, all the nation ;

* The Horæ Germanicæ, in Blackwood's Magazine, are understood to be from the pen of Mr. Gillies, and in general beautiful things they are.

† Some account of the life of the late Gilbert Earle, Esq. written by himself.

But when returned the youth? the youth no more
Returned exulting to his native shore ;
But forty years were past, and then there came
A worn-out man.—Crabbe.

London, Knight, 1 vol.

Writes pretty good sentiments—sighs with an air,
In sentences tuned after dear Adam Blair;
Tells stories and scenes full of pathos and pity,
Shows much knowledge of ton, and some tact of the city.

In a word, makes a book, which is destined to grace
A lady's boudoir, in a smart wat'ring place,
Then dies—and if Jordan's Gazette may be credited,
Leaves his volume to be, by young St. Leger, edited.

Next, comes swimming on with a dignified carriage,
With a puff from Sir Walter, the author of Marriage.
We must always love talent, and shrewdness, and merit, hence
We always must love her new work the "Inheritance *."

How easy, yet caustic, the flow of her chat—
How delicious a bore is loquacious Miss Pratt—
How splendid a contrast the pompous old peer—
How delightful is Gertrude, the warm and sincere.

The story is piddling, but that is the fashion,
Our novelists now only think how to dash on—
Make the tale but the peg, for hanging up sketches
Of great men or small men, fine people, or wretches

Yet, perhaps, if H. Fielding's old plan † were revived,
Our novels would be, after all, more long-lived;
If a story—to which every sentence should tend,
With a middle, as well as beginning and end,

Were arranged with due care—and no one opportunity
Permitted to break up its regular unity,—
No character useless—no episode such
As to draw our attention away overmuch.—

* The Inheritance, by the author of Marriage.

Si la noblesse est vertu, elle se perd par tout ce qui n'est pas vertueux; et si elle n'est pas vertu c'est peu de chose.—*La Bruyère*
3 vols. Edinburgh, Blackwood.

† See, particularly, Tom Jones. Heaven forefend, however, that we should panegyryze the execution of all the details. We are only recommending the admirable epic unity of the plan.

Perhaps, we repeat it, with all due respect,
The thing, *as a whole*, would have much more effect;
And a lot of smart characters now-a-days squandered,
Would condense in one work—and *that* work be a standard.

But we wish not to blame the sharp elderly madam*,
(We thank her too much for Miss Bess and Old Adam)
She, in fact, is less faulty in *this* way than many,
And could, if she tried, *plan* it better than any.

Why then, let her try—and we wager upon it,
Her next story will be the best flower in her bonnet,
And we'll all feel obliged if she still, as her use is,
Her cousins and friends for her butts introduces†

Clorinda is written, we're told, by Lord Dillon‡,
As silly a book as was wasted a quill on,
From bottom to top just a bundle of *hazards*§;
A companion, in fact, for Sir Richard Maltravers

What d'ye think of the brains of a man who should bid us
Deem it right for the Bramins to burn all the widows?
Why, nothing but pray that his visage so ugly,
Should be ducked, for his pains, in a pool of the Hoogly

Enough then of these—'twere lost time, we conceive,
To regard such dull birth as is "Adam and Eve"||
To slay dead "Rosalva," in manner inhuman**,
Or to rummage the cases of Squire A. K. Newman

* Since the above was written, we have learned that the lady
is Miss Lettice

† It is understood that all the characters introduced in these novels
are drawn from the relations or acquaintances of the author. We
think it gives them poignancy—though it must not a little annoy
the good folks concerned

‡ Clorinda. A novel, in one volume, said to be—but we venture
not for our authority, from the classical pen of Lord Dillon—the
conspicuous and sagacious author of Sir Richard Maltravers. In the
last work of his he defends the Indian immolation of women.

§ Haveis Scotch for nonsense.

|| Adam and Eve. A Margate Story. Hunts, London. 1 vol.

** Rosalva, or the Demon Dwarf. By Grenville Fletcher. Ilcy,
London. 3 vols.

Mr. Swan has translated—good reader look o'er 'em,—
That storehouse of stores, the *Gest Romanorum**,
'To which bards of our own from Geof. Chaucer to Scott,
Are indebted—they'll own it—for many a plot.

Wilhelm Meister†—you know 'twas Old Goethe who penn'd it—
Tho' translated not well, must be still recommended;
For we give it, at once, as our serious opinion,
'There are few finer things than the story of Mignon.

There's no poetry written this month—more's the pity,
We should wish for a sample to season our ditty;
But our great ones are silent, and none seems inclin'd
To contend for the laurels that they have resigned.

Lord Byron is dead, and as dead to the Nine,
Are the bards whom we knew in his spring-tide to shine
Tom Campbell is yoked to a dull magazine,
Mouthy Southey writes quartos, by nobody seen.

Sam Coleridge drinks gin, and keeps prating and preaching,
Tom Moore to Lord Lansdown is tipsily speeching,
Will Wordsworth's distributing stamps to the Lakels,
Jerry Wiffen—Ben Barton—are nothing but quakers.

Scott is better employed than in looking for rhymes,
Croly's writing critiques for old Stoddart's New Times;
Crabbe and Bowles are with Moduses tickling their fancies,
Sam Rogers makes—PUNS! and James Hogg makes—ROMANCES!

In fact, not to talk in the style of humbug,
Our poets have found out that verse is a drug;
And a drug it will be, in this our British nation,
Until time fills the isle with a new generation.

We have only to say, that a couple of stories‡,
In dramatical shape, are now lying before us;

* *Gesta Romanorum*. Translated by the Rev. Charles Swan.
3 vols. H. Colburn, London.

† Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd. 3 vols.

‡ The Silent River, and Faithful and Forsaken. Dramatic Poems.
By Robert Sullivan. London, Whittakers. 1 vol.

Which are pretty enough for that sort of a job,
The name of the author, is Sullivan—(Bob).

There's a "Loves of the Colours," not much to our *palate*^{*}
Composed by some bard, with a head like a mallet
And the Hunts—a bad spec, as we venture to tell ye,
Have published some posthumous trash of Byshe Shelly†
In which you will find, as we found with much sadness,
Some talent—obscured by much maundering madness
A good line, here and there, in an ocean of drivel,
And a thought, once or twice, sunk in blasphemous swivel.

"Songs of Israel, by Knox, from the Hebrew‡," pshaw! trash
Had David been living, O! Knox! what a crash
He'd have made of the lump, which you wear as a head
For alloying his gold with your co—post of lead.

Away, then, with verse,—what next shall we stut?"—
Philosophy—science—phrenology—art—
Voyage—travel—oh history—humbug—oh fun,
(Of the latter, alas! my good sis, there is none).

It were hard, we're afraid, in this mettle of ours,
To discuss mathematics, their doctrines, and pow'rs—
To talk wise, like Sir Humphry, on chemical matter—
On medicine with Duncan, or Johnson to chatter.

To rush, sword-in-hand like a Waterloo trooper,
Right into the quarrel 'twixt Charles Bell and Cooper §—
Or to spout upon Hirnschadels Encephalology||,
As opposed to the doctrine of cran or phrenology.

* The Loves of the Colours, with a few occasional Poems, and
Frisle in Prose. London, Hookham 1 vol

† Posthumous Poems of the late Percy B Shelly, Esq London
Hunts. 1 vol.

‡ Songs of Israel, consisting of Lyrics, founded upon the History
and Poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures. By William Knox, Edin-
burgh. Anderson. 1 vol.

§ There is a controversy raging now between Mr. Charles Bell
and Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. about broken bones, plagiarism, and
Borcugh Billingsgate.

|| Duncan, of the Row, is about shortly to publish Encephalology,
or a very brief sketch of Dr. Hirnschadel's Ologies of the Cranion
and Phren. perfected by the Rationals.

One book we shall praise, with true heart and spirit,
 A volume of jollity, learning, and merit;
 And we hope that the Muse will here deign to "befriend her
 son *,"
 While we sing of the quarto of Dr. A. Henderson †.

Great tome, in whose pages the history is told,
 Of wine of all centuries, modern and old;
 Where we all learn the tale of all kinds of the grape,
 From Homer's Pramnian to Atkinson's cape.

When we pore on your page, we go back to the ages,
 When Anacreon drank Chian with Helas's sages;
 And there scarcely appears any distance between us
 And the days when gay Horace got drunk with Maccana.

How profoundly you talk, how antique and how classic,
 On Cæcubian, Calenian, Surrentine, or Massic;
 How sublimely you prove, in a tone grave and merry,
 That Falernian resembled Madeira or Sherry.

We must think, so correct the research you have made is
 That you went to consult some Greek vintner in Hades;
 But many a bumper of good claret flowing
 May you quaff, e'er that journey in earnest you're going.

Fitty verses we've sung—and we scarce can do better,
 Than to finish our ditty by taking a whetter;
 Tho' no juice of the grape in our glass bubbles up,
 Tho' nor ancient Falern, nor new Port do we sup,

Yet a liquor much balmier, though, perhaps, humbler,
 Is steaming to heaven, from our well-plenish'd tumbler,
 With a jorum of that, shall we bid our adieu,
 Till the first day of August, dear readers, to you.

John Bull Magazine.

* Milton, P. L. Book 8.

—Nor could the muse
 Defend her son.

† The History of Ancient and Modern Wines, 1 vol. London,
 Baldwin. The Author's name is not given, but it is known to be
 Dr. Alexander Henderson.

A LATE CHARACTER.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XIII.

AMONG the mass of disorderlies brought before Sir R. Birnie, was a law-writer, from the neighbourhood of Clement's-Inn—an elderly well-clad man, of a dignified carriage, and somewhat dictatorial delivery. He was charged by Izzed Fare, a very ancient and quiet watchman of St. Clement's parish, with having been extremely disorderly at half-past three o'clock in the morning. "There were three or four of 'em, your Worship," said Mr. Izzed Fare, "all jawing and contending together desperately, and by that means making noise enough to wake a whole parish of people, let 'em be ever so fast asleep; upon which I told them to be quiet and get along home; and they did go off, decent enough, all but this ere Mr. law-writer; for, instead of his minding what I said, he called to the others to come back again—'Here! come back,' says he, 'come back, and I'll *garhanty* you against the old rascal!' and accordingly I thought it my duty to take him to the watch-house for it."

"For *it*!—for what?" asked his Wor-ship—"what do you call *it*? I have not heard, yet, that he did any thing worthy of imprisonment."

"Why, for jawing, and contending, and making a noise and bother in the streets at after three o'clock in the morning, your Worship," replied the guardian of the night.

"Your Worship," said the Law-writer, "this is another instance of the overweening propen-

sity in these fellows to exercise a rigour beyond the law. I was within two yards of my own house, where I have lived in repute and respectability these twenty years, and yet he would not permit me to proceed thither."

"Half-past three o'clock in the morning is a rather unseasonable hour for a respectable man to be seen disputing in the streets," observed Sir Richard, interrupting him.

"True, it is, your Worship," said the writer of the law, "but I had been in the city with some friends, and I could easily account for my time. But the fact is, these fellows have a dislike to me, because I have often interfered to prevent their iniquitous of overstraining their authority; and, as I mean to meet this matter at the Sessions, I shall forbear to trouble your Worship with any further remark—I shall carry my character to the Sessions, and see if this man will dare to meet me there."

"Dare!" responded Mr. Izzed Fare, "I dare meet you anywhere Mr. ———; for you are one of the most troublesomest persons going, and well known to all the parishes as a *late* character!"

The law-writer upon hearing this, became exceeding wrath—for indeed his face did bear certain Bardolphian tokens of late hours, and "healths five fathoms deep;" and to have the cause of such a countenance publicly alluded to in this manner, was enough to anger the most sober grog-bibber that ever tossed tumbler over lip. He, therefore, told the audacious Mr. Izzed Fare, that he should make it his business to

sift *his* character to the bottom, and lay the result before the parish board forthwith. But the sturdy Izzed, nothing daunted by this threat, replied—"My character will bear sifting a good deal better than some folk's—I can have a good character from Sir Francis Ommaney, and many of the first gentlemen in the parish, Mr. ———; and I don't *vally* your threat—no, not *that!*"—snapping his stout old horney thumb and finger in token of defiance.

The glowing writer of the law was about to put in a rejoinder, but the Magistrates put an end to the matter altogether, by saying—"The watchman bears an excellent character with the parish officers, and the late hour at which you and your friends were up, in some measure corroborates his statement; but, as there does not seem to have been any great disorder committed, you are discharged. And let me advise you to leave the inspecting of the watch, in future, to those persons who are properly authorised so to do."

H.

LISTON'S DREAM

As Liston lay wrapt in delicious repose,
Most harmoniously playing a tune with his nose,
In a dream there appeared the adorable Venus,
Who said, "to be sure there's no likeness between us,
But to show that a goddess to kindness so prone is,
Your looks shall soon rival the handsome Adonis."
Liston woke in a fright, and cried, Heaven preserve me,
If my face you improve, zounds, Madam, you'll starve me.

Chronicle.

STOPPING SHORT.

"To that party (*Orangemen*) supposed to be in possession of the greatest power, he should say, as you value the peace and tranquillity of your country, and as involved in these, your own security, abandon all these party associations [hear!]. [The Right Hon. Gentleman here stopped suddenly, without finishing his sentence]."—Mr. Goulburn's speech. See *Morning Chronicle*, 12th May.

Alas, the melancholy fate
That hangs o'er Ministers of State,
In action and in thought—
When *ill*, their thread will gaily run,
But when 'tis *good* that's to be done,
It's always *stopping short*.
What ardent love for *Erin* theirs,
How fervent for her sons their pray'rs!
But when by Althorp taught
How they may prove her *honest* friend—
"Too much!" they cry, "No, we'll amend
The good—by *stopping short*!"
"To Orangemen, who bear the sway,
Oppress no more, we fain would say—
With danger is it fraught."
And when the sentence, as we're sure,
Might finish with the certain cure,
'Tis *done*—by *stopping short*!

* Martial certainly had their case in view when he wrote the Epigram to Galla:—

*Das nunquam, semper promittis, Galla, roganti:
Si semper fallis, jam rogo, Galla, nega.*

(i. e.) You always promise, never give,
Unless it be affront;
If thus you constantly deceive,
I wish you'd say, you won't!

Chronicle.

A SAILOR'S DYING PRAYER.

IN the year 1739, one Jenkins, Captain of a vessel that traded to the Spanish colonies in South America, presented himself at the bar of the House of Commons. He was a plain downright man, who had never been concerned in any illicit trade, but had been met by a Spanish guardacosta in that part of the American seas which was prohibited the English. The Spanish Captain had seized the ship, put the crew in irons, slit the nose and cut off the ears of the master. In this condition Captain Jenkins appeared before the Parliament; he informed them of his misfortune with that simplicity and openness which distinguish a British sailor:—"Gentlemen," said he, "when they had thus disfigured me I was threatened with death: I expected it, and recommended my soul to God, and my revenge to my country." These words, expressed so naturally, excited a general cry of compassion and indignation; *the voice of the nation* determined the King and Parliament to declare war against Spain a month after.

British Press.

THE 'CHANGE, CHANGED.

Aliumodi mihi, hospes, apparet nuper quam ante.

"The Marshal, on examining the pistol, found it was merely stuffed with paper."—*Mansion House, July 30.*

THIS rotten system in its range

Would ne'er have made our means so taper,

Had there been always on th' *Exchange*

The same just, prudent *dread* of PAPER!

Chronicle

*From "A Copy of Verses, humbly presented to all my worthy Masters and Mistresses, in the Town of * * *, by * * *, Bellman and Crier, for the Year 1815."*

"THE TENTH HUSSARS.

§ A mighty noise* this, of the Tenth Hussars !
 More than they ever made, faith, in the wars !
 But see the effects of making soldiers fops,
 Limbs to hang clothes on—walking tailors' shops.
 In vain the feather nods and the spur clanks ;
 All sorts of ign'rance get into the ranks ;
 And then, in time of need out come their failings,
 Ill discipline, heart-burnings, mutual railings ;
 Till on their heads the folly has recoil'd,
 And the poor dogs are trounc'd, because they have been—spoil'd.
 A great philosopher (say whom you please)
 After long study of those rogues call'd fleas,
 Found out, 'tis said with great delight of mind,
 They'd no pretensions to the *lobster* kind ;
 And just as much may be inferred of those
 Who think that soldiership consists in clothes ;
Captains and *Colonels* they may be no doubt ;
 But, spite of their red-coats, and brisk look out,
 Their puffs, and muffs, and ruffs to fence their cold ears,
 Too pert they are and petty, to be *soldiers*."

* This "mighty noise," I presume, alludes to the fuss made about this time by the redoubted 10th, in the charges brought against their Colonel (Colonel Quentin.)

Examiner.

LORD NORBURY.

A gentleman on circuit narrating to his Lordship some extravagant feat in the sporting way, mentioned, amongst other achievements, that he had lately shot thirty-three hares before breakfast.—"Thirty-three *hares*," exclaimed his Lordship ; "zounds, Sir, then you must have been firing at a *wig*."

British Press.

OBSOLETE CHARACTERS.

No. IV.—THE FARMER'S WIFE.

THE farmer's coadjutor in domestic economy—the English housewife, was a personageⁿ of no small consequence; for as Tusser, the rural poet, has observed—

“ Housekeeping and husbandry, if it be good,
Must love one another as cousines in blood:
The wife, too, must husband as well as the man,
Or farewell thy husbandry, do what thou can.”

“ Next unto her holiness and sanctity of life,” says Markham*, “ it is meet that our English housewife be a woman of great modesty and temperance, as well inwardlie as outwardly; inwardly, as in her carriage and behaviour towards her husband, wherein she shall shun all violence of rage, passion, and humour; and outwardly courteous to her neighbours and dependents.— Let her garments be comely and strong, made as well to preserve the health as to adorn the person, altogether without toyish garnishes, or the gloss of light colours, and as far from the vanity of new and fantastical fashions as near to the comely imitation of modest matrons. She must be watchful, diligent, witty, pleasant, constant in friendship, full of good neighbourhood,” &c. Her other qualifications, he states, were to consist in an intimacy with domestic physic, with cookery, with the distillation of waters, the making and preserving of wines, making and dyeing of cloth, malting, brewing, baking, &c.

Herald.

* English Housewife, &c. 1693.

IRISH ARITHMETIC.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XIV.

WE have heard something of Irish school-masters who superintended their respective colleges—by the side of whatever sunny ditch they chanced to be erected—with great credit to themselves, and advantage to their little bare-footed pupils. Of these patriarchal *tutors* was Mr. Larry O'Larrop, who not deeming *accuracy* quite so necessary as *dispatch*, always gave the largest apple-*pataty* to the boy who made the most of his “reckonings;” and in whose seminary, we presume, Mr. Hurst, the hero of our present remarks, received the first rudiments of his education. Mr. H. is now about fifty-five years of age, his face much contracted (by the prosecution of his studies, perhaps?) and *rather* the worse of the dirt by which it was encased; and his extreme altitude about five feet three; his dress—

“But what is dress to him

Who scorns the prejudice of vulgar souls?”

His *small-clothes* were large enough to contain a sack of potatoes, or thereabouts, in addition to his own person, nor did he appear to be more precise in the arrangement of his upper garment.—He made his bow to Sir Richard Birnie on Monday, charged by a Mrs. Evans, a laundress, with having mistaken her pocket for his own, under the following circumstances: Mrs. Evans was passing through Long-acre on Saturday night, and was accosted by Mr. H., who,

after asking his way to Holborn, suddenly slipped his hand into her pocket, from which he drew forth twelve shillings and a pawnbroker's ticket, and for the *security* of which he gave her leg-bail, by *bolting* down Leg-alley into Hart-street, where he was taken. The testimony of Mrs. Evans was corroborated by other evidence, and Mr. Hurst was called upon for his defence.

"Och, then, it's I that will just tell your Worship all about it," said Mr. Hurst, "and bad luck to the bit of any thing *else* than the truth ye's will get out of me! That is the lady I saw walking up the Acre on Saturday night, and a daycent woman I thought her—to myself: so I axed her if she would be kind to me on that same night—" and that I will, *young man*," says she, "I don't like to be walking alone by myself," says she. It's ounly the truth that I'll spake to your Worship—so we went on, and I put five and sixpence into her hand, and, says I, "**Keep** that for luck," says I: "It's myself that *will*," says she; but after I found my five and sixpence was lost, I thought myself a great fool at the same time, and so I axed the lady there to give me back my oun, that I might go ppaceably to my own place; but "the devil a bit of me will give it you back again," says she; and so, your Honor, I tuck it from her myself, and why wouldn't I?"

"It is a very likely story, indeed," said Sir Richard, "that a decent-looking respectable married woman should place herself under the protection of such a dirty miserable object as you are. You say you gave her five and sixpence—pray how many pieces were there?"

"Fait, thin, your Honor," replied the *honest* arithmetician, "there was *two half crowns* and *two shillings*, to make it up the *five and sixpence*!"

This awkward calculation was nothing in his favour, and then he pleaded a three years' character he could get from his employer, Mr. Huckell, a builder; but the Magistrate told him character could only serve him on his trial at the Old Bailey, and he was committed to Newgate.

Bell's Life in London.

THE LOVERS OF IRELAND.

Αὐτὸν Φαλακρὸν ἐποίησαν.—ÆSOP.

THE fable runs of ancient date,
Of one who doubly blest by fate,
Two loving wives engaged;
The one was old, without a tooth,
The other in the bloom of youth,
While he was middle aged.
Each strove to make the man appear
Just like herself, or very near,
Something approaching call'd:
The elder pluck'd out each black hair.
The young one left no white ones there,
And so the man was bald!
With all such tender care caress'd
Poor Erin groans! while 'tis profess'd
How much her lovers feel;
No hearts so yearning, or so kind,
To hear them *talk*, you'd hope to find,
As Canning or as Peel.
The one would give to freedom scope,
The other pluck away a'l hope,
Blest neutralising care;
And thus between their loving strife,
What comes of Erin, hapless wife?
She's left, poor creature, *bare*!

Chronicle.

ANECDOTE OF BARRY, THE ACTOR.

WHEN the affairs of his (the Dublin) theatre took an unfavourable turn, and, unlike Mr. Sheridan, he left every department unpaid and unsatisfied, the angry tradesmen used to besiege his door, vowing that though they had been frequently paid off with words, this time they would not depart without their money. Mr. Barry would then desire to see them. A single claimant was admitted at a time. After a conference of some duration, he returned with a pleased and satisfied countenance to the anxious and expectant crowd of creditors below. Judging by the reception their companion met what was likely to be their own chance, he was eagerly interrogated by the gaping crowd. "Well, have you seen Mr. Barry?" "Yes."—"You have got your money?"—"No."—"A part of it?"—"Not one shilling;—but Mr. Barry spoke to me so kindly—seemed so distressed to keep me waiting—promised me so faithfully that the next time I called the money should be forthcoming—that he has, I know not how, got the better of my anger, and I could not find in my heart to press a gentleman any further."

British Press.

AUSTRIAN LOAN.

ON THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S SPEECH.

AMONGST Monarchs for "honesty" noted in story,
The Austrian henceforth shall stand foremost in glory;
Who has done the dull Peters all Lombard-street round,
Just enough to pay Paul eighteen-pence in the pound—
Whilst Paul, who expected he never would pay,
Makes a scratch at the coppers—and throws them away!

Chronicle.

THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XV.

JAMES PETTIT, a pure Emerald, appeared in custody, before Mr. Minshull, to show cause why he should not enter into sureties to keep the peace towards his own lawful wife. Mrs. Pettit, at this time, is a matron fast sinking into the vale of years; but she has still enough of beauty left to show that she once was a maiden of no ordinary charms. Mr. Pettit has also passed his grand climacteric, and the suns of many summers have sallowed his cheeks, and purpled his nose out of all reason.

Mrs. Pettit deposed, generally, that she had been separated from her husband nearly four years; that during those four years he had left her to provide for her children how she could in London, whilst he was wallowing in whisky in Dublin; and that, now she was got into a comfortable practice as a monthly nurse, he was just come back from Ireland on purpose to annoy her—following her wherever she went, threatening to do her a mischief, and thundering at the doors of her employers until he collected crowds of people about him. All which she humbly prayed his Worship to put a stop to, by binding Mr. Pettit down to the peace; and in this prayer she was joined by her son, a fine strapping youth of nineteen.

Mr. Pettit heard all this with great composure, and then opened at once with his defence, in form and manner following:—"May it please

your Worship, I shall tell your Worship all the rights of it from end to end, if your Worship will ounly hear to me."

His Worship desired him to be as brief as possible.

"Your Worship, I've no *brief* at all about me, but I've got every thing in my head, and more in my heart—where it's like to be to the end of it, God bless me! for I'm an ill-used man. When I was a young man, ounly eighteen, your Worship, and not like what I am now, I fell in love with Mary Hogan, only seventeen, and here she is Mrs. Pettit now, and the mother of twelve childer, to testify it. Accordingly we got married, and had childer in plenty, and at that time I was steward at Saunders's Grove, and quite happy and comfortable, considering. Then, please your Worship, she was at me to be going into something for ourselves, and we took a public-house a good bit from Dublin, and had everything dacent about us, till she went off with a boy of that same village, and I didn't know where she was till she came back to me, and asked me to forgive her, and I did, for I loved her above the world and all that's in it. Accordingly, please your Worship, we went on again mighty right for a bit, and might till this present, but for the people; for, let me be at market, or let me be everywhere, they said, 'here comes a cuckold!' and 'there goes a cuckold!' and was nothing but a cuckold, a cuckold, a cuckold, go where I would, please your Worship.

"Well, Mrs. Pettit, says I, its very bad to be bothered in this way, says I, for no deed of my

own, Mrs. Pettit, says I; and let us go over the water to England, says I, where we shall hear no more of it, may be *with luck*, says I. 'Fait,' says she to me again, 'you may go by yourself, and I'll come to ye sometime, and bring the childer,' says she—for we'd two of 'em at that same time, and this to the fore is one. 'No', says I, 'I shall take one of 'em with me for comfort, and the other shall stay here till ye come yourself—and may be he'll show you the way the sooner, Mrs. Pettit,' says I. Then, please your Worship, I com'd over the water, with one of the lads we had, and I got me a place in a calico-warehouse, at Manchester, and I wrote letters upon letters to her to come to me; but she took no notice of the letters at all, and come she wouldn't by no manes; and says I to myself, this is mighty odd. Then, please your Worship, after some years she com'd to me at last with five childer more than the one I left with her, and almost at downlying with another—God forgive her!—for I did miself, being a paccable man at all times. 'Well, Mrs. Pettit,' says I, 'and ye've brought me plenty of *childer* with ye; have ye brought the money, and the other things I left with ye, Mrs. Pettit?' says I.—'No, 'fait, that havn't I,' says she, 'for I left the money in a strong box, and all the things safe in the place at home,' says she; and I said no more at that same time. After a bit, she was brought to bed of the child that she had; and one morning says she to me, 'James,' says she, 'I'll go to the chapel, and get it christened,' and she did; but she didn't come back to me; and I asked after

her where I could, and says they to me, 'sure she's gone back to Ireland to fetch the treasure she left in the strong box!'—'Deevle burn the strong box!' says I, 'and the woman together, before she's the death of me!' and I went to the chapel, and she wasn't in it, nor had been at all that day, and word com'd to me that she was gone on the top of the boat to Liverpool, to be off to Ireland, to a man she had—that's Tim Martin, at my own place in Ireland."

But it is impossible we can follow Mr. Pettit through *all* his own matrimonial miseries in his own words; we must therefore content ourselves with stating that he followed Mrs. Pettit to Ireland, and found all his worldly goods in possession of Tim Martin, who told him he was tired of the concern, and kindly offered to restore every thing to him—except Mrs. Pettit, whom he declared he knew nothing of, only that she was gallivanting in Dublin; that upon getting this information he borrowed Tim's horse, and rode over to Dublin in quest of her; that, when he found her, he told her he had got a *hint* of her bad doings, and she said it was all false; that he bought a pillion in Dublin, and brought her away upon the back of it, in spite of herself; that he afterwards sold off all that he had, and bidding Tim Martin good bye, brought his wife and property to England, out of the way of further mischief; that he got a place in the India House, and after that came to be a *padroul* of Saint Clement's; that they lived a very uncomfortable life, and about four years ago he went back to Ireland, quite sick and tired; but "unable to

forget ould times," he came once more to England to seek a reconciliation with his wife, and finish his life with her as he had began it, but she most unnaturally shut the doors in his face, and would not speak to him.

It is not to be supposed that the Magistrate listened to this history of Mr. Pettit's whole life without showing repeated signs of impatience; but nothing but physical force could have stopped Mr. Pettit in his career; and when he had concluded, it was but just to hear Mrs. Pettit in reply, so that the business was spun out most tediously; and eventually the Magistrate, having told the parties they were both much to blame, ordered the warrant to be suspended.

Herald.

THE KNELL.

(Said to have been written about twenty years ago by Mr. Southey).

IN days of yore, when Superstition's sway
 Bound blinded Europe in her sacred spell, &
 The wizard priest enjoined the parting knell,
 To fright the hovering Devil from his prey.
 If some poor rustic died, who could not pay,
 Still slept the Priest, and silent hung the bell;
 Then, if a yeoman died, his children paid
 One bell to save his parting soul from hell.
 And if a Bishop death's dread call obeyed,
 Through all the diocese was heard the toll;
 For much his pious brethren were afraid,
 Lest Satan should receive the good man's soul.
 But when Death's levelling hand laid low the King,—
 Some Kings in both worlds very well are known,—
 Through all his kingdoms every bell must ring,
 For Satan comes with legions *for his own.*

Examiner.

PINDARIC ADDRESS TO THE ROYAL ACADEMICIANS*.

MESSIEURS the Council, first to you I bend,
 Not with the adoration of a sinner,
 No!—I'm a poor Poet—and you never send
 To any such, your compliments to dinner.
 Right honourable bards, indeed,
 Cum privilegio feed,
 And eat your mutton.
 You follow the stern moralist's decree,
 'A man of genius should live sparingly,
 Not like a glutton;
 Kind, considerate souls,
 To take this *eighty* matter on yourself
 Excluding from your festive bowls
 Poor plebeian elves.
 My cousin Pindar—not the bard of Greece,
 (Although to him I'm distantly related),
 Sung of your wealth and fame's increase,
 And in round numbers stated
 Your profits yearly at two thousand pounds†.
 If surely Charon o'er the Styx,
 Thy form, my "witt, & oz," would recover,
 How wuldst thou chuckle now to find it six‡
 'Tis a mere flea-bite in your day.
 Say, I mimic Lawrence, tell me, if you can,
 (If not the oldest, much the wisest man,

* From the Annual Critical Catalogue to the Royal Academy for 1825, by Charles M. Westmacott.

† ——— " *Arma unusque ceno* "

'Paint and the men of canvass fire my lays,
 Who show their works for profit and for praise,
 Whose pockets know most comfortable fillings,
 Gaining two thousand pounds a-year by shilling

Pete Pindar's I jure O h

‡ The profits of the previous year's Exhibition were stated at six thousand pounds

For wisdom seldom is an R. A.'s lot),

This *aurum palpatibile*,

How is it applied,

Meanly and shabbily,

Or in feasting and pride *.

Go ask your auditor, Dick Westmacott,

What son of genius have your funds reliev'd,

What widow's tear, or orphan doubly griev'd,

'Have ye dry'd, or stretch'd a fostering hand to raise—

Tell me, Sir Tommy, and I'll chaunt your praise,

And be the Laureate of the proud R. A.'s.

I know there are among you who will say,

We never publish what we give away.

'Twould not be feeling.

The Public, Sirs, who yearly give the means,

Have a just right to peep behind the scenes,

To see fair dealing.

Your funds are great, no doubt,

So much the greater shame,

For, Sirs—(it must come out)—

I think there's much to blame.

The Scripture saith—and 'tis the age of cant,

"Where much is given—much may be expected!"

Now, though I hate all hypocritic rant,

I can't help saying that I feel dejected,

That is—I fear you are most harden'd sinners,

Who in close coffers keep *the light of grace*

From needy brothers and from young beginners,

That it may shine upon your own dull race.

Look to't, amend it, see it is begun;

I'm not a common pick-fault, and you'll find it.

Remove this blanket that obscures the sun,

Or by my gay goose-quill, I'll make you mind it.

* See the accounts of the anniversary dinner in the daily papers, where a sum of from three to four hundred pounds is annually expended in giving a splendid banquet to the nobility and gentry (the exhibitors, with the exception of R. A.'s, being carefully excluded). Might not this amount be much more profitably and correctly applied in the advancement of the arts, and the assistance of rising genius?

OBSOLETE CHARACTERS.

No. V.—THE RURAL CLERGYMAN.

THE country clergyman, during the Catholic era, and for a considerable time afterwards, was distinguished by the appellation of *Sir*, a title which Shakspeare has uniformly bestowed on the inferior orders of this profession, as *Sir Hugh*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*; *Sir Topas*, in *Twelfth Night*; *Sir Oliver*, in *As You Like It*, &c. This custom, which was not entirely discontinued till the reign of Charles II., owes its origin to the language of our Universities, which confers the designation of *Domisius* on those who have taken their first degree of Bachelor of Arts, and not, as has been supposed, to any claim which the clergy had to the order of knighthood. Harrison, before quoted, draws the following comparison between the apparel of the clergyman in his day, and in the preceding time; of Popery :

“The apparell of our clergymen,” says he, “is comlie, and in truth, more decent than ever it was in the Popish Church, before the universities bound their graduates unto a suitable attire, afterwards usurped also by the blind Sir Johns; for if you peruse well my *Chronologie*, you shall find that they went either in diverse colours, like plaiers, or in garments of light hew, as yellow, red, greene, &c. with their shoes piked, their hair crisped, their girdles armed with silver, their shoes, spurres, bridles, &c. buckled with like metall; their apparell, for the most part, of silke, and richlie furred; their cappes laced and but-

toned with gold; so that, to meet a priest in those daies, was to behold a peacocke that spreadeth his taile, when he danceth before the henne.”

Herald.

THE INDEPENDENT TOAD.

“A miner near Houghton-le-Spring, a few days ago found a living toad in the middle of a solid block of stone. . . . It was found to have nostrils, but no mouth.” *Morning Chronicle*, May 17.

We all have heard, and all have seen,
How John is made by taxes lean,
While others live on marrow—
No article escapes their touch;
And John is like, yes, very much,
A toad beneath a harrow.

O! happy toad, ay, by my troth,
Were he, like thee, *without a mouth*,
’Twere cause for mutual greeting;
For tho’ by gagging his be closed,
That rulers may not be exposed,
It’s open still to eating!

Were John but such a lucky toad,
Collectors then would cease to goad,
And vex him like a Nero;
For as to *nostrils* and all that,
And smelling now and then a rat,
He’d bear it like a hero.

Against his stomach then we know
The taxes would no longer go,
Those daily bread defeaters;
And only think in law and state
What space for all the truly great,
Were there no more *toad-eaters**!

* This is to be read both ways, as Juvenal’s
——“*Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus*,”
unfortunately is in practice. *Chronicle.*

REASONS FOR CONTENTMENT.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XVI.

MR. DENNIS MACARTHY, a sprightly little Emeraldaler, was charged with having threatened the life of his own lawful wife “with a big knife that he has.” The charge was not made by Mrs. Macarthy herself, but by Mr. Timothy Scroggins, their landlord; and Mr. Dennis Macarthy repelled it very indignantly, declaring it was all a *bastely* trick of Tim Scroggin’s to get him out of *his place*.

The Magistrate said, “What is Mr. Timothy Scroggins?”—“He’s *the tailor overhead*, yer Honor,” replied Mr. Dennis Macarthy, “and little & the truth there is in him. Here Mary, love, and little Dennis, come forrut!”

Mrs. Mary Macarthy and little Dennis, her son, came forward from among the crowd at the lower end of the office, accordingly, and having done their manners to his Worship, Mr. Dennis Macarthy proceeded to question his beloved:—“Mary, love, did I put a knife to ye ‘at all last night?”—“No faith, didn’t ye, Dennis.”—“Did I put any thing else to you?”—“Nothing at all, Dennis, of any consequence.”—“Did I ever *bate* ye, out of *raason*?”—“No indeed, Dennis, didn’t ye—*ounly* he was a bit fractious with me last night. But ye didn’t *bate* me at all, as I *remember*.”—“Very well, then!” said Mr. Dennis Macarthy, triumphantly, “yer Worship *sees* the rights of it; and Tim Scroggins is a great black-

guard, to be sending me to a *could* watch-house out of me *own* warm place."

His Worship asked Mrs. Macarthy, whether Dennis was a good husband in general?—"Indeed and he is, yer Wurtchip," replied Mrs. Macarthy, curtsying to the ground—"as nice a husband as any woman could wish for, barrin the *licker*, and it isn't often he gets it."—Upon this shewing, Dennis was discharged; and Mr. Timothy Scroggins was told, if he wished to get rid of a troublesome lodger, he must do it by legal means.

Bell's Life in London

ORIGIN OF THE LOG-BOOK.

Coelbren y Beirdd, or the Wood Memorial of the Bards, is what they formerly used to cut their memorandums upon; such as the ancient wooden almanacks were; or Staffordshire clogg, or log. Hence originated the log-book, which is used by the sailors. Also there is a similar thing called a tally, or a piece of wood cut with indentures, or notches, in two corresponding parts; of which one was kept by the creditor and the other by the debtor, as was formerly the common way of keeping all accounts, and is still used by the brewers and milk-sellers. Hence, likewise, is derived the Tally Office (of the Exchequer, in London), and a teller, and probably a talisman, from the Welsh word *talu*, to pay; or from the French word *taille*.

THE ORIGIN OF CARDS.

WITHOUT enquiring whether any games with cards, which resemble those of our former times, were in use among the Greeks and Romans, Father Menestrier, in his "*Bibliothèque Curieuse*," confining himself to France, says, that it is only about four hundred years since games of cards were first known. This he demonstrates by a negative argument, drawn from an ordinance of Charles VI. in 1391, against the use of all such games as did not assist the military science; and in which, though the forbidden games are enumerated, there is no mention of cards. The following year, however, is that to which he gives their origin, as the occasion of their being invented. It was in 1392, when Charles VI. became disordered in his mind, the whole court was employed in contriving every possible method of diverting his melancholy.

The four suits are supposed to represent the two branches of the state—the church and the army; the city and the country. The hearts, or *cœurs*, and which should be choir-men, for the church, the Spaniards represent by copes, or chalices, instead of hearts. Spades, in French *piques*, signify pikes. In Spanish, swords are called *spada*, denoting the military order. Diamonds, *carreaux*, or squares; on Spanish cards, *dineras*, or coins, are expressive of the monied, or mercantile men of the city. Clubs, *trefoil* in French; in Spanish, *casta*, a club or rustic weapon, for the peasantry of the country.

The king and queen need no explanation; the knave may be intended as a sly stroke at the minister. The ace seems to be one distinguished character, selected from each rank, and elevated to honourable situation.

Mirror.

IMPROMPTU,

ON WITNESSING THE DECEPTIONS OF M. ALEXANDRE, THE
CELEBRATED VENTRILOQUIST.

Of yore, in old England, it was not thought good
To carry two visages under one hood :
What should folks say to you, who bear faces such plenty,
That from under one hood you last night showed us twenty?
Stand forth, arch-deceiver, and tell us in truth,
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth?
Man, woman, or child, or a dog, or a mouse?
Or are you, at once, each live thing in the house?
Each live thing, did I ask? each dead implement too!
A workshop in your person, saw, chisel, and screw?
Above all, are you one individual? I vow
You must be, at the least, Alexander and Co.
But I think you're a troop, an assemblage, a mob,
And that I, as the Sheriff, must take up the job ;
And instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,
Must read you the riot act, and bid you disperse.

WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, April 23, 1824.

Examiner.

AN EDINBURGH BUCK.

HE is that most incongruous of all monsters, a Scotch Buck!—how far from being “a buck of the season,” you may easily judge. Every point of national character is opposed to the pretensions of this luckless race, when they attempt to take on them a personage which is assumed with so much facility by their brethren of the “Isle of Saints.” They are a shrewd people, indeed, but so destitute of ease, grace, pliability of manners, and insinuation of address, that they eternally seem to suffer actual misery in their attempts to look gay and careless. Then their pride heads them back at one turn, their poverty at another, their pedantry at a third, their *mauvaise honte* at a fourth; and, with so many obstacles to make them bolt off the course, it is positively impossible they should win the plate. The Caledonians will make no conquests in the world of fashion. Excellent bankers they may be: for they are eternally calculating how to add interest to principal;—good soldiers: for they are, if not such heroes as they would be thought, as brave I suppose as their neighbours, and much more amenable to discipline;—lawyers they are born; indeed every country gentleman is bred one; and their patient disposition enables them in other lines to submit to hardships which others could not bear, and to avail themselves of advantages which others would let pass under their noses unavailingly. But assuredly Heaven did

not form the Caledonian for the gay world; and his efforts at ease, grace, and gaiety, resemble only the clumsy gambols of the Ass in the Fable. Yet he has his sphere too (in his own country only), where the character which he assumes is allowed to pass current.

Chronicle.

STATUARY COBLER.

IN an old church in the town of Truro, in Cornwall, there is a large massive monument which is erected to the memory of John Roberts, Esq. who died in 1614. It was originally decorated with several figures, and having fallen into decay, was, a few years since, repaired by orders of Miss H—— of Landarick, a descendant of the family. When it was finished, the mason presented an account, of which the following is a literal copy:—“To putting one new foot to Mr. John Roberts, mending the other, putting seven new buttons to his coat, and a new string to his breeches’-knees—to two new feet to his wife Phillis, mending her eyes, and putting a new nosegay into her hand—to two new hands and a new nose to the captain—to two new hands to his wife, and putting a new cuff to her gown—to making and fixing two new wings on Time’s shoulders, making a new great-toe, mending the handle to his scythe, and putting a new blade to it;”—all of which items are severally drawn out and balanced by pounds, shillings, and pence.

Examiner.

COCKNEY SONNETS.

THE Cocknies heretofore have devoted their time to sonnetizing each other, and we have certainly some beautiful specimens of metropolitan poetry on record. These dear innocents, however, are tired of these sports, and have resolved to divert their labours into another channel; they have resolved to celebrate in sonnets all the wonderful passing and past events connected with the kingdom of Cockaigne, and as in duty bound, have devoted their two first effusions to the deeds of Robert, King of all the Cocknies for the time being.

The sonnets have been sent to us, we apprehend, by mistake; but as we have amused ourselves at the expence of our charming Linendraper in another place, we will allow him, in this article, a set-off, on the credit side of our account.

SONNET I.—THE LLAP OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

I've heard how once down Niagara's fall
 A desperate Indian urged his shallop light—
 Southey has sung how his destroyer wight
 Thalaba sought Domdaniel's magic hall
 Down at the roots of ocean—and we all
 Have heard how Jupiter, the Olympian sire,
 Flung upon Lemnos isle the God of fire,
 Sheer o'er heaven's chrystal-battlemented wall.
 Besides, 'tis told in Blackwood's Magazine, how Dan
 O'Rourke came earthward, tumbling from the moon.
 But Indian, Arab, Greek, or Irishman,
 Must bow to Waithman's prowess. Bold Dragoon!
 Who, when the rage of civil dudgeon glowed,
 Flung'd Knightsbridge causeway down precipitous to the road.

SONNET II.—THE BARK OF FLORA.

When I reflect how mutable things are,
And how what steadiest and most settled seems
Is often wavering as a sick man's dreams,
My heart throbs sad, as 'neath a prison bar.
But when I see amid the incessant war
Of elemental strife, a being strong,
Glorious, and wise, bearing himself along,
Unshaken by the force of adverse jar,
Then do I joy; and therefore when I read
In that respected paper called the Times,
How, when a terrier dog, uncouthly bred,
Barked bow, wow, wow, at Waithman—worst of crimes—
And yet that *he*, great horseman! void of dread,
Held fast the mane—I penned these joyous rhymes.

John Bull.

THE ARCHBISHOP AND HIS WAYS.

A GENTLEMAN passing Lambeth Palace, exclaimed to a person standing at the gate next the church, "I wish the Archbishop would mend his ways!"—"Why, Sir," said the man, "what offence has the Archbishop given you?"—"He has done me no wrong," replied the passenger; "I complain not of the acts of his Grace, but my feet are tender, and this rough road of sharp pebbles so close to his residence, is to me a place of punishment. I only wish him to mend his bad path-ways." The explanation was satisfactory, and the joke produced a laugh.

Chronicle.

THE SAUSAGE-STUFFER AND THE EX-GRENADIER.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XVII.

THIS was a proceeding by warrant against Mr. Timothy Shearcroft, for an assault and battery on the person of Mr. Zachariah Jones. Mr. Timothy Shearcroft is a stuffer of sausages; Mr. Zachariah Jones is an ex-grenadier in the East India Company's service; they are fellow-lodgers in one house. The ex-grenadier deposed that, though he himself is the most peaceably inclined man in existence, the sausage-stuffer will never let him be at peace, and that on a certain day named, as he was peaceably pacing to and fro in the passage leading to his own apartment, the said sausage-stuffer did wantonly and maliciously teem one pail of cold water upon his head—"Whereby," continued the ex-grenadier, "I premonstruted with him in respect to that regard; by which means he and others *ascended* upon me from above stairs, with unlawful weapons of all sorts, and laid open my head, as your Worship may perceive."—The sausage-stuffer and seventeen witnesses all opened upon the unfortunate ex-grenadier at once, and laid sins enough to his charge to furnish out a whole regiment of grenadiers.—He was as idle as a pig, as sly as a fox, as greedy as a wolf, as *drunken* as a lord, as thievish as a cat, and as libidinous as a cock-sparrow; and upon the occasion, when the water was *teemed* upon his wicked head, he had just been caught in the fact

of taking *oudecent* liberties with a young woman as she was going up stairs.—“ I *detest* my innocence before God and man!” exclaimed the ex-grenadier, when he heard this last charge.—“ Don’t believè him, your Worship—he’s *culpable* of any thing!” cried the sausage-stuffer. “ Don’t believe him—he’s a dirty, good for nothing, rascally, old toad,” reiterated all the witnesses; and his Wordship decided that the ex-grenadier and the sausage-stuffer should both give bail to keep the peace towards all the King’s subjects in general, and towards each other in particular,

Examiner.

FUNERALS IN IRELAND.

FORM OF REQUISITION UNDER THE LATE ACT.

TO THE VERY PIOUS A. B. INCUMBENT OF THE PARISH OF C. D. &c.

“ I write to say, good Mister Rector,
 My uncle is as dead as Hector;
 He died the first, and left us word
 He’d like his funeral on the third;
 So if at home, pray send us leave
 To pay for making of a grave;
 And when you’re paid, we beg to know
 When you’ll allow the corpse to go.”

Note.—The above form is for an uncle, but may be easily altered to answer any other deceased person. It is to be remarked, that if the clergyman should refuse to grant you the permission required, he is bound to return your money, so that you can have both money and corpse to yourself; or, if you prefer it, you can write to the Lord Lieutenant, to know whether the deceased is to be buried or not.

M.

Chronicle,

CHARLES THE TWELFTH AND THE CZAR PETER.

THE peace of the North was disturbed in the year 1700 by two men, the most extraordinary that were then in the world; one was Czar Peter Alexowitz, Emperor of Russia, and the other Charles the Twelfth, King of Sweden.—Czar Peter, a man superior to his age or nation by his genius and surprising labours, became the reformer, or rather the founder of his empire. Charles the Twelfth, more magnanimous than the Czar, and yet less serviceable to his subjects, formed to command armies, but not nations, was the first hero of his age, but died with the character of a very bad king. The desolation which the North underwent during a war of eighteen years, owed its rise to the ambitious politics of the Czar and the Kings of Denmark and Poland, who wanted to take advantage of the youth of Charles the Twelfth, to despoil him of part of his dominions. But Charles, at the age of sixteen, conquered them all three. He was the terror of the world, and already esteemed a hero at an age in which other men have hardly finished their studies. He was for nine years the most fortunate monarch in the world, and for nine more the most unfortunate.

British Press.

WINE AND WALNUTS.

WINE and walnuts, I own, are a feast quite divine,
When your walnuts are good, and well-flavour'd your wine;—
But the trash which *you* give us is truly infernal,
Your wine has no spirit, your walnuts no kernel.

Examiner.

HOGARTH'S ADMIRATION OF THE LINE OF BEAUTY;

OR, DEFERENCE OF PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

HOGARTH had a most enthusiastic admiration of what he called the line of beauty; and enthusiasm always leads to the verge of ridicule, and seldom keeps totally within it. One day, Hogarth, talking with great earnestness on his favourite subject, asserted that no man thoroughly possessed with the true idea of the line of beauty, could do any thing in an ungraceful manner:—"I, myself," added he, "from my perfect knowledge of it, should not hesitate in what manner I should present any thing to the greatest monarch." He happened at that moment to be sitting in the most ridiculously awkward posture imaginable.

Somerset-House Gazette.

A JEWISH EPIGRAM.

By an amorous Israelite, on seeing the beautiful Miss Bacon.

OF shwines flesh so nische,
Did I take but a slische,
Our Rabbis would threaten and take on;
But I'd hazard their dams,
Were I plac'd twixt two hams
Of such delicate red and white Bacon.

Original.

PUNNING FLATTERY.

ONE day when Sir Isaac Heard was with his late Majesty, it was announced that his Majesty's horse was ready for hunting. "Sir Isaac," said the King, "are you a judge of horses?"—"In my younger days, please your Majesty, I was a great deal among them," was the reply.—"What do you think of this, then?" said the King, who was by this time preparing to mount his favourite; and without waiting for an answer, added, "We call him *Perfection*."—"A most appropriate name," replied the courtly Herald, bowing as his Majesty reached the saddle, "*for he bears the best of characters*."

Chronicle.

A PROPHECY LIKELY TO BE VERIFIED.

(From the Memoirs of Captain Rock).

As long as Ireland shall pretend,
 Like sugar-loaf turn'd upside down,
 To stand upon its smaller end,
 So long shall live old Rock's renown.
 As long as Popish spade and scythe
 Shall dig and cut the Sassanagh's* tithe;
 And Popish purses pay the tolls,
 On heaven's road for Sassanagh souls—
 As long as Millions shall kneel down
 To ask of Thousands for their own,
 While Thousands proudly turn away,
 And to the Millions answer "Nay"—
 So long the merry reign shall be
 Of Captain Rock and his Family.

* The Irish term for a Protestant, or Englishman.

Examiner.

A TRUE KNOWLEDGE OF PUFFING.

SOME years ago, a gentleman at Windsor took the place of the organist, with a view to shew his superiority in *execution*. Among other pieces, he was playing one of Dr. Blow's *anthems*, and just as he had finished the verse part and begun the full chorus, the organ ceased. On this, he called to *Dick* the *bellows-blower*, to know what was the matter:

"The matter," says Dick, "I have played the anthem *below*."—"Aye," says the other, "but I have not played it *above*."—"No matter," quoth Dick, "you might have made more haste then; *I know how many puffs go to one of Dr. Blow's anthems as well as you do*; I have not played the organ so many years for nothing."

Somerset-House Gazette

THE WIFE WHO'S LIKE TO ANSWER.

"YOUR wife is beautiful and young,
But then her clapper, how 'tis hung!
Had I wife with such a tongue,
I'd ship her off to France, Sir."

"Pshaw! you're too much afraid of strife—
Would you amend your present life,
I'd have you seek out such a wife—
I'm sure you'd find her *answer*."

Post.

ABANDONED HABITS.

A *Jeu-de-mot* in the Comedy of "Pride shall have a Fall," has been much admired; it is the answer of Torrento to the Colonel, when the latter offers him his wardrobe, which he refuses, saying, "My clothes shall sit yet lighter on me, before I take up *the abandoned habits of the Hussars*."—The following, however, if not the better, is at least the more original of the two: On the formation of what was called the Coalition Ministry, Mr. Erskine was appointed to succeed Mr. Dundas (afterwards Lord Melville) in the important situation of Lord Advocate for Scotland. On the morning of receiving his appointment, he had an interview with Mr. Dundas in the outer Parliament-house; when observing that the latter gentleman had already resumed the ordinary stuff gown, which all practitioners at the Scottish Bar, except the Lord Advocate and the Solicitor General for the time being, are in the custom of wearing, he said gaily, that he must leave off talking, and go and order his silk gown to be made." "It is hardly worth while," said Mr Dundas, dryly, "for the time you will want it, you had better borrow mine."—Mr. Erskine replied, "From the readiness with which you made the offer, Mr. Dundas, I have no doubt that yours is a gown made to fit *any party*; but, however short my time in office may be, it shall never be said of Henry Erskine, that he put on the *abandoned habits* of his predecessor."

Examiner.



Designed by Theodore Lane

THE PEEP O'DAY BOYS.

JOHN, IS THAT YOU? OR, MESSRS. GILL, RATTLE,
AND BANG.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XVIII.

Two gentlemen, who gave their names *Rattle* and *Bang*, were brought before Mr. Halls, from St. Martin's watch-house, charged with an assault on a Mr. Gill and another person, whose name we did not hear, but who described himself as a pianoforte-tuner.

It appeared from the evidence of Mr. Gill, that as they were walking by Charing-cross between one and two o'clock that morning, they passed Messrs. Rattle and Bang, who were walking with two other gentlemen in the same direction. At the moment they were passing, Mr. Gill saw a stick descending upon his shoulder, and not

chusing to receive the blow, he stretched out his hand, caught the stick in its descent, and twisted it out of the hand of the holder—and in the next moment he found himself on the ground, profusely bleeding from a tremendous blow between the eyes. He got up, and was no sooner on his legs, than he was down again: and whilst he was down, he was dragged about in the mud, and beaten until his clothes were entirely spoiled, and his head was battered to a mummy!—all which beating, battering, and dragging, he attributed to Messrs. Rattle and Bang.

The pianoforte-tuner, and sundry watchmen deposed, that they came in for some of the spare blows; and they all agreed that Mr. Gill was shockingly maltreated.

The Magistrate now called upon Messrs. Rattle and Bang for their defence, and Mr. Bang began it, by saying—“ Really, your Worship, this is a little insignificant affair; and I scarcely know whether it is necessary to offer any evidence”—

“ Indeed!” said his Worship, “ I dare say Mr. Gill does not think it quite so insignificant; and perhaps you will be of a different opinion by and by.”

They then went into their defence, and, according to them, the whole mischief was attributable to a couple of white *upper benjamins*! One of their party wore a white *upper benjamin*, and so did Mr. Gill. They therefore mistook Mr. Gill for their own friend; and as Mr. Gill passed, one of their party said, “ *John*, is that *you*?” at the same time tapping him gently on his shoulder

with a stick—merely to bespeak his attention, when Mr. Gill instantly turned about with a “Who do *you* call *John*?—I am no *John*, let me tell you!—and d—m ’me, Sir, how dare you lift your stick to me?” To this Mr. Rattle replied, that he had not lifted his stick offensively; and, Mr. Gill giving him the *lie direct*, Mr. Gill was knocked down directly; but they denied that he was milled in the miserable manner described by the other side.

The Magistrate observed, there were so many gentlemen ambitious of showing their dexterous use of the fist in the public streets, that it was high time their pugnacious spirit was curbed a little; and he should therefore give the defendants an opportunity of explaining the matter before a jury.

Messrs. Rattle and Bang were then held to bail; and the complainants bound over to prosecute.

Herald.

DISPATCH IN CHANCERY.

“*Cavendus autem Συμφοδωνος μυθος, ne si sermone mordeas, vicissim mordearis.*—COM. IN HOM. OD. 8.

’Tis clear that the public are very much out;
To say that his Lordship is *always* in doubt;
For leaving the cases of *others* alone,
’Tis certain he’s *quick* in deciding *his own*!*

* His Lordship, notwithstanding his rapidity, proceeded according to *precedent*—that amiable one of Lord Ellenborough—“He lies, and is as false as hell.” This, a the dictum of a single Judge would not have had much weight; but as such language has now the sanction of both a *Custos Morum* and a *Keeper of Consciences*, we may receive it into use as a rule of breeding and good manners.

Chronicle.

THE GENUINE AND ONLY PARODY
ON SOUTHEY'S VISION OF JUDGMENT.

THE following caustic satire, published anonymously in a periodical, which has now gone no one knows whither, has been by many thought worthy of preservation, not more from the close approximation of style, and severity of humour that distinguishes the poem, but from the circumstance of its being the *only Parody* on the Vision of Judgment. Lord Byron's satire on the same subject, which appeared since, being most *improperly* so called.

THE TRANCE.

" I first adventure ; follow me who list !"

Preface to Vision of Judgment.

'Twas at that gloomy hour of the night just preceding cock-crowing,
When with surrounding volumes the author's chamber is litter'd,
And the faint gleam of the glimmering light as it sinks in the socket
Fades, like those long wish'd hopes which in youth, full of patriot ardour,
Prompted my spirit to jacobin lays, and sneers against churches;
Pensive, and deep in thought, did I sit, by the fire-side reflecting,
(Meagre, alas, was the fire in the grate, and dwindled to embers,
And, when compar'd to the flame it display'd at the evening's commencement,
Cold as the Laureate's lay to the soul-stirring strain of Wat Tyler.)
'Thus as I sat, the street-pacing watchman announcing the hour.

* See some stanzas by Southey, beginning,

"Go thou, and seek the house of pray'r,

"I to the woodlands will repair," &c.

Sent forth his note again, "past twelve," through the silence of
 night-time*,
 His is a hoarse, harsh sound, that is sad and unwelcome at all
 times,
 Since it reminds us how hours fly away. But this night more
 unpleasant,
 For, in the course of the day, I had learnt from my crony the
 sexton,
 One was deceas'd, upon whom, true or false, I must needs shed
 my praises,
 Paid as I was for so doing, and knowing my bread must be
 butter'd.
 So I to labour began; for I now keep a kind of an office,
 Where, to my liking, for heaven or for hell I book the departed;
 And, should a few, whom my register mentions as put in the right
 road,
 Choose to belie my intent, and perversely turn to the left hand,
Celu m'est égal; 'twill be all one to me, when the matter's
 detected;
 None can discuss with such show of belief these mysterious
 subjects,
 As the bold bard, who an infidel first, and then an apostate,
 Now, with a neutraliz'd feeling can write what best suits him
 about them.

* * * * *

THE AWAKENING.

* * * * *

There stood the man who so boldly had stemm'd our isle's per-
 secution,
 "Earthward his thoughts recurred, so deeply the care of his
 country
 "Lay in that *patriot* soul reposed; and he said, 'Is the spirit

* The Doctor has before given utterance to a similar reflection on
 the tones of the guardian of the night, in his Letters of Espriella,
 where he says, that the inhabitants of London pay a person regu-
 larly to disturb their rest, by announcing to them in a loud voice,
 the hour and the state of the weather, till by habit they are so accus-
 tomed to it, that the announcement becomes a nullity.

" Quell'd which hath troubled the land, and the multitude freed
 from *oppression* ;
 " Have they their rights at last, and are they free and well
 governed ?"
 " ' Still is that fierce and *despot* spirit at work,' was the answer,
 " Still it deceiveth the weak, and inflameth the rash and the des-
 perate ;
 " Even now, I ween, some dreadful deed is preparing ;
 " For the souls of the *tyrants* are loose, and their powers of
oppression
 " Move on the wing alert. Some embryo horror they look for.
 " Yes ! be assur'd, some accurs'd conception of filth and of
 darkness
 " Ripe for its mischievous birth. Both France and Britain are
 threaten'd *,"
 Soon will the proof be seen ; both nations at once are endanger'd.
 For with the ghosts of P——l, and P——t, and their live-guard of
 tories,
 S——h, and V—— I saw ; and the band of the harpies in Br——e-
 street,
 Headed by M——y and S——p, who, rising with zeal hypocritic,
 Make our Constitution the cry of knav'ry and thralldom.

THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

* * * * *

Then did I dream that myself those gates of bliss was ap-
 proaching,
 Where, in the portals, as sentinel stood a herald celestial.
 " H. ! " he exclaim'd, " Doctor Southey, the Laureate, cometh to
 judgment,
 " Jacobins, hear ! Ye Tories, hear ! Partisans of all parties,
 " Whom he in turn hath espous'd and defended, with vigour
 impartial,
 " Since it concerns all alike, attend, and bring forth his accusers."

* Our readers will remark, that the Parodist has rendered his
 irony in the passages marked with quoting commas, still more poi-
 gnant, by adopting, with the exception of the few words distinguished
 by *italics*, the very language of the original author of the Vision.—
 E

Soon as the summons sonorous was utter'd, the winds, who were
waiting,
Bore it abroad to the printers; the press in her innermost
caverns
Heard, and heav'd forth her load.

Anon, octavos and quartos
Gather'd before the gates, and almost block'd the path with their
numbers,
Which like the fragments of rocks appear'd. Those ponderous
portals
Shook at their dread approach, and trembled their massive
foundations.
Lo, the Anthology Sonnets were there, the Carmen Triumphale;
There too was Joan of Arc, and (*proh pudor!*) "I go to the
Woodlands;"
Thalaba too was there, and the dramatic piece of Wat Tyler;
There too the Battle of Blenheim, and Strictures on Authors
satanic,
(Who by the vigorous force of my muse have "been nail'd to the
gibbet;")
Fugitive Pieces of various kinds too, till this time forgotten,
Now stood forth a motley and multitudinous army,
Rising in witness against me; and all arrang'd in their order,
Tier over tier they took their places, and far in the distance,
Far as the sight could pierce, that array of letter-press glisten'd.

THE ABSOLVERS.

"Since then, alas! from the gate of Heaven 'tis our fate to be
banish'd,
"Here, at the gate of ———, are we met," said the spirit,
advancing.
"Laureate, welcome! behold, as our lives resembled each other,
So are our lots the same. Nor shrink thou from Settle's embraces:
What! though may be not compete with thee in tergiversation,
(Even in these regions that pain shalt thou bear supreme and
unrival'd),
Though I ne'er fought champion-like beneath the bright banner
of Freedom,

That I might afterwards quit her camp for a hundred *per annum*,
 Yet am I not unworthy, nor unprepared for the meeting;
 For like thee did I adulate princes and powers despotic,
 Battling like thee, *unguibus, pedibus, pugnīs et rostro*.
 Like thee, too, did I wreath my brow with the courtly laurel,
 When I no more could aspire to the bright fresh green of Parnassus.

Most, too, like mine, O Southey! have flow'd the numbers mæ-
 cotic;
 Laudanum, such was thy fame, always fell ten *per cent.* in the
 market,
 Oft as a work from thy pen shew'd its face in the booksellers'
 windows."

* * *

THE ACCUSERS.

There, by that host of tomes of all sorts, and dimensions sur-
 rounded,
 Stood my bold laureate soul alone. In front was the sack butt,
 Meed of my recreant muse, and behind, my deserted opinions.
 Then might be seen the perfection of impudence, then was its
 triumph;
 Bold in my brass I stood, and my want of conscience upheld
 me!
 When the trumpet was blown, and the herald made proclamation,
 "Lo, Doctor Southey appears! Come forward, ye who arraign
 him!"
 Forth from the cloud a potent accuser came at the summons.
 "He is the bard by whom my reign has been wofully troubled,
 Yes! 'twas his form; the hideous poetic idol whom England
 (Long to a taste for sedition and sceptical doctrines abandon'd)
 Worships, alas! in spite of my lays, with misplaced admiration.
 Proteus-like is his rhyming appearance, with numberless faces;
 Numberless ears on the watch to receive each report against
 princes;
 Numberless mouths, which are teeming with satire as piercing as
 arrows.
 Many, indeed, were the shafts he had levell'd 'against me in his
 verses;
 Now would he sneer and rail at my *pantisocratical prating*,

Then would he sing of my milliner bride ; and then beg of his
 reader,
 Not, for God's sake, to mistake for his, any lines I had written ;
 Boasting how much more good he had wrought from the time he
 was twenty,
 Than I had achieved 'in the whole of my shifting and turn-coat
 existence.'"

* * * *

THE BEATIFICATION.

Soon as Settle withdrew, did the D——I round his ebony
 audience
 Look, but none else came forth to embrace me ; then loud cried
 the spirit,
 Now, Doctor S——y, speak out for thyself ; here is none to
 impede thee.
 " Friend," I replied, " to thee, who hast ever been deep in my
 secrets,
 Why should I speak ? Thou knowest that mine was a chequer'd
 existence,
 Full of ill fame, with dishonour beset ; yet boldly I bore it,
 Cheer'd by the soothing pow'r of thy potent coadjutor *Mammon* ;
 And, if at times my mind was disturb'd by a troublesome
 feeling,
 Robert, I said to myself, reflect thine is a lucrative station,
 And as the proverb avers, a fat sorrow surpasseth a lean one.
 Such were my thoughts and conduct. How many and great were
 my merits,
 S——n, thou only canst tell ! Did I not at all times do thy
 bidding,
 And by thy judgments unswerving abide ? Full surely thou
 knowest,
 That the desire of my heart hath been still to put cash in my
 pocket.
 Pardon my errors, kind friend, and in mercy accept my inten-
 tions,
 Which have been ever towards thee, ev'n when I fell short of thy
 wishes.
 As I have trusted in thee, ah, let me not now be deserted !

250 ON SOUTHEY'S VISION OF JUDGMENT.

Thou wert my guide upon earth ;—be my stay then in these thy dominions !”

Thus did I speak with united firmness and modesty. “ Well done, Faithful servant, and good !” then spake forth a voice from the darkness,

“ Enter among thy congenial companions !”—The spirits in waiting

Clapt their pinions forthwith ; and that whole assemblage of demons

Drank Doctor S——y, with three times three, standing up and uncover’d.

* * * * *

THE SAME.

* * * * *

Then methought I approach’d, where in front of a glittering portal,

Forth from a rock, where the standard of courtiers stood proudly exalted,

Issued the well of conversion ; where he who would get into clover,

Such was the law, must drink, and cast off all his former opinions.

Earth ’mongst its gems, and its varied creations of art and of nature,

Offers naught else of such marvellous pow’r and influence unbounded.

Oil of palm was the surface, and low in the depths of its channel Bedded were sands of gold. It possess’d no visible lustre,

Yet from its sources alone was the count at all times recruited,

Ev’n in these nether realms, to which day was a stranger ; where neither

Sun, moon, nor stars were seen ; yet ev’n there from that magical fountain,

Flow’d the persuasive stream, all sufficing, with endless resources Still to supply the levees of H——, with attendants eternal.

Such is its pow’r, that deep drunk, it might almost seduce even angels ;

Yet to weak man is a similar stream in his pilgrimage granted,

Yea, while he wanders on earth ;—’mid the changes and chances that happen,

Of, when the wolf has been near to the door, has a draught been
 extended,
 And those who drink it with grateful heart (as surely was my case)
 Gain with it wine after dinner, and cash and exemption from
 dunning.

* * * * *

THE WORTHIES OF THE GEORGIAN AGE.

These, with a kindred host, of convenient and pliable spirit,
 Stood and applauded; while they whom a nearer relation attracted,
 Came, a distinguished band, more near, to welcome the Laureate.
 Many were they and notorious all. Conspicuous among them
 L—d was seen, and C—dge, (the gentle encomiast of asses),
 Who with a spirit in love, as in love with mine coinciding,
 Wedded my wife's two sisters, well pleas'd with their milliner
 beauties.

One held a work in his hand, he facetiously titled *Poetics*;
 While to the M——g P—t, brother C—dge triumphantly
 pointed,

Whose smiling pages had rescued the bard from the painful
 dilemma,

Which, when abroad he roam'd, and was studying German at
 Hamburg,

Prompted his pen to let fly a twenty-pound draft at Sir R—d.

(Vile unpoetical use of that pen so dear to the Muses!)

Vain was the effort, alas! and, dishonour'd the draft for the twenty.

There too was H—e T—ss, who began that school, which hath
 equal'd

Slander's most sanguine hopes; the masterly labours

There too of T—d—e H—k, and of C—t, who follows no master,

Nor shall by pupil e'er be approach'd, alone in his blackness;

Reverend in powder'd head, with aspect puffing and pompous.

There too S—d—t I saw, and knew, of *New Times* the promoter,

Eloquent writer, and shrewd, who, tho' late, breaking loose from
 his trammels,

Gave to the pow'rs above, what he erst to the mob had devoted.

Wo—ds—th behind was seen, and stepp'd forward in act to
 salute me,

But with imposing air I retir'd from a face so unwelcome,

252 ON SOUTHEY'S VISION OF JUDGMENT.

He was not meet for my touch ev'n in H——; so soil'd and
degraded,
That, as he pass'd, ev'n the fiends themselves, with contempt on
their faces,
Shrugg'd up their shoulders and sneer'd; or, with voice full of
meaning sarcastic,
Humm'd Bobby Burn's air of "The Deil ran awa' wi' th' Ex-
ciseman."

* * * * *

THE MEETING.

Lift up your heads, ye gates! and you, ye flame-colour'd portals
Be ye lift up! Behold myself, and a train of the worthies,
Halt; while with quicker pace a company hasten to guard us
Into these lasting abodes; and those who have gain'd them
before us
Come to escort to their mansions the Laureate, his friends, and
companions.
Here where we met, where nought could disturb a union so perfect,
So full of bliss as this was of spirits all form'd for each other.
S—t—n look'd on, and smiled at the sight;—"My own chosen
children,"
So said the monarch enraptured, "go, grace in concert my
dwelling.
Still may I find such servants on earth, and such subjects around
me."

* * * * *

Enter'd the band of the chosen, I too press'd forward to enter,
But the weight of my verses withheld me. I stoop'd to the fountain,
Eager to drink thereof, and complete my apostate perfection.
Darkness came o'er me then, at the shivering touch of the water,
And my feet sunk, methought, and I fell precipitate. Starting
Then I awoke, and beheld again the grate, and the embers
Dwindled and dim, and instead of my health drunk in rapturous
chorus,
Heard but the street-pacing watchman, "past twelve," through
the silence of night-time!

AN HOUR AT OFFLEY'S.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XIX.

A VERY decent looking person, who described himself as a painter and glazier, was brought before Sir Richard in the morning, charged with having assaulted one of the waiters at Offley's Burton Ale-house, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

The glazier, it seems, went into Offley's at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, with two of his fellow-workmen, and called for a certain quantity of ale, whether it was "three *nips* of Burton," or "a full pot of *Cannon*," or a bottle of Scotch, did not appear; but it is certain that they seated themselves in one of the boxes of the great room, and called for a certain quantity of ale. Now the great room at Offley's, is the resort of your genteeler sort of ale drinkers; such as men of substance in the neighbourhood, Bank clerks, half-pay officers, crack deputy drapers, and other highflown spirits of the age, and therefore it was considered as a great piece of presumption in three common glaziers to think of moistening their plebeian clay in such a room. So, when they called for ale, the waiter said to them "you can't have any ale here; you may call for some at the bar, if you please!"—"No," said the principal glazier, "we will have it here." The waiter went down stairs to his master, and returned saying, "Master says you shall not have it here, for you are drunk!" The men of putty were

highly incensed at this, for they knew they were perfectly sober—sober as three judges; and to be told they were *drunk*, before a whole roomful of company, by “one that never spake other English in his life than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and *Thank you, Sir*; with this shrill addition—*Anon, anon, Sir! Score a pint of Burton in the great room*,” or so, was an indignity they could not put up with quietly. To have walked off without parley, would have been a tacit acknowledgment that they were really drunk; and they therefore kept their seats, told the waiter he was an insolent fellow, and desired him to send his master up stairs. The waiter disdained to notice them; and though they rang the bell as clamorously as any real gentlemen could do, the more they rang the more he wouldn't come. At length they went down stairs to the bar, and began a remonstrance with the landlord himself. The landlord was as stiff as his waiter; and the remonstrance soon became an altercation—went on to a botheration, distycuff-ation, &c. and ended in the doleful incarceration of the principal glazier in the gloomy fastnesses of Covent-garden watch-house.

Before the Magistrate, the waiter swore that the glazier struck him twice, and was excessively disorderly; but nevertheless he did not wish to press the matter further, if the glazier would apologize.

The glazier, who really seemed a very decent person, scorned to apologize. He assured the Magistrate that he and his companions were perfectly sober, quiet in their demeanour, and as

well dressed as many other persons in the room, though the landlord and his waiter were pleased to tell them that by their appearance, they were not fit company for his house. He declared further, that it was the waiter who struck him, and not he the waiter; "and," added he, "if the watchman had done his duty, I should have stood here as the accuser, instead of as the accused." The other two glaziers declared to the same effect.

Sir Richard observed, that he thought the glazier had been hardly dealt with. "If a person," said his Worship, "goes into a house licensed for public entertainment, and conducts himself properly there (as it appears these persons did in the first instance), it is a little too much to provoke him to anger, and afterwards send him to a watch-house, because his dress does not happen to suit the taste of the landlord. It is certainly trifling with the liberty of the subject, and had better not have been done."

"Why, your Worship," said the landlord, "he was very disorderly—very disorderly indeed, and making a great noise with ringing the bell."

"And pray what is the bell for but to be rung?" asked his Worship.

"And, Sir," continued the landlord, "he was criticising the cut of my waistcoat!"

"And your waiter criticised the cut of *his* coat," said Sir Richard; "and so far they are even."

His Worship then dismissed the affair altogether, observing that the Sessions were very near, and the parties might indict each other if they thought it worth their while.

Herald.

OXFORD PRIZE POEM, 1824.

THE ARCH OF TITUS.

BY MR. JOHN THOMAS HOPE, COMMONER OF CHRIST CHURCH.

LIVES there no trophy of the hero's fame,
 No proud memorial to record his name,
 Whose vengeful sword o'er Israel's fated land
 Stamped iron bondage with a conqueror's hand?
 Beneath yon sacred hill's imperial mound,
 With ruin'd shrines and fallen columns crown'd,
 Where Rome's dread Genius guards each mouldering stone,
 The cradle of her empire, and her throne;
 Titus, thy Arch proclaims the peaceful sway
 Of Taste, ennobling Triumph's proudest day;
 Survives, the Forum's grandeur to recal,
 And weep deserted o'er its country's fall.
 Though dimm'd the outline now, not time o'erthrows
 Th' unrivall'd grace which in each fragment glows;
 And Genius, beaming through each ruin'd part,
 Displays the glories of immortal art,
 With mingling beauties crown'd the column's tower,
 Ionia's graceful curve, and Corinth's flower,
 And tapering as they rise aloft in air,
 The sculptur'd frieze and votive tablet bear.
 From o'er each column Fame exulting springs,
 Seems stretch'd for flight, and waves her golden wings;
 Yet linger not! within the circling space
 The storied walls more radiant beauties grace,
 In warlike pomp the triumph's rich array
 Leaps from the living marble into day.
 High on his car the victor borne along,
 Hears with exulting heart th' applauding throng;
 With sparkling eye surveys the sacred spoil,
 And feels one hour o'erpay long years of toil.
 Lo! Judah's swarthy sons before the car,
 The wither'd remnant of disease and war!
 Rebellious passions light each faded cheek,
 And all the bitter pangs they dare not speak:—

And shall these trophies from his temple torne,
The living God, some idol shrine adorn?
Shall we, shall Aaron's sons no more rejoice,
Nor breathe yon trump with Conquest's silver voice,
From Salem's holy mountains heard afar,
In days of festal gladness and of war?
Is then the seven-branch lustre sunk in night,
Which shed o'er Israel's fate mysterious light?
Or shall its golden lamp with heathen flame
Gleam as in scorn to point at Sion's shame?
Yes, it is quench'd! till Judah's captive maid
Wake from her woes beneath the palm-tree shade,
Recal her wandering sons, abjure her pride,
And bless the anointed King she crucified!
Th' unfaded crown of David's glory claim,
Yon Arch o'erthrown, and Rome itself a name.

New Times.

A MONARCH IN FAULT.

ABOUT the time when Murphy so successfully attacked the stage-struck heroes in the pleasant farce of *The Apprentice*, an eminent poulterer went to a spouting-club in search of his servant, who he understood was that evening to make his *debut* in *Lear*, and entered the room at the moment when Dick was exclaiming, "I am the King—you cannot touch me for coining!"—"No, you dog," cried the enraged master, catching the mad monarch by the collar, "but I can for not picking the ducks."

Chronicle.

THE PERPETUAL MOTION.

THE *Charleston Courier* says:—"We yesterday saw a hundred dollar bank bill, of one of our city banks, upon the back of which were inscribed the lines which follow. We presume it had been presented as an offering at the shrine of Grecian liberty:—

Go from my willing purse! nor doze in peace,
Whilst thralldom is, or tyrants prowl on Greece;
Nor tarry till the world's from bondage free,
And equal rights deck every land and sea;
Then tell the *nice*, who ask thy donor's goal,
Thou wert emitted from a freeman's soul.

This reminds us of a poetical wish of an ancient author, in reference to the success of his work:—

May this book continue in motion,
And its leaves every day be unfurled,
Till an ant to the dregs drinks the ocean,
And a tortoise crawls over the world.

Courier.

PUN JUDICIAL.

AT the Sessions a girl, named Ann Flood, pleaded guilty to an indictment charging her with stealing a certain domestic utensil. The Chairman, after sentencing her to be imprisoned to the end of the sessions, observed, that it was only a pot carried away by *A Flood*.

Manchester Guardian.

THE LONDON NEWSPAPER PRESS:

ITS ORIGIN, RISE, AND PROGRESS UP TO THE PRESENT TIME.

THE Newspaper Press of London is unrivalled by any similar establishment in the world. In point of literary talent and mechanical execution, it is an honour to the British empire. The Press of the United States of America will bear no comparison with it; and the Parisian one, so far from equalling that of London, is not, by many degrees, equal to the provincial Press of Ireland*.

* The first newspaper that appeared in the present single-sheet form in England, was called *The Public Intelligencer*, and was published by Sir Roger L'Estrange on the 31st of August, 1661. But there were, long prior to this period, publications that suited the same purpose, though printed in a different shape. As far back as the reign of Elizabeth, in 1588, was published *The English Mercurie*, in the shape of a pamphlet, the first number of which is still preserved in the British Museum. These sort of pamphlets became fashionable in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, but they became more rare in the reign of James I. During the interesting war of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, they were once more revived; for in 1622 we find *The Newes of the present Week*, by Nathaniel Butler; *The Mercurius Britannicus*, in 1626; *The German Intelligencer* in 1630; and *The Swedish Intelligencer* in 1631, which was compiled by the learned William Watts of Caius College. These periodicals were all severally produced to gratify the interest which was excited by the fortunes of the intrepid Gustavus.

The English rebellion of 1641 gave rise to many more of these tracts, which, during the time of the long Parliament, were principally filled with violent appeals to the people, suited to the violence and the hypocrisy of the period, and intended to justify the proceedings of the legislature towards their constituents, the soldiery and the multitude. Many of these tracts bore the title of *Diurnal Occurrences of Parliament*. These, however, were entirely superseded by the establishment of *The Public Intelligencer*, in 1661. In

In London there are from fifty to sixty different newspapers. The number varies, as many start into existence, and run perhaps the career of but a few weeks; but some of them have been established for upwards of a century, others from forty to fifty years, although the greater proportion have come into being since the period of the French Revolution. Much of the prosperity and greatness of England is to be dated from that era. Commercial enterprize received an impetus from the war, unexampled in the history of any nation. Manufactures, especially cotton manufactures, only in their infancy at the commencement of the Revolution, reached almost a state of perfection during the continental devastations that followed. Newspapers increased with the national prosperity and independence. Each passing event daily became more interesting, and the desire to obtain early intelligence became the stronger. This is demonstrable from the following table of the number of Newspapers published within the United Kingdoms at three distinct periods, the earliest only forty-two years ago.

1665 *The London Gazette* commenced: it was first published at Oxford, and called *The Oxford Gazette*. *The Orange Intelligencer* was the third newspaper, and the first after the Revolution in 1688. In 1696 there appears to have been nine London papers published weekly, although the last-mentioned seems to have been the only daily one. In Queen Anne's reign, in 1709, their number was increased to eighteen, but still there was but one daily paper, *The London Courant*. In the reign of George I. the number was augmented to three daily, six weekly, and ten three times a week. In the reign of George II. the number of copies of newspapers published in the whole of England was as follows:

In 1753 — 7,411,757

— 1760 — 9,464,790

	1782.	1790.	1821.
Newspapers published in England	50	- 60	- 135
..... Scotland	8	- 27	- 31
..... Ireland	3	- 27	- 56
..... daily in London	9	- 14	- 16
..... twice a week ditto	9	- 7	- 8
..... weekly ditto	0	- 11	- 32
..... British Islands	0	- 0	- 6
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	79	116	284

By this it appears that the total number of political journals in England, Scotland, Ireland, and the British Islands, has augmented three times in the short space of about forty years. The difference is not so great with respect to the English metropolis; for although in 1782 there were only eighteen papers published, nine of these were daily ones, and the remaining nine twice a-week ones, producing in all seventy-two weekly ones; whereas in 1821, the increase in daily newspapers was from nine to sixteen, the decrease in twice a-week from nine to eight, and the increase of weekly, of which none appear to have been published in 1782, was thirty-two: the difference, therefore, in the proportion of weekly newspapers between these periods, being only what seventy-two is to one hundred and forty-four, or exactly one half. This, to be sure, is not a fair criterion of their increase, as the number of copies sold in the last period must have doubled the number sold in the first period. It shews, however, the state of the market, and the circumstances, so far as public feeling was involved, under which the proprietors of these journals thought such speculations prudent.

There are still thirteen daily papers published in London; seven thrice a-week, nine twice a-week, (six of which, however, can only be said to be second *editions* of the same papers,) and twenty-three weekly. It appears that these journals circulated in 1821, 16,254,534 copies; for the stamp-duty upon which, there was paid to the Stamp Office the sum of 270,908*l.* 18*s.* sterling!

It is not the least extraordinary feature of this literary phalanx, that, on a fair calculation of the number of copies sold in town and country, two-thirds of its vast strength are directed against the opinions of the leading official men under the Crown, and the general measures of his Majesty's Ministers.

Literary Gazette.

THE ADJOURNED BIRTH-DAY.

I GUESS this Birth-day's parcell'd out
By Royal gift, not Royal gout;
'To make the "feast," (as children call it)
Linger a little on the palate.
Thus Nature, hating vacuum, kind
Mother, compensates lack of mind,—
Adjourn a birth-day! Kings at will
May now make lumb'ring time stand still;
And, blest with this prerogative,
Need not grow older while they live;
De die in diem they may delay
Th' expectant heir's accession-day;
Be sixty still—and with a breath
Diddle that king-compeller, Death.
"But then" (I hear some punster cry)
"Th' adjournment must be *sine die*." *Examiner*

THE EGYPTIAN BEAUTIES.

Where lusty Women are reckoned the most beautiful.

“ Fair, fat, and twenty.”

It is not sufficient for the opulent Mahometans that their women are handsome, their splendour must be augmented by the arts of the toilet, which in Egypt are held in the highest estimation; but these arts consist only of ancient and constant practices, of which the following are the most remarkable:—As a peculiar trait of oriental beauty is to have large black eyes, females of every faith, rank, and description, dye their eyebrows with a fossilated ore of lead, called *Alquifoux*. This is reduced to a powder, and mixed with the fuliginous vapour of a lamp, and with this composition they paint their eyebrows and eyelashes. They also blacken their lashes with a small reed or quill—an operation admirably described by Juvenal, in his Satire on the Roman Ladies. The higher classes of the Egyptians employ the fumes of amber, and some other odoriferous and oily substance, and keep their valuable drugs ready for use in small phials. Another fashion equally general and essential to Egyptian beauty, requires that the hands and nails should be dyed red, and so universal is the adoption of this custom, that any person who should hesitate to conform to it, would be accused of indecorum, whatever may be their situation, whether of Mahometan, Jewish, or Christian faith. The women can no more dispense with this daubing than with their apparel, though it certainly

spoils a fine hand rather than improves it, as the delicate whiteness of the palm, and the pale rose colour of the nails, are effaced by a rough coat of reddish or orange-coloured dye. The soles of the feet, which are not here hardened by long and frequent walks, are likewise covered plentifully with the same colouring. Some of the Syrian women are partial to the mixture of black and white, and accordingly change their original dye to black by a composition of sal-ammoniac, lime, and honey. The taste of the men in the Eastern Countries is well known to be widely different from that of Europeans, with respect to their women, as with them extreme corpulence is accounted the greatest trait of beauty. It is therefore natural to suppose that the females themselves are anxious to acquire some degree of superiority in this particular.—They accordingly use a kind of conserve of cocoa nuts, or the bulbs of the *hermodaitylus officinalis*, grated and mixed with sugar—of this composition they usually take a large quantity after any weakening fits of illness, as it is supposed admirably adapted both to the restoration of their strength, and the *en-bon-point* which is so delightful to their admirers. It is but justice to add, that amongst all the nations of the earth, there are not any women who pay a more rigid attention to cleanliness than those orientals—their thoughts are constantly occupied by the use of the bath, the application of perfumes, and of every thing that has a direct tendency to soften and beautify the skin.

**WEIGHTY ASSISTANCE;
OR, THE RELIEF OF CADIZ.**

BY AN EX-CAPTAIN OF THE AYLESBURY TROOP OF BUCKINGHAM-
SHIRE YEOMANRY*.

To the Tune of Lord Grizzle's Song in Tom Thumb:

THE French are encamped before Cadiz,
Their navy is moored in the bay,
And *liberal* Europe afraid is,
The Cortes are melting away.
But e'er the last blow can be struck—struck—
I'll fly to their rescue, and soon
Will show them the soul of a Buck—Buck—
Buckinghamshire dragoon !

I turned my old yeomanry jacket,
And added new buttons and lace ;
A helmet I bought, which, to pack it,
Would take up a harpsichord case !
My trowsers so ample I stuck—stuck—
All over with yellow galloon,
In short, my whole dress spoke the Buck—Buck—
Buckinghamshire dragoon !

O ! had I the wings of an eagle
To make a more rapid approach !
But men of my size bear fatigue ill,
And so I must go by the coach.
As a twelve pounder groans on its truck—truck,
So labour'd the *Falmouth Balloon*,
When I mounted its step, like a Buck—Buck—
Buckinghamshire dragoon !

And there was squeez'd in an old lady,
So like me, behind and before,
That when we were called on to pay, they
Obliged us to reckon as *four*.

* Lord Nugent.

We were both very soon in a muck—muck,
 (The weather was sultry as June),
 And I panted for breath like a Buck—Buck—
 Buckinghamshire dragoon !
 You ask what I did with my helmet,
 And all the vast bulk of my gear ?
 As the coach such a load would o'erwhelm, it
 Went by the *van* in the *rear* !
 But coach and van frequently stuck—stuck ;
 My partner was ready to swoon !
 But the peril I bore like a Buck—Buck—
 Buckinghamshire dragoon !
 The packet at Falmouth was quite full—
 Too deep in the water by tons !
 But the captain's resource was delightful,
 And to take me, he *landed his guns* !
 So down in the hold I was struck—struck,
 And for weeks never saw sun or moon,
 'Twas a very poor state for a Buck—Buck—
 Buckinghamshire dragoon !
 The Frenchmen who guarded the bay there,
 To keep food and succour aloof,
 Examined our ship, as I lay there,
 Insisting that I was a "*bœuf* !"
 I trembled lest I should be stuck—stuck ;
 But the Captain persuaded them soon
 That I was no "*bœuf*," but a Buck—Buck—
 Buckinghamshire dragoon !
 On landing I hoped that the people
 Would loudly acknowledge my aid ;—
 Bells pealing from every steeple !
 The troops drawn out on parade !
 I thought that the bands would have struck—struck—
 Up their most national tune,
 'Midst shouts of "*Long life to the Buck—Buck—*
Buckinghamshire dragoon !"
 But, quite the reverse ; as I came in,
 The mob was exceedingly rude ;
 They talked of my making a famine,
 And filling myself with their food !

Ragged urchins, malicious as Puck—Puck—
 Kept hooting “The fat Picaroon,”
 And hunted me, just like a Buck—Buck—
 Buckinghamshire dragoon!

I got to an inn with great trouble,
 Half dead with the sea and the sun!
 I found my room furnish’d with double-
 Beds out of which I made one!
 My boat cloak around me I tuck—tuck,
 And till the day after, at noon,
 I slept, and I snored, like a Buck—Buck
 Buckinghamshire dragoon!

The first thing I did upon waking
 Was calling for breakfast of course;
 Dear Sefton, imagine my taking,
 At getting *a slice of a horse!*
 In my throat the first morsel it stuck—stuck,
 Tho’ I fancied, from being “*a jeune,*”
 I could have almost eaten a Buck—Buck—
 Buckinghamshire dragoon!

I then sallied forth like a hero;
 And up to my eyes in a trench,
 I saw, two miles off, Trocadero,
 And what people said were the French.
 A ball came—I hasten’d to duck—duck;
 And fearing another too soon,
 I gallantly ran, like a Buck—Buck—
 Buckinghamshire dragoon!

I next cast my eyes to the sailors,
 And seeing them look rather glum,
 Proposed they should turn the assailers,
 And promised to find them a *bomb!*
 The men I soon saw had no pluck—pluck;
 The ministers not a doubloon,
 All swore at the *bomb* and the Buck—Buck—
 Buckinghamshire dragoon!

Thus, helmeted, trowsered, bedizened,
 Stewed, jolted, shipped, sickened, in vain;
 Starved, terrified, hooted, and poisoned,
 I rather disliked the campaign!
 And weary of running a muck—muck—
 Resolved by the first opportu-
 nity to bolt off like a Buck—Buck—
 Buckinghamshire dragoon!

At the end of ten days (for no sooner
 A vessel occurred to my wish)
 I embarked in a Newfoundland schooner,
 Which came with a cargo of fish:
 We escap'd the blockaders by luck—luck,
 Fresh breezes and want of a moon—
 And so end the feats of a Buck—Buck—
 Buckinghamshire dragoon!

John Bull.

LUDICROUS MISTAKE.

WHEN Mrs. Robinson published her *Sappho and Phaon*, she wrote to Mr. Boaden the newspaper editor, in the following terms:—"Mrs. Robinson would thank her friend Boaden for a dozen puffs for *Sappho and Phaon*." By mistake of the twopenny post, this note was delivered to Mr. Bowden the pastry-cook in the Strand, who sent this answer:—"Mr. Bowden's respectful compliments to Mrs. Robinson, shall be very happy to serve her; but as Mrs. R. is not a constant customer, he cannot send the puffs for the young folks without first receiving the money."

Herald.

BATTERY A-LA-MODE.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XX.

A STURDY surly-looking person, who said his name was Furzman, and “his professiun a licens’d *wickler*,” was brought up from Covent-garden watch-house, charged with sundry disorderly doings in the a-la-mode-beef shop in Brydges-street, opposite Drury-lane Theatre.

According to the evidence of the master of the shop and his waiter, this “*licens’d wickler*” came in, after the play was over, with two other persons, and having called for three plates of “*hollow-mode*,” they amused themselves with picking out the nice fat lumps, and throwing them at the rest of the company. John, the waiter, received one of the said scalding hot nice fat lumps slap in his *left* eye, and the *licens’d wickler* told him it was all *right*!—though the poor lad’s eyes were none of the best, at the best of times—in fact, his eyes had long been lashless, and encircled with bright scarlet, and it was therefore excessively cruel to throw scalding hot beef into either of them. Another of these nice fat lumps was sent dab against a gentleman’s cravat, just in the place where he wore his brooch—to the very great disparagement of his dignity; and another gentleman was so bespattered with the beef, both fat and lean, that he was ashamed to be seen by anybody. In short, they kept up these tricks too long, as the master cook said; for not a gentleman could come into the room till after two o’clock in the morning, without running the risk

of having his mouth and eyes battered up with beef a-la-mode; and at last the master cook found it necessary to send the *licens'd wickler* to the watch-house in his own defence.

The *licens'd wickler* in reply, asked the master cook—"Pray didn't I *pay* for every thing I called for?"—"I believe you might," replied the master cook.—"Very well then!" rejoined the *licens'd wickler*—and the Magistrate ordered him to find sureties for his better behaviour in future.

Herald.

TO THE LAURISTINUS.

WRITTEN IN WINTER.

HAIL! to thee, ever-blushing lauristine,

That from the heavy snow-flakes still are peering;

With verdant leaves, that like the holly shine,

But thine are thornless, gentle, and endearing;

And thy white blossoms wreath the stern winter's brow,

Like glittering stars that in the dark skies glow.

The rose and myrtle are Love's darling flowers,

And well their charms become his transient smiling;

Shedding soft perfume o'er his painted bowers,

And every sense enchanting and beguiling,

Till some light storm of adverse fortune sweep

The glittering beauties to the o'erwhelming deep.

But thou art Friendship's flower: thy steady form

Pourtrays the purer smile of faithful duty;

Scared by no tempest, withered by no storm,

The day of clouds is cheered by thy mild beauty;

Thou bloomest amid the wintry waste of life,

Like to a guardian friend, or meek and constant wife.

Literary Chronicle.

DARKNESS BROUGHT TO LIGHT ;

OR THE

SECRETS OF DRURY DIVULGED !!!

Theatre Royal.

On Monday, the 14th of March, 1824,

Will be presented a New Comedy, (founded on Wycherley)
written by the Author of "Giovanni in London," revised by
Reynolds, and corrected by Mr. Ebsworth, called,

DAMN IT, HOW WE NICK 'EM !

Old See-'em-out, Mr. Munden.

Old Calm, Mr. Downton.

Slyboots, Mr. Archer.

Everlasting, Mr. Gattie.

Bashful, Mr. Harley.

Young See-'em-out (a *youth* of eighteen) Mr. Elliston !

Peter Pompous (author of a tragedy) Mr. Elliston !!

Robert Ramble (a strolling actor) Mr. Elliston !!!

Charles Cataract (a horse dealer) Mr. Elliston !!!!

Selina Rosebud, Miss Cubitt.

Betsy Boisterous, Mrs. Bunn.

After which (751st time) the celebrated Spectacle of the,

CATARACT OF THE GANGES.

(The Characters as before.)

N. B. The Free List (and Salaries?) suspended.

The Public is respectfully informed, that during the run of the
celebrated Aquatic Spectacle, which has been pronounced by the
New River Company to surpass any thing of the kind ever pro-
duced, the Box Office will be opened from four o'clock every
morning till six in the evening. "Spring for ever smiling."

Mr. LISTON

Will, on Thursday next, commence the sixteenth part of his
fourteenth engagement.

The young American Roscius is also engaged, and will shortly
appear in a New Tragedy, to be called

YANKEE DOODLE !!!

In which Mr. Kean will sustain a principal character—the scenes
in which Mr. K. is engaged to be under his own direction !

For the dramatic part of the Tragedy, } Mr. Bunn !
Stage Manager,

For the melo-dramatic ditto ditto Mr. Wallack !!

The serious Pantomimic Scenes under } Mr. Barrymore !!!
 the direction of }
 Ballet incidental to the Piece, Mr. Oscar Byrne !!!!
 The Combats } Messrs. Blanchard, Paulo, Noodle, & Doodle !!!!!
 invented by }
 The New Music selected by T. Cooke, Horn, and Reeve !!!!!
 The Dresses by Mr. Mercer. Decorations and Ornaments,
 Messrs. Braham and Stephens.
 The Gauntlets, by Mrs. Glover. The Swords, by some Blades
 engaged expressly for the purpose.—(N. B. They will be
 drawn by celebrated Artists.)

A new Aquatic and Spiritual Farce, called

BRANDY AND WATER,

In which Mr. Elliston will sustain the principal character, supported by the Comic Strength of the Company.

The Tragedy of

KING LEAR

Will shortly be revived, with appropriate Songs, Duets, &c. selected from the poems of Moncrieff, O'Keeffe, Tom Dibdin, and other Classical Writers.

King Lear, (with *I'm the Lad for a bit of a Bobbery*) Mr. Kean, who with unprecedented willingness has kindly offered to sing this and the affecting ballad of *Tally hi ! ho ! the Grinder*, in the course of the piece.

Edgar, (with *Vat a charming Boy I pe !*) Mr. Wallack.

Cordelia, (with *My face is my fortune, Sir, she said,*) Mrs. W. West.

Several new Scenes will be introduced, amongst which a Land Storm will be represented and embodied.—The Winds cracking their cheeks, Grieve.—The “Drowning the Cocks,” by that celebrated machinist, M. Cabanel.—The “Weak and Despised Old Man,” (will be embodied) by Mr. Elliston.—The Spout, by the Manager's Uncle.—“Rumbling the Belly full,” by the Choristers and Corps de Ballet, who will be fined by Mr. W. in the morning to give greater effect to their wind instruments at night.

It is with unfeigned regret that Mr. Elliston announces, that the astounding Melo-drama of *Lodoiska* is unavoidably postponed, in consequence of the regretted indisposition of the interesting piebald pony Argus. The Proprietor, sympathising with the disappointment of an enlightened Public, submits the fol-

lowing Bulletin from the Medical Attendant of the amiable quadruped, as a voucher for his veracity :

Sir,—From the state of my unfortunate patient's health, I do not think he can appear before an admiring Public until next week ; his nerves have been shaken by his scenic duties, as it has been necessary to wrap him up in blankets the moment he quitted the stage each night. I shall have the pleasure of examining the rest of the stud and Mr. Winston in the course of the day.

Sir,

Yours respectfully,

To ————

SOLANDER SLOP, M. D.

Theatrical Intelligence.

Mr. Arnold has been much piqued (query, peaked) by the desertion of one of his forces.

Mr. Macready has left town for his health, the atmosphere about Drury being too *keen* for him.

Mr. Young is inventing a machine to force the Public to remain in the theatre whilst he plays first tragedy ; the instrument is called a *puffer*, but it is thought that it won't answer.

Mr. Sinclair has a principal character in the new Opera of Humbugging. Mr. Duruset, however, has claimed the part, on the ground of having had possession of that line many years.

Mr. Mathews will shortly commence, as usual, to laugh on one side of his mouth, and hopes public desertion will not force him to laugh on the wrong side.

Mr. Bartley intends preparing a Lecture on Greece (and fat), and will *lean* to the popular side of the question.

On dit—Mr. W. of Drury, is going to open a Riding School, to practise at the side scenes ; those who wish for a horse with wings, will now have an opportunity of meeting with a Pegasus.

Mr. Elliston has declared his intention of managing *the drops* in future himself.

EPIGRAM

ON MISS TENANT, A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

A neat little freehold I have in my eye,
Which (if I were younger) to purchase, I'd try ;
But no one must dare o'er its beauties to range,
Till the name of the sweet little *Tenant* be change ;
He then will enjoy a most choice little wife,
And her title convey'd, he'll be *tenant* for life.

Original.

THE WAY TO CURE THE EVIL,

AND INCREASE THE COMPLAINT.

JAMES BEEDER, a working gardener in the service of Mr. Jenks, in the New-road, was brought to the police office, upon a warrant by the officers of St. James's parish, to compel him to provide for the maintenance of his illegitimate child.—Lucy Lordon, a very fine-looking young woman, the mother of the child, attended with the infant in her arms. The Magistrate asked him what he could afford to pay? He said he could not afford to pay any thing out of his wages, which were only 10s. a week. The Magistrate said he could scarcely credit that. Beeder repeated that this statement was true; but, said he, "Your Worship, I can settle the matter without all this bother; the young woman is a very good young woman, and bears a good character, and I will marry her;" and at the same time taking the girl by the hand, he asked her, "What do you say, Lucy, will you have me?" The young woman blushed with more modesty than might be expected; and holding down her head while her countenance brightened with joy, she faintly replied, "I will with all my heart, James." Beeder then said, "I will make you as happy as I can; but dang it, girl, why didn't you come to me, and we could settle the thing before, instead of staying away from me, and bringing me here?" He then closely examined the child, and said, "I know, Jack (the child's name), you are mine, for you are the very image of me." The Magis-

trate said, that this was certainly a very pleasant and sensible manner of ending the affair; and the parties left the office with the parish officer, who was to see that the marriage ceremony took place.

Examiner.

SINGULAR WILL.

THE following singular last will and testament of a student at the University of Dublin, was addressed extempore to his friend :

Cum ita semper me amares,
How to regard you all my care is;
Consilium tibi do imprimis,
For I believe but short my time is;
Amice admodum amande,
Pray thee leave off thy drinking brandy;
Vides qua sorte jaceo hic,
'Tis all for that, O sick ! O sick !
Mors mea vexat matrem piam,
No dog was ere so sick as I am ;
Secundo, mi amice bone,
My breeches take, but there's no money;
Et vestes etiam tibi dentur,
If such foul rags to wear you'll venture ;
Pediculas si portes pellas,
But they are sometimes Prince's fellows ;
Accipe libros, etiam musam,
If I had liv'd I ne'er had used them ;
Spero quod his contentus eris,
For I've a friend almost as dear is;
Vale, ne plus tibi detur,
But send her up, Jack, if you meet her.

Herald.

“GREEN GROW THE RUSHES, O!”

“The Duke of Sussex next proposed ‘The City of London, and prosperity to the Trade thereof.’ After which his Royal Highness called for *Green grow the rushes, O!*”

SONG, BY MR. BROADHURST,

With Variations suited to the Occasion.

THERE’S nought but care on ev’ry han’!

As thro’ the various *Walks** they range:
What signifies the life o’ man

An’ ’twere not for the *Stock Exchange!*

Green grows the grass, we know,
Where commerce used to flourish so—
The sweetest hours that merchants spend
Are spent amongst the jobbers, O!

Give them a canny *Loan*, and then
They’ll nurse it like a dearie,
And commerce and commercial men
May a’ gae tapsalteerie.

Green grows the grass, &c.

For you sae douse! ye sneer at this,
Ye’re nought but senseless asses,
The wise men of the East declare
Scrip commerce far surpasses.

Green grows the grass, &c.

Auld *Sinking Fund* may proudly claim
This noblest work and job hers;

A ’prentice hand on merchants tried,
She syne hath made the jobbers!

Green grows the grass, we know,
Where commerce used to flourish so—
The sweetest hours that merchants spend
Are spent among the jobbers, O!

Chronicle.

* *Walks of the Royal Exchange.*

RAISING THE DEAD;

OR, A GRAVE SUBJECT AT THE MANSION-HOUSE.

A MAN named *Bill Giles*, was charged with having been found in a church-yard under circumstances which manifested an intention to rob the graves.

The chapel-keeper of St. Ayliff's burial-ground, Goodman's-fields, observed the prisoner, at about eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, climbing over the wall, and gently gliding along amongst the graves with a ladder, a shovel, a sack, and a stick. He was accompanied by another man. They had not commenced their labours when the watch raised the hue-and-cry. The prisoner was taken into custody, but his companion "tugged" the watchman amongst the tomb-stones, being well acquainted with burial-grounds, and he remained all night hidden in the church-yard, notwithstanding the intense cold, and made his escape in the morning.

The Lord Mayor asked the prisoner whether his companion was Clarke, who was brought before him some days ago, upon suspicion of haying a design to rob a church-yard?

The prisoner said his friend was quite another sort of person. They had appointed to meet to do a little business, and the place where they expected to meet the least interruption was the church-yard.

The Lord Mayor.—And you don't know Clarke? The prisoner hesitated.

A man here stepped forward, whose face was well known in the Justice-room, and said to the Lord Mayor, "Why, my Lord, you know I am Clarke, and its all gammon in Giles to say he don't know me. Why, he is one of *us*."

The Lord Mayor.—"And pray, Mr. Clarke, what do you call yourselves?"

Clarke.—"We're what the people call resurrection men. We raises the *corpuses* a little before the proper time, that's all."

The Lord Mayor.—"Well, I hope you have willed your body to the surgeons, as I advised you, to prove the sincerity of your attachment to that body."

Clarke.—"I have no objection. I hope I'm above the low prejudice; but I have reason to believe there will be no necessity, and that we shall soon have *corpuses* enough."

The Lord Mayor.—"Take care that we don't catch you at the work. You may depend upon it you shall be most bitterly punished."

Clarke.—"No, no; we have petitioned against you all. I really must say that it's a grievous shame to meddle with our business in such a way. How can we cure the sick or the wounded, without knowing the nature of the *corpus*, and you would not have us anatomise a living *corpus*, would you, my Lord?"

The Lord Mayor said, that until the petition was granted, he should continue to throw obstacles in the way of the profession.

Clarke.—"The surgeons are not at all obliged to your Lordship. Why are we attacked wherever we go, just as if there was any value in what

you put into the ground to prevent the air from being putrified? If such conduct is allowed, depend upon it we'll never be able to cure either rich or poor. You agitate the public mind upon every attempt, and 'tis a shame not to let us go on as we used to do, when we could have had any *corpus* at all, rich or poor, good, bad, or indifferent."

The Lord Mayor told Clarke that proper attention should be paid to his merits, and it was probable that a man who gloried so much in his profession would be considered an acquisition to the surgeons whom he had done the honour of associating with himself. Those who talked of prejudice in such a case, should themselves set the example, and show how much they despised it, by devoting the bodies of themselves, their parents, their wives, their sisters, or their children, to the service of the profession. By this course, they would doubtless put a stop to the objections of those who opposed the practice.

Giles then began to represent that he and the surgeons had been treated with very great harshness, and that the communications between them had been interrupted in a very improper manner. But he, too, trusted to the petition for redress.

The Lord Mayor told Giles, that preparatory to the increase of business, a little recreation should be applied, and sentenced him to be imprisoned in the House of Correction, as a rogue and vagabond, for one month.

Clarke muttered, that the church-yard should yawn for this.

Herald.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A CANDIDATE FOR ADMISSION TO

THE TRAVELLERS*.

You think the stories of the Travellers
Are but the cant of dandy Cavillers;
Now list awhile, as I relate
Our various evils, small and great.

Some danger to ourselves forestalling,
We left a house, because 'twas falling †;
Which still is standing (there's the rub!)
And harbours well a larger club;
Then bought and pulled a house to picces,
And made a crack which still increases;
In the desire to break and botch;
Like children, when they 've got a watch.
Our rooms are passage-rooms, and one
Has three deep steps, to throw you down.
Add, that from these there's no egress
To chambers, where we bathe or dress.
Hence we descend (for greater bother)
One staircase, but to climb another.
Strange ups and downs; which seem design'd
For torment of the lame and blind.
Yet we expended on this house and
Establishment some 'twenty thousand
Pounds sterling, ere we drank or eat.
Hence, over head and ears in debt,
We, if our creditors were rude,
Might all be separately sued.
• We wait an hour ere dinner's drest;
In vain we clamour, curse, and *peste*,
Our viands are like all the rest.

* The Travellers, a highly respectable Club in Pall-Mall.—This whimsical production, which was printed for private circulation only, is attributed to George Rose (*the Younger*), a member of the Club.

† The house formerly occupied by the Club in Waterloo-place.

We've flaccid fish, and carrion-ham,
 Bull-beef, and mutton made of ram :
 If our plain dishes make us curse,
 Our *entrées* (one and all) are worse.
 Our *matelottes* would be loathed of otters,
 Our stews are formed of tails and trotters :
 We've gullet-sweetbreads *, veined with red,
 And bloody bones, and raw calf's-head.
 Stuffed by our little senate's Catos
 (Will we or nill we) with potatoes ;
 Who care not though we're choked with wax,
 If they can raise a paltry tax :
 That tolls of sixpence may repay
 The thousands which they've thrown away.
 Upon sour coffee, black as mud,
 All night we foam and chew the cud :
 (Coffee by bean-fed burgher boasted)
 Ill made, and purchased ready roasted ;
 Boiled in a copper, like the vittle,
 Cooked in a prison ship or spital.
 Coffee which lauded by such men is
 As never sipt its juice at Venice ;
 Much less, enveloped in a murky
 Vapour, have savoured it in Turkey ;
 Who fancy nothing can go wrong
 If the black broth be " slab and strong :"
 The salutary beverage spoiling
 By keeping, or by over-boiling.
 But lest my tediousness revolt,
 With these last words I've shot my bolt.
 Such are the works of our Committee,
 Culled from the wealthy, wise, and witty,
 And form'd to " starve and plague the city." * }

* Does Mr. Giblet, the butcher, reserve his hinge-sweetbreads and weather-mutton for better customers ? If so, why are the Travellers of Pall Mall worse treated than their commercial brethren, who are celebrated " for getting the best of every thing ?" Let the Committee examine their fellow labourer and opposite neighbour, as to the mutton which was given him one day in the month of February last.

POSTSCRIPT.

To fix them better in the mind,
 I in these slip-shod rhymes combined
 A series of plain truths, nor vext
 An individual in my text;
 (None touched in couplet or in triplet)
 And if I have a note on Gibley,
 I well may be excused; since he
 For four years has been poisoning me,
 Sheltered at last in the university,
 From Cook and Caterer's perversity.
 But some I find, who love to crow it,
 Have fallen on him they deem the poet,
 Supplying, when they'd plant a hit,
 With malice what they want in wit.
 Against none such I wield my pen,
 Warring with measures, not with men:
 And wish, in all the pomp of verse,
 To my assailants nothing worse,
 Than to sit, with the wind at east,
 In their own reading-room, to feast
 Upon their own unhappy fare,
 And blunder up their own back-stair,
 And if they feel the sting of *semper*
Ergo—? to mend their taste and temper.

A COMPLICATION OF DISORDERS.

"WHAT did Mr. — die of?" asked a simple neighbour. "Of a complication of disorders," replied his friend. "How do you describe this complication, my good Sir?"—"He died," answered the other, "of two physicians, an apothecary, and a surgeon."

Chronicle.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

DRINKING.

FROM the days of King Ela, who flourished and staggered nearly a thousand years before the Christian era, down to the present moment, potentates and their subjects have alike revelled in the joys of intoxication. I think I should be enabled to prove, without fear of contradiction, that the wisest of mankind have been addicted to this demoralizing propensity. Noah I look upon as a mere experimentalist, for we have no evidence of his ever becoming a regular practitioner; but to mention the names of Solomon, Solon, and the learned Stagyrte—(*Query, could he stagger right under the effects of inebriety?*)—may be sufficient, as my readers, anxious to get forward upon the subject, may not like to be taken back to the days of the Greeks, or the Romans.

Shakspeare has recorded of us inhabitants of the “tight little island,” that we are most potent in potting, and I am not at all disposed to dispute with so great an authority; Bacon, indeed, whose very name invokes the thirsty throat to a copious libation, was a professed enemy to bibulation; so was Newton; but these were cold reasoners, and those who write dry works, should not partake much of fluids. Pope loved a glass, though his frame denied him the pleasure of it; poor Morland drew more corks than pictures; and in every gradation of society, as well as in every age, the vineyards have had numerous votaries. The accomplished Churchill was a

sot; Goldsmith was never happy out of a tavern; and even grave Dr. Johnson—went to the Devil*. *Semel insanivimus omnes* may be a veracious maxim, but that we have all at some time been intoxicated, is surely a truer axiom. Getting drunk, Mr. Editor, I look upon as a very serious affair, but, being tipsy, is one of the little luxuries of life. Oh! the entrancing sensation of elevation and superiority—the animating flow of courage and wit, that runs riot in the veins—then the “unutterable dying away,” as Coleridge has it—the dear charming confusion of intellect, the failing vision, the imaginative dance of the tables and chairs, the memorable moment when even a Templar becomes poetical. I am accustomed to divide drinkers into two classes, namely, *Elevationists*, or those who get tipsy—and *Finishers*, or those who get drunk.

Amongst the first class was the ci-devant Jacob Joinem of Islington, who nightly took his seat by the parlour fire, at the *Pied Bull* (this house was formerly the seat of Sir Walter Raleigh, and Jacob revered him as the father of smokers). Mr. J.’s movements were as regular as the clock; albeit, it was impossible to wind him up to strike, except as hereafter mentioned. He entered the room precisely at half-past seven, and immediately placing himself in the leather-bottomed chair, remained in a state of perfect quiescence for upwards of four hours. Mr. Joinem was a portly personage, with a short memory and long legs; he was of a *grave* temperament, and by

* A tavern of that name existed in Fleet-street some years back.

trade an undertaker. He met, as he said, for the purpose of "a little conviviality," so he sat mute and smoked his pipe in apparent abstraction. He seldom cracked a joke himself, but he heard the jokes of others with a suppressed risibility, that showed a capability of appreciating, if not of practising; he was a valetudinarian, and the Doctors told him he had *water on the brain*; but he consoled himself with the remark, that he had only a *drop in his head*. He nightly discussed one pot of ale, and four glasses of brandy-and-water, with infinite felicity, and as the clock bespoke one quarter past eleven, he inserted himself in his upper garment, touched the waiting-maid under the chin, grumbled out good night, and departed to his domus. He had passed this course uninterruptedly for twenty years, and always found his accustomed quantum give a certain energy to his action, and obliquity to his walk, which, however agreeable to himself, was by no means interesting to any accidental passenger who came within the swing of his pendulating arm. With all this, Joinem was merely an "Elevationist."

Jack Jewson, a worthy tar of 1764, was, as he candidly confessed, equally addicted to religion and liquor; he had a taste for every species of fluid, from inferior "strike me dead*," to the superlative grog. He loved drinking, for it reminded him of his former life, his companions, and his commanders; he drank out of a *brown jug*, and called it his *Dun-can*; he would get

* "Strike me dead," a nautical term for small beer.

drunk with a hackney coachman, because he brought *Jarvis* to his recollection, and he was never so truly happy as when people said he was "How came ye so." His allowance was no more to Jack, than a single bottle to my Lord H. It happened that the body of an East Indian Governor was conveying home preserved in spirits, in a vessel of which Jack was one of the crew. Jewson, though on watch, was drunk every minute, and at length his back and a cat-o'-nine-tails were about being introduced to each other, but his captain promised forgiveness if he would confess from whom he obtained the liquor. Please your Honour, he replied, I've been and *tapp'd the Governor*. Thus it clearly appeared, though the spirits could preserve the Governor, the Governor could not preserve the spirits. Jewson never deemed himself properly drunk unless he laid upon the ground and felt upwards for the earth; he was a Finisher, gentle reader, if thou wilt.

When I divided my drinkers into classes, I was well aware of the existence of a thousand ramifications of each species, but I wished to generalise my subject as much as possible—but allow me now to digress so far as to say a few words respecting the disciples of Ramo Samee. The propensity for swallowing, once inordinately indulged, is seldom overcome until it has overcome its votary, and this, as far as regards the juice of the grape, is natural enough; but we are indeed surprised when we see the system carried so far, that some have committed legal assaults upon their own stomachs, and swallowed swords, staves and knives. Circumstances have made

many a poor wretch in the rapidity of hunger or thirst, steal and swallow; but taste alone could induce a man to swallow steel, as Mr. Cummins * did, to the infinite delight of his messmates. Of this ostrich-like capacity there has been recently a dreadful instance, and the unhappy individual who suffered for his temerity, was an immoderate drinker; he was described at Liverpool as a thin pale man, who drank gin by pails-full; but this cannot be wondered at, for he who swallows *iron* must be a *hard* drinker. What would a set of jocund country gentlemen say to a guest, who, not content with drinking a bowl of punch, should afterwards swallow the ladle?—how would Hall's digestive pills be thrown away upon such a stomach—"Mine aches to think of it," as Hamlet says. But to return more immediately to my subject, physicians allow a man to indulge once a month, yet they may have a sinister view in doing so; but that no loyal subject now a days can be present at a public dinner, and we all go to one once a month, without getting intoxicated, even though he drinks the toasts alone, is matter of public notoriety. What follows then? Wise men practise it—Poets inculcate it—Doctors do not forbid it—Health it is said requires it—Loyalty compels it—our wishes enjoin it. Behold the phalanx that support that truly English amusement—inebriety. What is a poor, weak, yielding, good-tempered man to do under this

* Cummins, for the sake of a frolic, would swallow knives, pieces of wood, &c. After his death several things were found decomposing in his stomach.

conglomeration of circumstances? He must say, Mr. Editor, as I am now saying—"Waiter, bring another bottle!"

Bell's Weekly Dispatch.

COCKNEY SONNETS.

SONNET III.—THE DOGS.

Hence, loathed Dogs!—From Houndsditch, though it be
 Your seat appropriate, to the boundary far
 Of Fleet-street's arching limit, Temple Bar,
 None shall presume to wag its jaw at me.
 Muzzled be all. And yet, within my heart
 Compunction swells, to act so harsh a part,
 When I revolve my own past history.
 For had a muzzle in my days been placed
 On every cur that yelped, or hound that howled,
 Had doughty beadies, all relentless, chased
 Ev'ry poor puppy that at greatness scowled,
 I fear my speeching talent had been waste,
 And all unheard I should unchained have growled

SONNET IV.—THE BLACK.

SWEET were the accents of the Hymettian Sage,
 Whom Athens doom'd to die by poisonous bowl—
 And sweet are Wilson's accents, when his soul
 Impels him to relate how valorous rage
 Sent him 'gainst Freedom's foes stern war to wage,
 Spite of his rearward wound. And sweet the tone
 Of Bennett, making froth, and dolorous moan
 O'er Captain Callaghan in pris'ning case.
 But Waithman! sweeter thine beyond belief,
 When to Bill Green, the huge two-fisted Black,
 Thou giv'st advice—"Young man," quoth London's Chief,
 "If you would wish to train for the attack,
 And give full vigour to each ponderous whack,
 "Eat—if you love Lord Waithman—eat raw beef!!!"
John Bull.



Designed by T. Rowlandson.

THE CHARLEY'S MISTAKE;

OR, ROYALTY DOUBLY ENDANGERED.

In days of yore, as London gossips tell,
 A Monarch's Palace stood in fam'd P—l M—l,
 Where oft the King, with wond'rous condescension,
 (Beyond our skill in proper terms to mention)
 His loving subjects graciously caress'd,
 And subjects ne'er were so supremely blest !
 Now, as these gossips say, this said P—l M—l
 Contained, besides the Palace, many a "Hell,"
 And "Hells," we've heard, are places far from pleasant;
 Be that though as it may,
 These "Hells" have had their day,
 And we of them have nought to say at present.
 No ! 'tis the Palace there, of royalty,
 Demands our lays,
 Which Palace, famed for love and loyalty,
 Was, as the story goes,
 Once in a blaze,
 And what the consequences might have been,
 Had not the smoke and fire been quickly seen,
 No loyal subject knows !

The Pages ran about in wild dismay—

Fire ! fire ! the watchmen echoed far and near—

The King himself contriv'd to get away,

Where Kings in danger *should* get—in the rear !

But what they call this place, so safe from fire,

No mortal yet has known ;

But this we've learnt—it was a *necessary* place,
Where Kings as well as other folks, retire ;

Intended, as 'tis said, far more for *ease* than grace,

Although it holds a *throne* !

And on this throne the Monarch sat sedate,

Not as he often sits, in glittering state,

With Lords and Ladies round,—

Oh, no—His Majesty was in a squeeze*,

His hands supporting on his royal knees,

His looks were most profound :

Awhile he musing sat—at length he rose,

And tow'rd the scene of fire and smoke he goes,

With thoughts by no means tranquil, calm, or happy ;

When, lo ! a watchman stopt him by the way,

With "Holloa, Master ! What's your bus'ness here !

You can't want *nothing* here—so, troop, I say,

I'm the King's *sarvant*, and must keep all clear—

So, quick be off, or I in *quod* will clap ye."

"Why, I'm the King himself, you sturdy varlet,"

His Majesty replied—"What ! don't you know me ?"

"You, *you* the King ! No, no, *he's* clad in scarlet—

Come, come, old chap, that cock won't fight now, blow me

How long the Monarch's altercation might

Have lasted with this "guardian of the night,"

No tongue can tell ;

Therefore 'twas well

A Royal Page espied his master's plight,

And quickly set the stupid Charley right,

Who now, with sad and dismal face,

"Long as a courtier's out of place,"

Implor'd the King to pardon his mistake ;

"For, plase your Majesty, your cap and wig

Made you," said Charley, "look so bluff and big,

That 'twasn't strange a blunder I should make."

* Vide, a certain old courtly print 'yclept *The Courier*.

"Oh, never mind," the gracious Monarch said ;
 " I think myself in luck to 'scape a broken head ;
 But, what between the fire and you,
 I certainly was in a stew ;
 However, Sir, I'd have you know, that when
 "You meet the King, he's much like other men."

Bell's Life in London.

JOHN BULLISMS.

SPEAKING of a nobleman whose pecuniary difficulties have long been matter of notoriety, and who has recently been indisposed, John says, he supposes his Grace's complaint is the *tick doloureux*. An enterprising schoolmaster had set his boys to *sing* the Greek choruses to the sound of a flute, and had, in the pride of his heart, boasted that this was the first attempt of the kind ever made in this country! John gravely replies, " We congratulate the nation upon its success from the bottom of our hearts."—Lastly, John admires that the meeting to prevent *cruelty to animals*, should have been held at *Slaughter's* Coffee-house, but supposes that *St. Martin's-lane* was chosen, out of respect for Mr. Martin of Galway: he cannot, however, comprehend why a hunter should be lauded for having "carried his master for seven years over the country at the *head of his hounds*"—Seeing that if the horse had kept at the *tail of the hounds* it would have been more agreeable.

John Bull.

THE POSTPONEMENT OF GRAHAM'S BALLOON.

TUNE—"Derry down."

"Mr. Graham respectfully informs the public, that his intended ascent on Friday is postponed till some future day."

Public Papers.

In these days of bubbles, when ev'ry thing floats,
Docks¹², bridges, insurances, gas-lights, and boats—
Allow me to sing to a popular tune,
The honestest bubble—old Graham's Balloon.

Derry down.

Compared with the others, 'tis justice to say
'Tis equally solid, and ten times as gay;
And I, had I money to spend, would as soon
Lay it out in a venture on Graham's Balloon.

Derry down.

There is Mr. Brunel, who at Portsmouth made blocks,
Has projected in London a tunnel and docks,
To scoop out the bed of the Thames with a spoon—
I had rather cross over in—Graham's Balloon.

Derry down.

Sir William, with tender regard for our pockets,
Supersedes the old balls with his new-fangled rockets;
He professes to give the poor people a boon,
As sure and as solid as Graham's Balloon.

Derry down.

The good folks at Lloyd's are hugely afraid
That Buxton will carry away all their trade;
And lest he their credit and means should impugn,
They offer to underwrite Graham's Balloon.

Derry down.

There's Alderman Wood has reduced without pity,
The poor little folks who hold Bonds from the City;
And when they complain, the grey-headed baboon
Bids them all go be d——d, or see Graham's Balloon.

Derry down.

There's Orpheus Mac Adam, whose hard Highland tone
Can level a mountain and soften a stone,
Proposes to send Ludgate-hill "out o' toon,"
And slide our stage-coaches like Graham's Balloon.

Derry down.

In short, fifty different causes prepare
The town, to be pleased with his trip through the air,
And to White Conduit House, on the second of June,
They crowded in honour of Graham's Balloon.

Derry down.

I leave to the journals possessed of the skill,
Sixteen mortal columns with *nothing*—to fill,
To tell by what arts, and whose hands, and how soon,
The light fetid vapour puffed out the Balloon.

Derry down.

At last up it went, like a flimsy Whig job,
Empty, stinking, and painted, the joy of the mob—
Carolina the Saint, and Sir Bob the dragoon,
Had their day up and down, just like Graham's Balloon.

Derry down.

The wind being easterly—not blowing hard,
It hung for some time over Old Palace Yard,
And an influence, madd'ning as that of the moon,
Was shed o'er that quarter by Graham's Balloon.

Derry down.

The Lords, Heaven bless them! so stately and proud,
When they heard that *silk tissue* had brought such a crowd,
Were on their red woollsacks just ready to swoon,
Lest the *scavvers* had risen, and not a Balloon!

Derry down.

One could not but smile to behold the grave Peers,
Pricking up at each rumour their asinine ears;
Their terrors of silk—and their rapture, as soon
As Cowper assured them 'twas but a Balloon!

• Derry down.

'Twas a different scene in the other great House,
Which, for once in its day, was as mute as a mouse—
An absent Court Martial, arrayed to impugn,
When Butterworth shouted—"By G—! the Balloon!"

Derry down.

294 POSTPONEMENT OF GRAHAM'S BALLOON.

Out ran all the Members—Saint, Tory, and Whig—
From Crompton the little, to Nugent the big;
As cotton seeds drive in an Indian monsoon,
So flew all the Members to see the Balloon!

Derry down.

It touched every heart and attracted all eyes,
To see a great body by levity rise;
And the lightest and emptiest fancied, that soon
They should soar into notice like Graham's Balloon.

Derry down.

The evening was bright, and the Doctor prolix,
The House being counted contain'd twenty-six;
So the Speaker rose up, and cried, "Good afternoon,
"Here, Ley, take my wig; I'll go see the Balloon!"

Derry down.

In both Palace Yards all the Senators met,
And gazing on Heaven its cause they forget,
Demerara, Smith, Mission, Creole and Quadroon,
Were eclipsed in a second by Graham's Balloon.

Derry down.

But what are the hopes of the great and the proud!
The Balloon at that instant was hid in a cloud;
One coughed, and one hemm'd, and one whistled a tune,
And tried, "Now for Smith, since we've lost the Balloon!"

Derry down.

And so they tried back, but they found that the Chair,
Or at least its great tenant, was melted in air!
And as to recatching the Speaker! as soon
They might hope to have caught Mr. Graham's Balloon.

Derry down.

Humegabbled, Brougham twitched, and old Butterworth
swore

Such a circumstance never had happened before;
And Wilberforce grinned like a common buffoon,
To find the House up—like their friend, the Balloon.

Derry down.

On the Monday succeeding wise Lushington rose
A farther debate on Saint Smith to propose,
And he named—sad disaster! the same afternoon
As Graham had fixed for—another Balloon!

Derry down.

But the Saints, when they knew it, fear'd lest this mischance
Should again lead the House such a whimsical dance—
So they wrote off to Graham, and begged, as a boon,
That till Parliament's up, he'll postpone his Balloon.

Derry down.

John Bull.

SUPERSTITION OF THE KING OF NAPLES.

LADY MORGAN relates, in her work on Italy, that the King of Naples never goes forth for the chace without arming himself with a heron's foot, which he places in his button-hole, as the most effective charm against the *Monacolo* (the Neapolitan hobgoblin), or against the ill-luck of meeting an old woman or priest, as he crosses the threshold—both ill-omens for the day. When Lord —— came to an audience to take leave of his Majesty, on his return to England, the King told him he had a little *bouquet d'adieu* for him; and when his Lordship probably dreamed of a gold snuff-box, with the Royal face set round with brilliants on the lid, he was presented with the heron's foot, as a spell against all accidents in an English fox-chace, and a remembrance of Royal friendship and Neapolitan field-sports.

Chronicle.

AN INFANT AT HOME.

"BREST, Brest!" said His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, to an humble friend, (who shall be nameless), "where's Brest?"

"In France, Sir," was the answer.

"That's odd—very odd, that they have sent him there," said His Royal Highness; and he put his elbows on the breakfast table, and began to think as much as he possibly could.

"Who, Sir?" timidly inquired His Royal Highness's companion.

"Miguel—Miguel—the Infant of Portugal," was the answer.

"Quite proper, I think, Sir, with submission," replied the humble companion, *jocosely*—"nothing can be more natural, Sir, than to send an infant to *breast*."

"Very true," said the Duke, *seriously*—"I did not think of that before."

His Royal Highness is not a person to be joked with.

John Bull.

SHAKSPEARE MENDED AND MODERNIZED.

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

THE fairy halls, the lofty pinnacles,
The spreading woodlands, the great purse itself,
Yea, all that it containeth, shall be spent,
And, like the leanness of a spendthrift's wallet,
Leave not a rap behind.

Man of Letters.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

A PARODY.

MARRY, or not to marry? That is the question—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The sullen silence of these cobweb rooms,
 Or seek in festive halls some cheerful dame,
 And, by uniting, end it. To live alone—
 No more! And by marrying, say we end
 The heart-ache, and those throes and make-shifts
 Bachelors are heirs to. 'Tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished.
 'To marry—to live in peace—
 Perchance in war: aye, there's the rub;
 For in the marriage state what ills may come,
 When we have shuffled off our liberty,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes us dread the bonds of wedlock;
 For who could bear the noise of scolding wives,
 The fits of spleen, th' extravagance of dress,
 The thirst for plays, for concerts, and for balls;
 The insolence of servants, and the spurns
 That patient husbands from their consorts take,
 When he himself might his quietus gain,
 By living single.
 Who would wish to bear
 The lowering name of Bachelor,
 But that the dread of something after marriage,
 (Ah, that vast expenditure of income,
 The tongue can scarcely tell), puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather choose the single life,
 Than go to gaol for debts we know not of!
 Economy thus makes Bachelors of us still,
 And thus our melancholy resolution
 Is still increased upon more various thought.

Herald.

CANT AND HYPOCRISY.

THE following letter was written by Lord Orford, in answer to an application made to him to become President of the Norwich Bible Society :

“ SIR—I am surprized and annoyed by the contents of your letter—surprized, because my well-known character should have exempted me from such an application—and annoyed, because it obliges me to have even this communication with *you*.

“ I have long been addicted to the gaming-table; I have lately taken to the turf; I fear I frequently blaspheme; but *I have never distributed religious tracts*. All this was well known to you and your society; notwithstanding which, you think me a fit person for your president! God forgive your hypocrisy; I would rather live in the land of *sinners, than with such saints!*

“ I am, &c. &c.”

John Bull.

ON ONE WHO WAS RUINED BY GAINING A LAWSUIT.

WHO'E'R takes counsel of his friends,
Will ne'er take *counsel* of the law:
Whate'er his means, whate'er his ends,
Still he shall no advantage draw.

Justice in vain may urge her plea,
May show that all is right and fair;
The lawyer, too, has had his fee,
And gain'd your *suit*—but left you *bare*.

Literary Gazette.

A REPLY TO THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

BY A WIDOWER.

To wed, or not to wed? That is the question—
 Whether 'tis nobler for human kind to fill
 The world with pledges of virtuous love,
 Or to oppose the laws of God and man,
 And crowd the earth with spurious offspring?
 To live, to love—yes, more, and have that love return'd,
 Cures every heart-ache, and the thousand shocks
 “ Bachelors are heirs to.” 'Tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be priz'd. To live, to love,
 And have that love return'd, is bliss complete !
 For in that virtuous love what joys do come,
 When we have shuffled off our daily toil,
 Present themselves ! There's the delight
 That makes the wedded state so happy in this life.
 To see the smiles, and hear the lisp'ing notes
 Of those sweet darlings of our virtuous love ;
 To trace the features, and behold in miniature
 The object of our life, is life indeed.
 To crown the whole—who would forego
 That sweet communion—that intercourse of soul—
 That social interest, and that wise economy,
 Which reign predominant in the marriage state—
 When he might all those blessings gain
 By being married?
 Who would not wish to bear
 The pleasing name of Husband—
 Enjoy a fortune, reputation, health,
 With cherubs sweet, and partner dear as life,
 Than live in dissipation—puzzles not man,
 But makes the Bachelor his titles change
 For those fine names which now he only knows.
 Thus matrimony shines conspicuous still,
 And thus the fair one's resolution
 Is still increased upon those virtuous thoughts.

Herald.

THE TRAITOR ARNOLD.

THE traitor Arnold possessed, undoubtedly, animal courage; he could stand before a battery, and call on his men to advance. He was once at a royal levee, directly after the close of the American war, when he was introduced to an English lord, as the American General Arnold. "What, the traitor Arnold!" exclaimed the Nobleman, turning on his heel with disgust. A challenge was given by the General—accepted by his antagonist, who received his fire, and discharged his own pistol in the air. "Why do you not return the fire?" exclaimed the General.—"Because I am not an executioner," replied the Nobleman, folding his arms, and looking disdainfully over one shoulder at his antagonist, as he walked sullenly from the ground.

Chronicle.

A COMPLIMENT QUIZZED.

A GENTLEMAN walking in the fields with a lady, picked a *blue bell*—and taking out his pencil, wrote the following lines, which, with the flower, he presented to the lady:

This pretty flower, of heavenly hue,
Must surely be allied to you;
For you, dear girl, are heavenly too.

}

To which the lady replied:

If, Sir, your compliment be true,
I'm sorry that *I look so blue.*

Bell's Life in London.

EPILOGUE

TO "PRIDE SHALL HAVE A FALL."

To the following whimsical trifle (by another hand, we believe), and some popular hits at the dandy 10th, who had just then made themselves very ridiculous, the author was principally indebted for the success of one of the most incongruous mixtures of dramatic ollipodridas that ever appeared under the miscalled title of Comedy. We annex the names of the performers characterized in Mr. Yates's imitations, whilst speaking it :

(He hurries in).

Ladies and Gentlemen!—quite out of breath—
Ten thousand pardons!—teas'd, star'd, talk'd to death—
Found it scarce possible to get away—
Those Green-room persons—monstrous deal to say—
Queens, heroes, ghosts, priests, ploughmen—in full swing
I'll give you some—few—touches of the thing.

IMITATIONS.

Young—A Comedy! A new-born miracle!

Comes it with airs from heaven, or blasts from hell?

Is it a spirit of health, or goblin damned?

Fawcett—Poh, fudge and nonsense! are the Boxes cramm'd?

Harley—The Pit has had a fainting match and fight;

Of course, you'll have it acted every night.

Fawcett—Boy! print to-morrow's bills—"No standing room;"

And "Not an order for a year to come."

Mrs. Davenport—Has it no scandal in 't? No lord's jobation?

No lady-bird? No crim-concatenation?

Farren—See Act the Fifth. *That* 'elevates—surprises.'

Blanchard—"I think it falls"—

Farren-- "You mean, Sir—rises, rises."

302 EPILOGUE TO "PRIDE SHALL HAVE A FALL."

Blanchard—'Tis passable—His next—perhaps, will mend.

Farren—'Tis *passable*! (A d—d good-natured friend!)

Mathews—No scalpings in 't—no squaws! my friends, the Yan-
kees,

For ten such plays, I *guess*, wouldn't give ten thankees.

Connor—Sir, that's a plain affront! I like the play:

Such *nights* as these, Sir, arn't seen every *day*.

Terry—Such nights!—I tell you that those things won't *tell*:

Why didn't he dramatise St. Ronan's Well?

Write wholesale from my friend Sir Walter's page?

Munden—The *Well*! Aye—'Real water on the stage!'

Why, Drury! Zounds—He'd drown your *Cataract*.

Elliston—He drown my—I'll but state one stubborn fact:

Ladies and Gentlemen!—These fifty years—

Lend me your ears (such of you as have ears)—

'That piece shall run!—I always speak my mind—

The *water* is the way to *raise the wind*!

And, since I've *wet*, I'll *dry* the British nation;

My benefit night's—the *general conflagration*!

Farley—D'ye think the author has a knack for rhyme?

I'll make him *Laureate* of the Pantomime.

Macready—His cast is good!—The man need have no fear,

Were but 'my daughter, my Virginia,' here.

Rayner—I *love* Victoria! She's my heart—my *loife*,

Tuch her who dare—She'd make a pratty *woife*!

Incedon—"May my mare slip her shoulder, but I'll take

The *jung 'un*."

Brahm—Gentlemen! for Shakspeare's sake,

Leave us our nightingales!—We want them all—

Falstaff himself without them now must fail.

Keen—Shakspeare to music! Every inch a king!

'Richard is hoarse.' I'll choak before I'll sing.

At length escaped,—myself again,—alone,—

I supplicate at beauty's native throne.

By the high splendours of our ancient day;

By those we've seen, and wept to see—decay;

By our—by mankind's Sheridan! whose tomb

Is scarcely closed!—

But no—no thoughts of gloom;

Again comes Comedy ! So long untried :
Give her your smiles !—

The victory's on our side.
Your smiles have won the day !—Thanks each and all :
Now, now indeed—"Our pride shall have *no* fall."

Bell's Life in London.

CLOSE AFFECTION.

MILTON, in his *Samson Agonistes*, in a very in-uxorious spirit, calls a wife—

" A thorn intestine
Far within defensive arms,
A *cleaving* mischief."

With many more such names, signifying at once adhesion and annoyance. This diatribe was called to our mind by the following paragraph, from *The Bristol Mercury*, which, though it may be founded on a juster theory than that of Milton, doth savour of the doubtful :

RARE INSTANCE OF CONJUGAL AFFECTION.
—An instance of *real and permanent conjugal affection* was produced in evidence at the Somerset Sessions, which has never perhaps been *paralleled in the annals of humanity*. In an appeal cause, a woman, who was there as a witness, swore that she had *never lost sight of her husband for twelve hours together, at any one time, either day or night, during a period of fifty years.*

Chronicle.

CUT OUT AND OUT.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XXI.

MR. GEORGE FLIM was brought up from St. Martin's watch-house, charged with having incurred hackney-coach fares to the amount of thirty shillings, without the means of paying one single farthing.

Mr. George Flim is a young gentleman who has "squandered his whole summer whilst 'twas May;" he has lived so fast, that he has out-lived his means and the patience of his friends; and he was brought forward to answer the present thirty-shilling demand, without either hat, waistcoat or money;—a very awkward predicament for a young gentleman of good address and highly respectable connections.—But what then?—he has seen "*Life*," and *dum vivimus vivamus* is a motto not to be snifted at, whilst there are milling matches, and rat-hunts, and strumpets to be had, either for *tip*, on *tick*, or in *charity*.

On the present occasion, it appears he had been "*taking his ease in his inn*," somewhere near Charing-cross, and feeling himself comfortably tucked out, he wished to *bolt*.—"No," said mine host, "I can't stand that—mutton-chops are mutton-chops now-a-days, and if you can't pay I must have pawn." Now the most gentlemanly pawn in such cases, is a watch or a snuff-box, or a brilliant, or even an umbrella—provided it be a silk one; but Mr. George Flim

had none of these superfluities, and therefore he offered his waistcoat. "Let us see it;" said mine host; and Mr. George Flim peeled; handed the waistcoat to the over-particular landlord; buttoned up his blue coat, *a la Sir Robert*, and looked quite as well without a waistcoat as with one. But mine host did not much admire the waistcoat; it was rather run to seed, it was out of nap, and unwashed, and in his opinion by no means a sufficient pawn. What was to be done? A decentish bandana might have answered the purpose, but unluckily Mr. George Flim happened at that moment to be bandana-less, and to say the truth, altogether unhandkerchiefed. Then as to a shirt, that was neither here nor there, as Phelim O'Gorman said by his modesty, or a shirt might have been useful in such an emergency; for there are gentlemen in town who do sometimes make shift to turn a shirt to account in this way. So, as neither shirt nor bandana was in the way, Mr. George Flim relinquished the lid of his knowledge box, as the thing he could most conveniently do without;—the said box containing nothing of value. This done, he called a hackney-coach, and sallied forth, *sans chapeau, sans veste*, and without one penny in his pocket, to look up his friends for a replenishment. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when he thus sallied forth, and the coachman drove him about and about to seventeen different friends without the slightest success; some of them were from home; some of them were unfortunately without loose cash; and some of them could not awhile

to talk to Mr. George Flim. This being the case, the coachman began, as he said, to "smell a rat," and determined to get rid of him as soon as possible; and so he turned Mr. George Flim over to another coachman of his acquaintance, who drove him about to some two dozen other friends, with as little success as the first had done; and then, becoming tired of the job, he drove Mr. George Flim to the watch-house, where he left him in pawn for both fares—amounting to thirty shillings as aforesaid.

These matters having been stated to the Magistrate, Mr. George Flim was asked what he had to say in his defence; and he acknowledged that the demand of the coachman was a very just one, and he would pay it, but unfortunately he was not in a condition to pay it at present. He assured his Worship that he was a gentleman, and he would pledge his honour for the payment as soon as it was in his power.

His Worship told him the only pledge that could be received in this case was his person; which must inevitably remain impawned until the money was paid. He was sorry, he added, to commit a gentleman to prison for such a paltry sum, but he must do so, unless he could procure the money by sending to his friends.

Mr. George Flim said he would send to a particular friend with whom he had no doubt he should succeed; and in the mean time he was perfectly willing to remain in pawn.

There was so much gentlemanly resignation in his demeanour, that his Worship directed he should remain in the watch-house instead of

being committed to the common gaol; and he was sent thither accordingly. Next day it was communicated to the Magistrate, that Mr. George Flim was in danger of famishing in his confinement, there being no allowance of food at the watch-house, and he having nothing wherewithal to purchase any. Upon hearing this, his Worship kindly directed that Mr. George Flim should be furnished with bread and cheese, and porter, at his cost. Still the money was not forthcoming, and at last his Worship sent for Mr. George Flim, and urged him to write to his friends. "Certainly," said Mr. George Flim, and he instantly wrote to Mr. Greenwood, the army agent; in which note the Magistrate had so much faith, that he suffered Mr. George Flim to go at large, upon his pledging his honour to return on the following day; and Mr. Richmond (one of the clerks of this office)—not to be behind his Worship in liberality, very politely lent Mr. George Flim a very stylish white hat; which hat Mr. George Flim pledged some more of his honour to return when he called next day. The note was delivered to Mr. Greenwood, who returned thirty shillings by the bearer, saying that was the last money Mr. George Flim should ever have from him, and he desired never to see or hear from him again. This thirty shillings was divided between the two hackney coachmen; but, as Mr. George Flim forgot to redeem the honour he had pledged at this office, the Magistrate eventually remained *minus* the bread and cheese and porter, and Mr. Richmond his *chapeau blanc*.

Herald.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

He comes not—I have watched the moon go down,
But yet he comes not—Once it was not so.

He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.

Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep ;
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.

O ! how I love a mother's watch to keep,
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which cheers
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fixed and deep.

I had a husband once, who loved me—now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
As bees, from laurel flowers, a poison sip ;
But yet I cannot hate—O ! there were hours,
When I could hang for ever on his eye,
And time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strewed, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I loved him then—he loved me too—My heart
Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile ;
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart !
And though he often sting me with a dart,
Venomed and barbed, and waste upon the vile
Caresses, which his babe and mine should share ;
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness—and should sickness come, and lay
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep and say,
How injured, and how faithful I had been.

Examiner.

FRENCH WIT.

A proprietor of rentes said, M. de S. do you know what difference there is between M. de Rothschild and Herod ?—What ? It is that Herod was the *King of the Jews*, and Rothschild the *Jew of the Kings*.

Chronicle.

“OH! WHAT A STORY!”

OR, MARTIN *v.* CHIVERS.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XXII.

MR. CHARLES CHIVERS was charged before G. R. Minshull, Esq. and Lord Mountford, with beating and mobbing one Mr. Aminadab Martin—against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his Crown and dignity.

Mr. Charles Chivers is a youthful supernumerary compositor, or “gentleman supe” in a printing establishment. Mr. Aminadab Martin is a stitcher of neat’s leather, for the feet of the King’s lieges, by day, and a dispenser of bills of the play by night;—a very harmless, curly-headed, and, seemingly, ill-used little personage, in a snuff-coloured coat.

Mr. Aminadab Martin opened the business by stating his case; and it appeared thereby, that as he, the said Aminadab, was sedulously selling his play-bills the other evening, Mr. Charles Chivers came up to him, with arms a-kimbo, and plainly told him, the said Aminadab, that he was a dirty, disagreeable, detrimental little devil—a foul-mouthed, evil-speaking, sanctified, and cantankerous coxcomb; and that he, the said Charles Chivers, had a very good mind to twist his nose off, in proof thereof. It appeared further, that the said Aminadab requested the said Charles not to put himself in such a passion—inasmuch as he was totally unconscious of having offended him, and was, therefore, by no

means deserving of having his nose twisted off as aforesaid. But nevertheless the said Charles agitated himself more and more—declaring, that the said Aminadab was all those queer things which he had called him, and a coward to boot—unless he would immediately *peel* and *turn to*. Finally, it appeared that the said Aminadab, instead of turning *to*, turned *tail*, and fled, pursued by a mob of shouting boys, and the said Charles Chivers bumping him behind until he took refuge in the sanctuary of his own house—panting and frightened almost out of his wits.

“And pray what could be his motive for thus attacking you?” asked the Magistrate, when Aminadab Martin had concluded his narrative.

“Upon my soul and body!” replied little Aminadab—“I know no more than the pen in your Worship’s hand.”

“Now your Worship,” said Mr. Charles Chivers, “if Mr. Martin has done, I will tell you all about it, from the very beginning.” He then took by the hand a very pretty girl who was standing behind him, and leading her forward, still holding the damsel by the hand, he proceeded: “This lady is my wife, your Worship. She is the daughter of the lady in whose house, I and my mother, and Mr. Martin and his mother, resided. I paid my addresses to her, and she listened to me, and we married—as your Worship may naturally suppose.”

“Indeed,” said his Worship, interrupting him, “I should suppose no such thing; for neither of you seem more than eighteen years old!”

“Aye—that’s what I say!” exclaimed Mr.

Aminadab Martin: and, his Worship having told Aminadab he had better say nothing, Mr. Charles Chivers went on:—"We are young, your Worship, it can't be denied; but that's not the question; and we may be as true to each other, and understand matrimony as well as older folks." His Worship smiled, and the blushing Mrs. Chivers squeezed her husband's hand—as much as to say, do get on with your story. So he went on and said—"It so happened that Mr. Martin paid his addresses to her at the same time that I did; but she would not listen to him, though he actually offered her two sovereigns if she would only marry him!"

"Oh!—*what a story!*" exclaimed the indignant Aminadab—"your Worship, upon—my—word—and honour, she was always *oncommon coming* till Mr. Chivers came to live in our house; and then it was all my eye with me!—She was so fond of me, your Worship, before he came, that she went out to buy the *weddun ring* herself! Now didn't you, Charlotte?"

Charlotte blushed—rather consciously; but she did not vouchsafe a reply to the tender appeal; and Lord Mountford asked Aminadab, why, when the lady had bought the ring, he did not apply it to the purpose for which it was bought?

"*Nah*, now," replied Aminadab, "it's very cruel, Sir, to joke on *sich* subjects."

Mr. Charles Chivers once more resumed his narrative, and said, that Aminadab was so angry with Charlotte for marrying him, that he took every opportunity of slandering her character; and had even gone so far as to say to one Mr.

Tibbs—“Aye, Charley Chivers has got her at last—but he has only got my W!”

“Oh! *what a story!*” again exclaimed Aminadab—“your Worship, I never said any *sic* thing. All I said was as this; that Charley Chivers had a little *babby* by Betsy——little Betsy you know;—I forgot her name—but he had a little babby by her; and all as I said was, that it was a very great shame. And so *it* was your Worship—now wasn’t it?—’specially when he was come a courting to Charlotte?”

Mr. Chivers said this was of a piece with Aminadab’s other slanders. “But,” added he, “I beat him for slandering my wife; and I hope your Worship will think he deserved it.”

The Magistrate told Mr. Chivers that, however he might be provoked by Mr. Martin, he was not to take the law into his own hands, and beat him. He might have had his action for the slander, and there was no doubt he would have obtained justice.

“Justice!” exclaimed Aminadab; “it is not justice he wants, your Worship. He wants to knock me about just as he would a dog; for when he came up to me so *vengeously* in the street, and I said to him, ‘Can’t it be done without fighting? there’s justice to be had without that,’ said I; he said, ‘D—n justice! give justice to puppy dogs! I’ll have satisfaction.’”

Mr. Charles Chivers was now proceeding to enter into an explanation of this very irreverent exclamation of his; but the Magistrate dismissed the matter by recommending Mr. Aminadab Martin to restrain his tongue, and Mr. Charles

Chivers to keep his fists to himself: and, in order that the said Charles might remember the recommendation, he directed that the warrant should be suspended over him in *terrorem*.

Herald.

LEGITIMACY IN PERFECTION.

THE following Ode from the Timbuctoo Anthology, in the New Monthly Magazine, breathes a delightful spirit of poetry and loyalty. It is worthy of the Poet Laureate of central Africa, by whom it is said to have been written :

“ Hoo ! Tamarama bow now !
Slamarambo-jug ! !
Hurrah ! for the Son of the Sun !
Hurrah ! for the Brother of the Moon !
Throughout all the world there is none
Like Quashiboo the only one
Descended from the Great Baboon, Baboon,
Descended from the Great Baboon*.
Buffalo of Buffaloes, and Bull of Bulls !
He sits on a throne of his enemies' skulls ;
And if he wants others to play at foot-ball,
Ours are at his service—all ! all ! all !
Hugaboo-jah ! Hugaboo-joo !
Hail to the Royal Quashiboo,
Emperor and Lord of Timbuctoo ! ”

* Their principal Idol, whose Temple adjoins the Palace.

A FRAGMENT.

SAM ROGERS he died, Sam Rogers was buried,
 His friends they lamented amain;
 Sam Rogers's shade over Styx was ferried,
 And yet he comes back again.

"Oh, Charon's ferry I have not seen,
 Nor dead nor buried am I,
 But over the water to France I've been.
 To France and to Italy.

"And I have written my travels all,
 And the pleasures a trav'ler secures;
 How the Golden Sun was my house of call,
 Kept by one Peggy of Tours.

"And hungry I am, and thirsty I am
 And hither am I come:
 Here to feast, and here to cram,
 In 'my little native home.'

"And then I must see my banker's book,
 And then to my home I must hie,
 For it gives me joy on my pictures to look,
 And on all my trick-knackery."

* * * *

The Lady of Kensington sat in state,
 And she looked round about,
 And she saw each guest before his plate,
 And loud was the revel rout.

The Lady look'd east, and never ceas'd,
 The Lady look'd north and south,
 And she was aware dead Rogers sat there,
 With some hash'd calve's-head in his mouth!

His coat was rusty, his trowsers grey,
 His waistcoat of saffron dye;
 And still he muttered and stuff'd away,
 Ever, and speedily!

Dead Rogers look'd white, dead Rogers look'd pale,
 Dead Rogers he look'd dismal and blue;
 Dead Rogers look'd like a dolphin's tail,
 Which changes to every hue*.

"Come hither, come hither, my little foot page,"
 The Lady of Kensington said,
 "Methinks by his chin, and his looks so sage,
 'Tis the poet we thought was dead."

"Oh, mistress mine, I could swear 'tis he,
 For I knew his playful smile;
 But whether or not you shall quickly see,
 If you mark him for a while."

* * *
 * * *

Now some ate much, and some ate more,
 And the song was sweetly sung,
 Till the page stepped forward, dead Rogers before,
 With a dish of brains and tongue.

The poet he raised his long, pale, chin
 From off his heaving breast,
 And he twisted his mouth to a ghastly grin,
 As he thus his mind express'd:--

"No brains I want, pert page, of thee!"
 And his voice grew harsh and rough,
 "And the company all may plainly see
 That I have got tongue enough!"

When the guests they heard those magic words,
 They started amazed with fear,
 For they knew of none, but dead Rogers alone,
 Whose wit was so sharp and clear.

Then the Lady of Kensington called her Lord,
 Who * * * *
 * * * *
 * * * *

* ————"Dies like a dolphin, and its tints decay,
 The last still loveliest, till 'tis gone and all is grey."

LORD BYRON.

John Bull.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

"Now Andrew, Anthony, and William,
For Valentine draw Prue, Kate, Julian."

POOR ROBIN'S ALMANACK FOR 1676.

THE rural tradition, that birds choosing their mates on this day gave rise to the custom of drawing Valentines, has been a favourite idea with our poets, from Chaucer to the present time. That ancient bard supposes nature thus to address the feathered choir on the fourteenth of February:—

Ye know well, how on St. Valentine's day,
By my statute and through my governaunce,
Ye doe chuse your mates, and after she away
With them as I pricke you with pleasaunce.

Shakspeare, also, alludes to the same notion in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The ceremony of this day, however, has been attributed to various sources, besides the tradition mentioned. The legend itself of St. Valentine, a Presbyter of the church, who was beheaded under the Emperor Claudius, contains nothing which could give origin to the custom; notwithstanding the inference drawn by Wheatley, in his *Illustration of the Common Prayer*, that "from the great love and charity of that Saint, the custom of choosing Valentines upon his festival (which is still practised) took its rise." For were not all Saints famous for their love and charity? And surely the writer does not mean that we should understand the word love, as implying gallantry!

Another opinion, that because ghosts were formerly thought to walk on the night of this day, or about this time, that gallantry had, at the Reformation, taken up an idea which superstition had been compelled to drop, is equally unsatisfactory; since we have unquestionable authority from the *Paston Correspondence*, that the custom of choosing Valentines was common in the reign of Edward IV. Margaret Brew, in a letter printed in Sir John Fenn's collection of these curious documents, dated February, 1476, addresses it to her "Right well-beloved *Valentine* John Paston, Esq." The letter itself contains the genuine dictates of the heart of a young lady deeply in love, and apprehensive that her father will not give her such a fortune on her marriage as the gentleman who paid his addresses to her expected, she therefore fears the continuance of his affection, but assures him of hers:—

"Ryght reverende and worschipful, and my right well-beloved *Voluntyne*, I recomainde me unto you full heretely, desyryng to here of your wellfare, which I besecche Almighty God long for to preserve unto hys plesur, and your herts desyr."

The style of the whole, though obsolete, is extremely tender, and could not be easily exceeded by a Valentine of the present day. She tells him, "if it pleases him to here of her wellfare, she is not in good health of body, nor herte, nor shall be tyll she hears from hym." And finishes by desiring him to destroy her letter when he has read it, as she would on no ac-

count have any one know what she has written to him.

Lydgate, the monk of Bury, in some complimentary verses on Catherine, Queen of Henry V., says,

Scynt Valentine of custome yeere by yeere,
Men have an usance in this regioun
To loke and serche Cupid's kalendere,
And chose theyr choyse by grcte affeccion.

Wharton also, in his History of English Poetry, has given us a specimen of a curious French Valentine, composed by Gower, the contemporary of Chaucer. Charles Duke of Orleans, father of Louis XII., when a prisoner in England, composed some verses in honour of this festival; and other allusions are made to it by early writers, sufficient to prove the origin of the custom to be long anterior to the period stated.

Some have asserted this to have been an observance peculiar to Carnival time, which occurred anciently at this season of the year, when it was usual for vast numbers of Knights to visit the courts of Europe, where they entertained the ladies with pageantry and tournaments. Each lady, at these magnificent feats, selected, we are told, a Knight, who engaged to serve her for a whole year, and to perform whatever she chose to command. One of the never-failing consequences of the engagement was an injunction to employ his muse in the celebration of his mistress; and hence the custom of writing and sending verses and love-letters on this day.

Menage, in his Etymological Dictionary, has accounted for the term *Valentine*, by stating that

Madame Royale, daughter of King Henry IV. of France, having built a palace near Turin, which, in honour of the Saint, then in high esteem, she called *the Valentine*, at the first entertainment which she gave in it, was pleased to order that the ladies should receive their lovers *for the year* by lots, reserving to herself the privilege of being independent of chance, and of *choosing* her own partner. At the various balls which this gallant Princess gave during the year, it was directed that each lady should receive a nosegay from her lover, and that at every tournament, the Knight's trappings for his horse should be furnished by his allotted mistress, with this proviso, that the prize obtained should be her's. This custom, says Menage, occasioned the parties to be called Valentines.

A writer of the early part of the seventeenth century tells us, that at this festival the men used to make the women presents, as, upon another occasion, the women used to do to the men; but that presents were to that day made reciprocally in Scotland. To which Pennant, in his tour to that country, adds, that in February young persons draw Valentines, and from thence collect their future fortunes in the nuptial state.

In the British Apollo (1708) we read:—

Why Valentines, a day to choose
A mistress and our freedom lose?
May I my reason interpose,
The question with an answer close?
To imitate we have a mind,
And couple like the winged kind.

And in the same work, vol. ii. (1709), is this further illustration of the subject:—

“ *Quest.*—In choosing Valentines (according to custom), is not the party choosing (be it man or woman) to make a present to the party chosen?”

“ *Answ.*—We think it more proper to say drawing Valentines, since the most customary way is for each to take his or her lot; and chance cannot be termed choice. According to this method, the obligations are equal, and therefore it was formerly the custom mutually to present; but now it is customary only for the gentleman.”

Grose explains Valentine to mean the first woman seen by a man, or man seen by a woman, on St. Valentine's day, the 14th of February.

Perhaps Mr. Douce's conjecture, in his *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, that the custom of Valentines is a relict of Paganism, is the most probable. “It was the practice of ancient Rome,” observes that gentleman, “during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the *Lupercalia*, which were feasts in honour of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named *Februata*, *Februalis*, and *Februella*. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of every young woman were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian church, who, by every possible means, endeavoured to eradicate the vestiges of Pagan superstitions, and chiefly by some commutation of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints, instead of those of the woman; and, as the festival of the *Lupercalia* commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's Day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred

nearly at the same time. 'This is in part Butler's opinion in his *Lives of the Saints*. It should seem, however, that it was utterly impossible to extirpate altogether any ceremony to which the common people had been much accustomed; a fact which it were easy to prove, in tracing the origin of various other popular superstitions; and accordingly, the outline of the ancient ceremonies was preserved, but modified by some adaptation to the Christian system. It is reasonable to suppose that the above practice of choosing mates would gradually become reciprocal in the sexes; and that all persons so chosen, would be called Valentines, from the day on which the ceremony took place."

The modes of ascertaining the Valentine for the year, were nearly the same formerly as at present; they consisted either in drawing lots on Valentine's Eve, or in considering the person whom you met early in the following morning as the destined object. In the former case, the names of a certain number of the fair sex were, by an equal number of the other, put into a vase, which, for the time, was termed their *Valentine*, and was considered as predictive of their future fortune in marriage; in the second, there was usually some little contrivance adopted, in order that the favoured object, when such existed, might be first seen. To this custom Shakespeare refers, when he represents Ophelia, in her distraction, singing—

Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

In the Connoisseur we find a curious species of divination, as practised on Valentine's Day, or Eve, which some of our fair youthful readers may not be displeased to be acquainted with: it is supposed to be a communication from a young lady to the author:—

“ Last Friday was Valentine's day, and the night before I got five bay leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillows, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamed of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed, ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water, and the first that rose up was to be our Valentine—would you think it! Mr. Blossom was my man! I lay a-bed, and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house, for I would not have seen any other man before him for all the world.”

The practice of sitting cross-legged, and sending presents to the person chosen, has been continued to modern times: and we may add a trait, not now observed, perhaps, on the authority of an old English ballad, in which the lasses are directed to pray cross-legged to St. Valentine for good luck.

Herald.

THE INVITATION TO THE FETE AT HOLLY-GROVE.

AIR—" *Oh, banquet not !*"

COME, banquet here in these shady bowers,
 Where Dukes and Lords resort to me ;
 For mine's a garden of choicest flowers,
 And the goblet shall fill our hearts with glee.
 Oh, yes, we'll have some glorious fun,
 And boozy we'll get with rosy wine—
 And when we can neither walk nor run,
 On the verdant turf will we recline.

There, where the holly's evergreen boughs
 Their prickly leaves around us shed,
 We'll brim the bowl to our former vows,
 With thanks to him whose spirit's fled :
 Or, should some blighted old tree wave
 Its naked branches near the spot,
 We'll drink, as we think of the cheerless grave
 Where the banker sleeps—by all forgot.

Bell's Life in London.

A SCRAP FOR THE CREDULOUS.

A WESTERN paper mentions the following as an easy method of taking owls: When you discover one on a tree, and find that it is looking at you, all you have to do is to move quickly round the tree several times, when the owl's attention will be so firmly fixed, that, forgetting the necessity of turning its body with its head, it will follow your motions until it wrings its head off!—Well done, Jonathan!

John Bull.

ADVENTURES OF A MATHEMATICIAN.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XXIII.

THREE duck-legged nymphs of the Piazza were charged with having despoiled Thomas George Lord Townsend of three sovereigns and a ten pound bank note. The damsels gave their names, *Charlotte Webb*, *Amelia Bennett*, and *Martha Archer*; but Thomas George Lord Townsend designated them, “the female in blue”—“the female in green”—and “the female in the straw bonnet and clogs.”

Thomas George Lord Townsend is not a *lord*, but a *mathematician*, of small dimensions and large voice; and with a three-ounce snuff-box in his right hand, and a pinch of “Prince’s mixture” between his left thumb and finger, he detailed the adventure which led to the loss of his money, with great coolness and apparent self-satisfaction.

In the first place, he described himself to be “Teacher of mathematics and writing-master, at Mr. Byng’s Establishment, Acton-green, near Ealing, in the county of Middlesex.” This done, he absorbed an ample pinch of Prince’s mixture, and without closing his box, or waiting to disencumber his upper lip of the supernumerary particles, he proceeded with his story; from which it appeared that, as he was walking along James-street, Covent-garden, between four and five o’clock on the preceding afternoon, he met the “female in blue,” who very kindly asked him

how he did ; and he as kindly asked her to take a glass of warm brandy and water with him. Now the “female in blue” was no other than Charlotte Webb, otherwise Dunstable Charlotte, a damsel chiefly celebrated for an Ashantee physiognomy ; an unfortunate *penchant* for thieves and thievery, and an unquenchable passion for a compound *liqueur* called “gin and cloves.” She accepted the Mathematician’s invitation to drink —only she stipulated for her favourite beverage ; and when they had taken each off their glass, at the Ship Tavern in James-street, Dunstable Lotty invited the Mathematician to a cup of souchong and crumpets, at her apartments in Seven Dials. At those apartments Dunstable Lotty, *alias* “the female in blue,” introduced the “female in green” to the Mathematician ; and when they had taken a very comfortable cup of tea, the Mathematician and the “female in blue” sat down to a game at cribbage. They played till the Mathematician was *minus* nineteen shillings ; and then, having had cribbage enough, he proposed that they should go back to the Ship Tavern, and have some more brandy, or any thing else the ladies might like better. Just at this moment the “female in the straw bonnet and clogs” dropped in, and they all adjourned to the Ship Tavern together—the female in blue, the female in green, and the female in the straw bonnet and clogs, all in a row, arm in arm, and the Mathematician in front, gallantly leading the way.

Arrived at the Ship Tavern, each called for “what liked them best,” viz. the female in blue, gin and cloves ; the female in green, gin and pep-

permint ; and the female in the straw bonnet and clogs, a modicum of pure *max* ; and the Mathematician, brandy slightly diluted. Glass after glass went gaily round, and the Mathematician displayed his money, and begged the ladies not to stint themselves in any thing ; and for every thing they drank he gaily paid, and, as he said, it was all exactly *comme il faut*, and quite comfortable. But happiness like this was not made to last ; and the tenth round of glasses was but just brought in, when the ladies began to be weary of *max* and mathematics ; and therefore, in order to get rid of them both, and bring the business to regular issue, they resolved to pick a quarrel with the generous Mathematician. The female in the straw bonnet and clogs began the row, by declaring that the Mathematician had boxed her ears : the astonished Mathematician denied it ; the female in blue told him, if he had served her so, she would have knocked his eye out at his ear ; and the female in green threatened to unscrew his snuff *dépôt*. And then, before he could reply, the female in the straw bonnet and clogs seized him by the collar ; the female in green dived her hand into his pocket with mathematical precision, and abstracted all his remaining money ; and the female in blue bolted with it ! In a moment blue and green were both gone ; and straw bonnet and clogs, unclogged by her clogs, was not long in following. The simple Mathematician, thus “ cleaned out,” had no resource but calling the watch. The watch came to his call, and in the course of an hour after, the ladies were all lodged in the watch-house ; but

none of the money was found upon them, except the nineteen shillings which the female in blue won at cribbage.

In their defence they endeavoured to make the Magistrate believe that the Mathematician was not a Mathematician, but a "regular flash man," and therefore not entitled to the protection of the law; but, at the same time, they positively denied having meddled with his money, and they declared that they ran away from him because he challenged them to fight!

They were committed for further examination.

Herald.

THE WHITE HAT.

ANSWER TO ONE WHO ASKED ME WHY I WEAR A WHITE HAT.

YOU ask me the reason I wear a white hat,
 'Tis for *lightness* I wear it, what think you of that?
 So *light* is its weight, that no headach I rue;
 So *light* its expence, that it wears me out two;
 So *light* is its colour, it never looks dusty;
 So *light* though I treat it, it never "rides *rusty*;"
 So *light* in its fashion, its shape, and its air,
 So *light* in its sit, its fit, and its wear;
 So *light* in its turning, its twisting, its twining,
 So *light* in its beaver, its binding, and lining;
 So *light* to a figure, so *light* to a letter,
 And if *light* my excuse, may you *light* on a better.

Post.

THE TWO GREATEST MEN OF THE AGE.

A CERTAIN victorious General, who has been created a Field-marshal and a Duke, lately honoured one of the musical parties of the celebrated Countess of S—— A—— with his company. When the hour came for mingling other joys with those of music, the Duke offered his arm to his portly hostess to conduct her to the supper-room, and the Countess, as she accepted it, put her other arm under that of a celebrated musical composer, and said she felt herself extremely happy to be supported by the two greatest men of the age. Neither of the persons whom she thus meant to compliment seemed pleased to be so coupled; each believed himself the greatest, but neither was ready to allow the second place to the other. The noble Duke drew himself up, and only deigned to reply by a long-drawn hem! while the musician was heard to mutter something about *homme de génie comparé à un petit corporal—quelle insulte!*

THE GREAT CORPORAL AND THE DRUM-MAJOR.

"Et certamen erat, Corydon cum Thyrside, moenum."—VIRG. ECL.

"Music hath charms"—"War smooths his wrinkled front,"
 And fifty-six smiles just like twenty—
 Proof how victoriously we've borne the brunt,
 When here we see both peace and plenty!

Chronicle.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

How very seldom do we find
 A relish in the human mind
 For friendship pure and real—
 How few its approbation seek,
 How oft we count its censures weak,
 Disguising what we feel.
 Adulation lives to please—
 Truth dies the victim of disease,
 Forgotten by the world:
 The flattery of the fool delights
 The wise; rebuke our pride affrights,
 And virtue's banner's furl'd.
 Wherefore do we censure Fate,
 When she withholds the perfect state
 Of friendship from our grasp,
 If we ourselves have not the power,
 The mind to enjoy the blessed hour,
 The fleeting treasure clasp?

English Spy.

WISDOM IS SORROW.

DR. BALGUY, a preacher of great celebrity, on account of the excellence of his sermons, after having delivered an exceedingly good discourse at Winchester Cathedral, the text of which was, "All wisdom is sorrow," received the following extempore but elegant compliment from Dr. Warton, then at Winchester School:

If what you advance, dear Doctor, be true,
 That "wisdom is sorrow," how wretched are you!

New Times.

THE WISDOM'S IN THE WIG.

A CHANCERY CASE.

A REPORT of the Bishop of Chester's having thrown aside his wig, and the Gentlemen of the Bar in the Court of Chancery being about to imitate his Lordship, gave rise to the following *jeu d'esprit*.

THE Hall of Lincoln's Inn was swept,
 The Counsel, primed, were in their places;
 The Chancellor (first having wept),
 Begged a postponement of the cases.
 For he must call their close attention,
 Before the business should commence,
 To what he felt it pain to mention—
 A pain without a recompense.
 He had examin'd, doubted, ponder'd,
 Over and o'er the monstrous change,
 And must declare how much he wonder'd
 That Prelates from church rules should range.
 He had no grain of hesitation,
 Though evidence he might not raise,
 That men of apostolic station
 Wore cauliflowers in St. Paul's days.
 Custom had made the thing a law,
 A precept until now ne'er broken,
 And much he feared this dangerous flaw
 Was but of larger rents a token.
 Elsewhere he'd seen the Church, with sorrow,
 Attacked by bills, like bankrupt dockets;
 But, thanks to Heaven! he on the morrow
 Had two score proxies in his pockets.
 And had his post of duty taken,
 To put down all like innovation,
 Leaving e'en L——l forsaken,
 After a long expostulation.

He now was old, but he would never
 Cease to watch o'er the church with care,
 Nor see religion's pillar sever—
 As soon would he resign that chair.
 Whoe'er denied that wigs were part
 And parcel of our pure religion,
 He'd say, with hand upon his heart,
 Was duller than a "senseless wigeon."
 But he this act no longer prest on,
 To Peterborough he'd resign it,
 Who'd make of wigs his hundredth question,
 And force his diocese to sign it.
 He now among the Bar would enter,
 And ask if in this grave profession,
 Custom ruled not from bound to centre,
 And sense gave precedent concession?
 If wigs are not without a fiction,
 Their dear inheritance—while Nature
 And art, beyond all contradiction,
 Thus join t' improve the lawyer's feature?
 Nay, furthermore, he did not doubt
 (He never certain spoke till then),
 The wig was all the head without,
 And all within some legal men.
 Was it not ancient, venerable?
 From our ancestors sent down—
 Had it not ages round that table
 Shook o'er the emblems of the crown?
 And was it to be *now* rejected
 In these wild inexperienced days,
 When free trade's foolishly protected,
 And men seek heaven *illegal* ways?
 (Here overcome at his devotion,
 To them and theirs the Bar was sobbing;
 All but the suitors showed emotion—
 Th' receivers all forgot their jobbing.)
 At length he hoped—he thought he might,
 As he so long had in it sate,
 The Court, while he beheld the light,
 Would ne'er thus rashly innovate.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

EATING.

“EATING,” says *Sylvester Daggerwood*, “is a popular amusement for man and horse;” and it doubtless has formed one of the many entertainments of my readers from infancy upwards. I wish I could recollect my sensations, on taking my first spoonful of pap; for we Protestants were all *pap*-ists in our infancy. I always look upon a spoon as the precursor of all culinary pleasures—then tops and bottoms come in for a share of my sympathy; and my heart (like Wordsworth’s) overflows at the sight of a *pap*-boat—the boat a child first mans. To speak nautically, how many a *row* is there in the *pap*-boat; how many a *squall* with it, when it is once brought in contact with the *skull*. I am now corpulent, but I was in those days a *lighter man*;—but, pshaw! what am I about—

“If I have any fault, it is digression.”

Why am I talking of Father Thames, when I should be gazing at Guildhall—venerable seat of civic festivity? Surely our city folk must have the organ of destructiveness to an extraordinary degree, if the ghosts of the innocent lambkins, the martyred sheep, the butchered bullocks, and the bleating calves, that have suffered on the shrine of city sensuality (as Phillips would say,) could arise and assemble in their primitive forms, at the place of their demolition. Messrs. Gog and Magog might disregard the old adage, and

come away before they heard the clock strike, were those injured innocents arrayed with purpose of vengeance. Nelson's ghost might own fear—William Pitt's sprite make himself scarce; and thus take out, instead of bringing in a bill.

Candid Readers, can you believe me, when I tell you, that I, who speak thus reverentially of gastronomy, was once a vegetable dieter. There is no denying it—I swore, holding Mr. Newton in my hand, and Sir Richard Phillips in my eye, —I swore to become a very Brahma;—nay, to such a pitch of enthusiasm did I carry my theory, that I banished, as an animal substance, the innocent milk from my tea equipage: and when my Readers also bear in mind another fact, that, as a disciple of Mr. Peacock, and a rigid antisaccharinite, I take no *sugar*, they may judge my breakfast was not a very luxurious meal. Then, at dinner, what did I not undergo; there were the old every-day-acquaintances—spinage, potatoes, and greens, coming in different disguises (like Mathews in a *Monopolylogue*, but not half so agreeable);—then puddings, sans suet (what would Dicky Suett have said to such pudding?) and rice without milk. Heigho! I became nearly as thin as Mr. Wanley's Philotus; my cheeks fell in, like recruits from this discipline—my pallid face spoke for me, or I might have said with the man in the *Critic*,—

“Am I a *beet-eater* now?”

Things could not go on for ever thus;—dreams haunted my nocturnal imagination. I saw visions of legs of pork—semblances of loins of veal—

and chops, that my mouth watered at. Frail human nature began to relax a little; and one morning, whilst Betty went to fetch me some radishes, I slyly buttered a roll at my landlady's larder;—every cow that lowed afterwards, for a week, seemed to be reproaching me. I wavered, as to repeating the crime; but want of opportunity, I believe, prevented it. I should have “continued on” living (existing) upon cabbage, but for my good friend H—. I went to his hospitable board one Sabbath-day, and a savoury smell assailed my nostrils. Olfactory powers preserve me!—he had a roasting pig. He urged me to partake, I declined;—he pressed, I refused. I began to reflect on the tenderness of my heart; and then—on the tenderness of the pig. Yet shame whispered to me—shall I forego the singularity of my opinions for a physical gratification; shall I sell my principles, like Esau, and no more hear it said, “that is Mr. R—, the vegetable dieter?” Oh! Perdius, how truly hast thou said, “*pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier hic est.*”—At length I resolved, like Brutus, not to sell the mighty meed of my large honours, for as much stuff as might be gulped thus. I quitted the house, but the fatal blow had been struck. My nose (a Roman one) had turned revolutionist; and my mind and stomach declared open war. It was in this temperament I entered the Barnard's Inn Coffee-house. I sat down in the coffee-room, and, mustering resolution, rang the bell. The waiter obeyed the summons—the die was cast, and I must order something—“Bring me a mutton chop!” I cried faintly;—as he was retiring, I,

added, "Waiter! bring two—bring two." They were brought, and I soon swallowed my murmurs and my mutton together; and recollecting an old point of Newgate logic, that a gentleman may as well hang for a bullock as a lamb, I devoured three more chops previous to starting. But think not, gentle Reader, that my conscience had then arrived at its present callosity; no, I thought every sojourner at the tavern eyed my delinquency with looks of reprobation; and as I returned home through Smithfield (it was market-day), I felt, like the Irishman, that I had devoured so many mutton-chops that I was actually ashamed to look a sheep in the face. But I will relinquish my egotism, and generalise my subject.

Our practice, if not our theory, in eating, varies at different periods of our existence; the first epoch is the change from saccharine to savoury; the second, our school-days. What a woful difference do the master Jackys discover between the well-filled larders of home, and the bare trenchers of an academy—between the Christmas pudding of mamma's making, and the thing bearing the same cognomen, "but no more like the puddings," &c. that our pastors present to us—a globular white non-descript, with plums at so awful a distance, that it seems as if they had only reached there by accident; puddings in which, as they remark at Dr. D.'s, one raisin might say to the other, "*here am I, but where are you?*" It is only after we have emerged from the regions of learning that we come to the unlimited enjoyment of fish, flesh, and fowl: then for public dinners, and private parties, and all the various

delights of luncheons, nuncheons*, dinings, and supplings.

Eating is an operation more dependent on habit than any other; when I say this, I do not mean to infer that life can be supported without food, but that it is immaterial what that food is, if the consumer is only habituated to it. An Oronooko savage will subsist upon clay†, and an Esquimaux child will devour blubber, though it vomits at the taste of sugar.

Richard the Second preferred the leg of a Sarracen to pork; and indeed the professors of man-eating have been so numerous, as to induce a belief that there must be a peculiar delicacy in so repelling a novelty. The science of gastronomy is little understood by barbarians—they are all gluttons; it is only the civilized man that becomes an epicure. Think of the pleasures of dining with a Kamtschadale, who will carve an enormous slice of sea-calf, and thrust it into your mouth, nearly choking you, and exclaiming, in friendly humor, “*tana!*” (there!) at the same time cutting away with his knife what overplus of the meat that may hang about your lips, and swallowing that himself, in token of good fellowship. “In 1762,” says Evelyn, in his Diary, “one Richardson, amongst other feats,

* The meaning of these two words are generally confounded or totally misunderstood. Nuncheon means a meal between breakfast and dinner; whilst lunch, say our lexicographers, meaneth “as much food as one’s hand can hold.”

† A hog (no relation of the Estrick Shepherd) was lately embosomed in the cliffs of Dover, and actually lived seven weeks by licking the chalk alone.

performed the following: taking a live coal on his tongue, he put on it a raw oyster; the coal was blown on with bellows till it flamed and sparkled in his mouth, and so remained till the oyster gaped, and was quite boiled." After this simple method, Adam's cooking apparatus must fall into discredit.

I must confess some tales of the ancients throw great discredit upon the powers of our modern consumers. Milo, it is said, could not only knock an ox down, but also eat it up: how he could swallow it, I know not, for I cannot even swallow the account of it. These sort of tales often arise from error, more frequently from jests, like the story of the cat-eater. I do maintain, and do not fear contradiction, that there are many rubicund gentlemen in this metropolis, that might be backed against any masticators since the days of Adam himself. I can elucidate the subject of misrepresentation, by a little circumstance which actually happened: "Mr. A. went to the Swan at Bedford, and ordered dinner; a goose was brought; he hacked it in a style at which Mrs. Glass would have fainted; indeed, so wretched was the carving, that he actually became ashamed of its appearance himself; at this moment, a mendicant implored his charity at the window; he immediately deposited the goose in the apron of the applicant, rang the bell, and asked for his bill; the waiter gazed a moment at the empty dish, and then rushing to the landlord, exclaimed, 'Oh! measter, measter, the gentleman's eat the goose, bones and all!' and the worthies of Bedford tell the tale with marks of wonder still."

The superior powers of the English over the inhabitants of all other nations in eating, is, I believe, now universally acknowledged. The sedentary Dutch have yielded, since Picton pitted a Yorkshireman against a Hanoverian to eat for a fortnight, and found, at the end of a week, the Englishman was a sirloin of beef and two hands of pork at the head of his antagonist!—the *hands* of pork gave the Briton the *palm*; I hope he had also “ladies’ fingers” for pastry. I must here beg leave to mention another anecdote of a man equally gluttonous and penurious, and who would eat any *given* quantity: this gentleman dining once with a member of the Society of Friends, who was also a scion of Elwes’ school, after having eat enough for four moderate visitors, re-helped himself, exclaiming, “You see it’s cut and come again, with me!” to which the sectarian gravely replied, “Friend, *cut* again thou may’st, but *come* again thou never shalt.”

We eat our way to every thing in this country: a draughtsman is not deemed fit to *draw* a bill in Chancery till he has *drawn* some corks in Lincoln’s-inn-hall; and a barrister must eat a dozen dinners before he can make one motion. The Theatrical Fund and the Bible Society both have their dinners: we gluttonize at a wedding, and at a funeral we mingle our tears with cake and wine. And after all, is not this literally following the Christian ordinance, “Eat to-day, for to-morrow you die?” The custom is ancient and respectable; and though we may not pursue it with the avidity of Domitian, we may be allowed to follow it with a decent degree of

ardour. Scarcely any one now-a-days (for this is not the era for Anchorites) dislikes eating; it is not only a pleasant, but an useful accomplishment; and as necessity compels, as well as appetite persuades, every true sportsman will keep himself in readiness at any time to start for the plate; the man who carves at a table, is more estimable than he who cuts up in a review; and if a social party, with the good things of this life before them, is not a tolerable emblem of comfort, I know little about human felicity.

Bell's Weekly Dispatch.

THE HEROIC HEAD IN CHANCERY.

MACHEATH—"My hand, my heart, my dear, is so riveted to thee, that I cannot unloose my hold."—*Beggar's Opera*, act 1.

Into the Gulf brave Curtius leapt,
And in the arms of honour slept,
Nor here did patriot Eld-n doubt;
Into *this Gulf** the hero stept,
So strict to *precedent* he kept—
But none he finds for *stepping out*!

* We call the Court of Chancery *a Gulf*, with an eye to a passage in Milton, which may apply here, though written on the charms and perils of woman:

"They are Angels all above the waist;
Below, th' unfathomable Gulf."

Above, is *Equity*—below, the *Court*.

Chronicle.

ON HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
 As the concealed comforts of a man
 Lock'd up in woman's love. MIDDLETON.

" To these whom Death again did wed,
 The grave's the second marriage-bed ;
 For though the hand of Fate could force
 'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
 It could not sever man and wife,
 Because they both lived but one life.
 Peace, good reader, do not weep ;
 Peace, the lovers are asleep :
 They, sweet turtles, folded lie
 In the last knot that love could tie.
 Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
 Till this stormy night be gone,
 And the eternal morrow dawn,
 Then the curtains will be drawn,
 And they waken with that light,
 Whose day shall never sleep in night."
Globe and Traveller.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE

" Good Sir, if you'll show the best of your skill
 To pick a virtuous creature,
 Then pick such a wife, as you love a life,
 Of a comely grace and feature.
 The noblest part let it be her heart,
 Without deceit or cunning ;
 With a nimble wit, and all things fit,
 With a tongue that's never running :
 The hair of her head it must not be red,
 But fair and brown as a berry ;
 Her forehead high, with a crystal eye,
 Her lips as red as a cherry."
New London Magazine.

THE NEW CLUB.

WE have to announce the opening of a new club in Regent-street, under the title of *The Minerva*, which bids fair to rival many establishments of a similar nature in that neighbourhood, and to lead to the rapid formation of many more.

The founder of this new society is Mr. Baker, an eminent tailor, who, shocked at the disagreeable necessity under which journeymen and foremen found themselves, of taking their dinners promiscuously in public tap-rooms, where they were liable to the endurance of affronts, and hearing sarcastic observations upon their trade, has most meritoriously commenced this laudable undertaking. Lest any thing like a stigma should attach to the name of the club, it has been deemed necessary to put it beyond the reach of ridicule, by styling it "*La Société Minerve des Marchands Tailleurs Coupeurs*;" thus raising it above the paltry anglicisms which debase the Travellers, the United University, Boodle's, the Cocoa Tree, &c., displaying at once the elegance of the minds of those who are associated under its banners, and affording an instance of refinement hardly to be looked for, even in the enlightenment of the nineteenth century.

It appears that this club, like other clubs, has more than one object in view, and that while convenience and the pleasures of rational society are the principal features of the establishment, still business is not to be lost sight of—the truth is, that several persons have intruded themselves

into the art of tailoring who are ignorant of its first principles, fellows, each of whom might exclaim with Shakspear,

“ I know not *seams*,”

and who cut and slash broad-cloth without the smallest *tact* or judgment—all these evils were displayed with considerable energy by Mr. Baker, who kindly took the chair.

One member, evidently a wag, and far above the little-mindedness which shrinks from professional satire, is reported in the Morning Chronicle to have made the following attack upon the master tailors.

“ The Honourable Gentleman considered there was no necessity for having the assistance of the master tailors. That class of persons was composed of men—no, he could not call them men (*a laugh*)—of individuals the most cruel and tyrannical that ever sat cross-legged (*a laugh*). He did not say that the position to which he called the attention of the meeting necessarily implied an education for charity; but certain it was, that the moment the legs of the trade were applied to no other than the ordinary purpose for which legs were intended, that moment the tailor became a different being—began to domineer and oppress, and thus lost the character of a man. It was this desperate love and exercise of power, on the part of the masters, that flung upon the whole trade the reproach of being but an insignificant portion of man (*loud laughter*). There were thirty-three persons now present, with the dimensions, passions, appetites, and spirits of

men (*laughter*), and was it not too hard to be told, that very little more than three men and a half were to be found there? (*continued laughter*). This was intolerable (*laughter*), and the masters had to answer for it. He would rather go back to the *planks* than be indebted to such men. They would never do any thing except for their own advantage; and as he could *cut* a figure in society without their assistance, he felt disposed to cut them off from any communication with the Society."

The meeting was respectably attended, and we gather some very satisfactory information upon the authority of Mr. Baker. We learn, first, that the foremen of tailors receive from three to six hundred pounds per annum; and secondly, that the *Société Minerve* is already so well established, that the chairman has been presented with a magnificent gold snuff-box by the members.

Gentlemen whose tender hearts are pained by the distresses of the manufacturing classes, will do well to read the proceedings of the new Minerva Club, to which we are led to believe, a rival, founded on different political principles, is threatened. Thus we shall have, in a short time, Regent-street boasting, besides several other public institutions of a similar nature, its *Flints* and *Dungs*, as St. James's-street has its *White's* and *Brookes's*.

John Bull.

“ LIFE ” AND LOVE POWDERS;

OR, THE BREWERS *versus* Dr. MALTHUS.

OF all the rogues that cheat the Town,
 Sure none so roguish as the Brewer,
 Who tries to put poor Malthus down,
 By making evey man a *Wooer*.
 O, the Brewers! naughty Brewers,
 To make men universal Wooers!

When we drink their love potations,
 Though our thoughts be spotless quite,
 Yet we've wicked inclinations,
 And toss and tumble through the night.
 O, such a night;—our rests broke quite—
 No tongue can tell how *queer* our plight.

And what can tender *Maidens* do
 Against the all-prevailing liquor?
 When Vice will Virtue oft subdue
Without it—with it, sure, 'twill quicker.
 O, the liquor!—nasty liquor,
 Brings poor Maidens' ruin quicker!

If Brewers brew not porter pure,
 Then let us drink no drink but water;
 Or else no man will keep secure
 His loving wife, or virtuous daughter:
 O, what slaughter!—wife and daughter
 Drink immaculate spring water!
Bell's Life in London.

THE BUTCHERS' PETITION.

IN a petition of the butchers of a lage manufacturing town in Lancashire, lately presented to the House of Commons, is the following statement: “ That the interest of your petitioners is of itself an abundant stimulus to the careful management of *their hides and skins*.”

Chronicle.



Designed by T. Rowlandson.

TEDDY THE TAILOR;

OR, A TROUBLESOME CUSTOMER.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XXIV.

EDWARD LEONARD was charged with having assaulted Mary, the wife of Thomas O'Reily.

Mr. Leonard lodged in Mr. O'Reily's house, and, like most of his countrymen of the like class, he is given to imbibing more beer than his brains will bear. This seems to have been the case with him on Saturday night, for he came home at a most unseasonable hour, and because Mr. O'Reily would not get up and light a candle for him, he most unconscionably threatened to fracture his skull, break his back, and put his nose out of joint. Now Mr. O'Reily is a quiet, harmless, little man, and, being at that time warm and comfortable in his bed, he thought it best to lie still and take no notice. But Mrs. O'Reily

(knowing Ted Leonard's furious propensities,⁹ and fearing he would really attempt to do some one or other of those things he had mentioned) got up to remonstrate with him; and in so doing she was rudely pushed about by Ted Leonard who talked of the liberties he ought to be allowed as a lodger. The d—l a bit he cared for the whole house put together, he said; and, if it was not for the trouble of it, he would make every man and woman in the house fly out at the top of the chimney! And still he kept calling upon poor Mr. O'Reily to get up and have his nose put out of joint; and he made such a tremendous hubbub, not only in the house, but in the whole neighbourhood, that at last, by common consent, he was sent off to the watch-house.

The poor woman was either so unwell, or so much agitated, whilst she was telling this story, that the Magistrate ordered her a chair, and Mr. O'Reily himself was pale as death with fear; but nevertheless they both said they had no wish to proceed in the business; all they wanted was to be allowed to sleep more quietly in future.

As for Teddy Leonard himself, he seemed perfectly at his ease, though he was in a wretched case for so high spirited a person; his principal garment had doubtless done good service to at least a dozen proprietors in succession; his inexpressibles (drab *slacks*) were napless, grease-spotted, and ventilated at the knees: and he had only one shoe; but then he had plenty of black eyes, and his large small-pox indented cheeks were very handsomely overlaid with a fret-work of scratches.

● When Mr. and Mrs. O'Reily had said all that they had to say, he never attempted to reply, but stood lounging against the bar, sucking his teeth and twirling his hat, until the Magistrate called upon him for his defence, and thereupon ensued the following colloquy :—

“ What have you to say to all this, Mr. Leonard ? ”

“ Humph—I don't know ; they've served me pretty tidy going along, I think, punching at me with their shilaleaghs as they would at a wool-sack.”

“ Perhaps you did not go along quietly ? ”

“ No, 'faith, I wasn't likely, for I was thinking of going to bed at that same time ; and there's no *fun* in being pulled away to a watch-house when a man's thinking of going to bed.”

“ What are you ? What is your trade ? ”

“ My trade !—why, I'm a tailor—the more's my luck.”

“ Please your Worship,” said one of the watchmen, seemingly quite surprised at finding he had had so much trouble with a *tailor* ; “ please your Worship, as we were taking him to the watch-house, he up with his fist and knocked me down like a bullock ! ”

“ Are *you* the man that poked your stick in *my* eye ? ” said Teddy Leonard, turning very leisurely to the speaker ; “ when a watchman had hold of the two sides of me, each of 'em fast and sure, there was he jumping before me, and poking his stick at me like a cock-sparrow. Och ! but I wish I *know'd* you when I saw you this morning ! ”

"Well, you know him now," said the Magistrate.

"Know him!" replied Teddy Leonard, "not I faith, for it's a disgrace to be knowing such a *consarn*; and by the same token, he, or some of the rest of 'em, pocketed my shoe that night, and I haven't got it since, but another."

"But how came you to alarm these honest people in the way you have done?" said the Magistrate; "have you a wife of your own?"

"No, indeed, nor like to have; for I'm quite alone, and comfortable."

"Well, then," said his Worship, "we must endeavour to make you let other folks be as comfortable as yourself, by calling upon you to find securities for your keeping the peace in future."

"Very good, your Worship; that's all very right; and I dare say I'll keep the peace longer nor the peace keeps me," replied comfortable Teddy; and so saying, he followed the gaoler to his uncomfortable apartments.

Bell's Life in London

ORIGIN OF THE WORD HUBBUB.

HEBOU, in Arabic, signifies a cloud of dust, and *hehub*, the wind blowing about: hence the English word *hubbub*, the derivation of which has puzzled Johnson and all the lexicographers so much.

Post.

A D R E A M.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

WELL may sleep present us fictions,
 Since our waking moments teem
 With such fanciful convictions
 As make life itself a dream—
 Half our daylight, faith's a fable ;
 Sleep disports with shadows too,
 Seeming in their turn as stable
 As the world we wake to view.
 Ne'er by day did Reason's mint
 Give my thoughts a clearer print
 Of assured reality,
 Than was left by Phantasy
 Stamp'd and colour'd on my sprite,
 In a dream of yesternight.
 In a bark, methought, lone steering,
 I was cast on ocean's strife,
 This, 'twas whisper'd in my hearing,
 Meant the sea of life.
 Sad regrets from past existence
 Came, like gales of chilling breath:
 Shadow'd in the forward distance
 Lay the land of death.
 Now seeming more, now less remote,
 On that dim-seen shore, methought
 I beheld two hands a space
 Slow unshroud a spectre's face ;
 And my flesh's hair upstood,—
 'Twas mine own similitude.
 But my soul revived at seeing
 Ocean, like an emerald spark,
 Kindle, while an air-dropt being
 Smiling steer'd my bark.
 Heaven-like—yet he look'd as human
 As supernal beauty can,
 More compassionate than woman,
 Lordly more than man.
 And as some sweet clarion's breath
 Stirs the soldier's scorn of death—

So his accents bade me brook
 The spectre's eyes of icy look,
 Till it shut them—turn'd its head,
 Like a beaten foe, and fled.
 "Types not this," I said, "fair Spirit!
 That my death-hour is not come?
 Say, what days shall I inherit?—
 Tell my soul their sum."
 "No," he said, "yon phantom's aspect,
 Trust me, would appal thee worse,
 Held in clearly measured prospect:—
 Ask not for a curse!
 Make not, for I overhear
 Thine unspoken thoughts as clear
 As thy mortal ear could catch
 The close-brought tickings of a watch—
 Make not the untold request
 That's now revolving in thy breast.
 "'Tis to live again, remeasuring
 Youth's years, like a scene rehearsed,
 In thy second life-time treasuring
 Knowledge from the first.
 Hast thou felt, poor self-deceiver!
 Life's career so void of pain,
 As to wish its fitful fever
 New begun again?
 Could experience, ten times thine,
 Pain from being disentwine—
 Threads by fate together spun?
 Could thy flight heaven's lightning shun!
 No, nor could thy foresight's glance
 'Scape the myriad shafts of chance.
 "Would'st thou bear against Love's trouble,
 Friendship's death-dissever'd ties;
 Toil to grasp or miss the bubble
 Of Ambition's prize?
 Say thy life's new-guided action
 Flow'd from Virtue's fairest springs—
 Still would Envy and Detraction
 Double not their stings?

Worth itself is but a charter
 To be mankind's distinguish'd martyr."
 I caught the moral, and cried, Hail,
 Spirit ! let us onward sail,
 Envy, fearing, hating none,
 Guardian Spirit, steer me on !

New Monthly Magazine.

IMPURITY.

WE do not remember to have ever seen a more concise or better account than the following, of the important distinction between writings of really immoral tendency, and mere freedoms of language, which are carried off by a playful or ridiculous vein. The puritans of this our most canting age attempt to confound the two things, and have certainly succeeded to a great extent in driving impurity from the lips into the heart ! " The Sentimental Journey of Sterne, for example, is more immoral than his Tristram Shandy.. At the gross incidents of the latter we laugh, and the virgin would blush ; and with the laugh and the blush the joke passes away ; but the garnished looseness of principle and refined impurity of the other, steal into the imagination, and endanger the moral principle in proportion as we neither blush nor laugh."

Retrospective Review.

COBBETT AND THE COTTON-LORDS.

THIS literary salamander, in his Register, addressed a caustic letter to the Manchester gentlemen who petitioned Parliament to acknowledge the Freedom and Independence of South America; from which, as a specimen, we extract the following passages :

“ Kensington, 7th July, 1824.

“ My Lords—Seigneurs of the Twist, Sovereigns of the Spinning-Jenny, great Yeomen of the Yarn, give me leave to approach you with some remarks on your Petition to that House which is so well worthy of receiving your prayers. It seems to have been made for you, and you for it. One of its last labours was to pass an Act for Amending an Act passed in ‘*thirteenth* year of his *present Majesty*.’ The King must be delighted to find that he has already reigned *thirteen years!* However, here is solid ground of confidence for you; for if the great big House can make *four* years into *thirteen*, it really may make Catholics love the rulers of Ireland, and induce the Spaniards of America to set their king, and even their priests, at defiance, merely for the sake of having their carcasses covered with your cottons, with your calicoes, so ‘well worth the money, Ma’am! see, Ma’am, how strong they are!’ ”

* * * * *

“ As for you, the Lords of the Spinning-Jenny, your audacity surpasses even that of the loan-

jobbing ‘patriots.’ You see the state in which Ireland is, and you say nothing about Ireland, while you cross the equinoctial line in search of objects of your tenderness. You must think the people of Ireland free enough, or your conduct is very inconsistent. However, there are your own poor creatures, who work in your factories, where you keep the heat at eighty-four degrees. You can look with an eye perfectly calm on the poor souls that are thus toiling for you. You can see the poor children pining away their lives in these hells upon earth; you can see them actually gaping for breath, swallowing the hot and foul air, and sucking the deadly cotton-fuz into their lungs: you can, with all the delight of greediness gratified, behold scenes like these in your own country, under your own roofs; aye, and invented and put in practice by yourselves; and, at the very moment when you are thus engaged, you are pouring forth your souls in the cause of Spanish-American ‘freedom.’ ”

* * * * *

“ You must naturally have a contempt for men who seek profit; you scorn all profit, generous souls! it we are to judge by your tenderness for the little creatures that swallow the cotton-fuz.— ‘Curse all profit,’ say you; it is pure tenderness; mere compassion; humanity; (Manchester humanity!) it is philanthropy; it is the milk of human kindness that makes us raise the heat in our factories to eighty-four degrees! Indeed! why do you wish to have the poor little creatures so hot? Agreed, since you swear so hard; since you curse all profit; since you call God to wit-

ness that it is for the sake of humanity that you have raised the heat to eighty-four degrees. Granted that you are as disinterested with regard to the use of this heat, as you are with regard to the independence of the Spanish colonies. Grant it.—But why make the places so very hot? Our summer-heat is only seventy-five degrees; and yet you shut these poor little cotton-fuz creatures in eighty-four degrees of heat. Pray, my Lords, reduce your heat to fifty or sixty degrees; reduce your hours of working to eight in a day for these poor little creatures.”

* * * * *

“What is oppression? What is tyranny? Put both the names together, and what do they amount to? I am not asking for their grammatical sense. I am asking you what the things amount to. Why, in the end, they destroy people; they actually kill people. But what is the way in which they produce the killing? Why, this is the way they work: they take away the money of the rich; they take away their houses, lands, and all sorts of property. They take away the earnings of the labourer, and make him poor. They make him work like a horse to get a quarter of a belly-full of victuals. They go on making him poorer and poorer, till they put him into gravel-pits, with haybands twisted round his legs instead of stockings. They put a ragged sack over his shoulders in place of a coat. They strip him of his kettles and beer-barrels, and make him drink water. They strip even the women half-naked, and bring whole parishes to the verge of death from starvation. They compel kind and

tender parents to drive their children to live in heat of eighty-four degrees, and to swallow cotton-fuz."

Bell's Life in London.

COCKNEY SONNETS.

SONNET V.—THE MONUMENT.

BUTLER! a name belov'd by civic ear,
 Where were thy *Reminiscences* when thou
 Didst to the Linen Lord a pun allow
 Upon thy famous "Letter," sweet and dear?
 When thou didst frame and write the wish severe—
 That London's column prostrated should lie,
 Because a tale of popish cruelty
 And ravage it did tell. Waithman, austere,
 Smiled for the first time—not as erst he smil'd
 On the bold boxing Black, his sable *friend*,
 But as Sam Rogers smiles with aspect wild,
 When he doth some atrocious pun perpend—
 "Thou say'st the column *lies*," with look profound,
 Quoth he, "still would it *lie*, if lying on the ground."

SONNET VI.—THE LOVE OF FAME.

I have no other fancy for my pen,
 No care for higher and more bright renown,
 Than gently learning's stream to float adown,
 Linked with the fame of more illustrious men.
 As on the eagle's back arose the wren,
 So do I wish my feeble muse to rise,
 Lifted by verses written sonnet wise
 On London's learned Lord. I hope that when
 History relates the measures of the sage,
 How Waithman speech'd before the piscine Duke,
 How he protected us from maniac rage
 Of dogs insane—How with a just rebuke
 He quelled rash puppies barking—it will book
 My Sonnets on these deeds in deathless page.

John Bull.

OBSOLETE CHARACTERS.

No. VI.—RURAL PEDAGOGUE;

OR, SCHOOLMASTER OF ANCIENT TIMES.

THIS character frequently combined, in the sixteenth century, the reputation of conjuror with that of schoolmaster. *Pinch*, one of these, is thus described in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“They brought one Pinch, a hungry, lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man; this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjuror.”

Bon Jonson also alludes to this union of occupation, when he says, “I would have ne’er a cunning schoolmaster in England; I mean a cunning man as a schoolmaster—that is a conjuror.”

Of their incapacity, Peacham, speaking of bad masters, near this period (1620) declares, “It is a generall plague and complaint of the whole land; for, one discrete and able teacher, you shal! finde twenty ignorant and carelesse; and who, where they make one scholar, mar ten.”

And he afterwards adds, “I had, I remember, myselfe (near Saint Albanes, in Hertfordshire where I was born) a master, who, by no intreaty, would teach any scholler he had, farther than his father had learned before him; as, if he had onely learnt to reade English, the sonne, though he went with him seven years, should goe no further. His reason was, they would prove saucy rogues,

and controule their fathers ; yet there are they
that often times have our hopefull gentry under
their charge and tuition, to bring them in science
and civility." *Herald.*

THE "TENTH" PART OF DANGER.

AIR—" *The Bold Dragoon.*"

THERE was a Dandy Regiment in Dublin, as they say,
Whose Officers *amongst themselves* were gayest of the gay,

With tag and lace,
Their queer grimace,

With long mustachio, cap and feather ;
Nor would they "play or pay!"

But when, like monkies, *all-together*.

Whack! row de dow, dow, &c.

The Public found them horses ;—faith, they had a noble stud!
For only THINGS could *rank* with them that were of noble blood ;

As "common folk
"Were made in joke,"

To whom our *Heroes* made objection ;
Yet BEAUTY they *allow'd*

Might be "*trotted out*" for their inspection.

Whack! row de dow, dow, &c.

A *Newcome* mingled with their mess, which gave them all the pout,
He kick'd when sent to Coventry—and then, *they* kick'd him out!

They spar'd their swords,
But—"great big words"

In columns flew amongst the Papers ;
All argument, no doubt,

'The *D—l* never saw such *capers*.

Whack! row de dow, dow, &c.

At last, two thought they'd fight a bit, and sought a *deadly* spot;
But, in the heat of ardor—*certain* pistols were forgot ;

But, two were found
Upon the ground,

And, spite of *Slander*—shame upon her!
The clicking trigger's sound

Saves both their *Noses* and their *Honor*.

Whack! row de dow, dow, &c.

Sunday Times.

EXTRAORDINARY AND MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.

WE copy the following paragraph from the Morning Chronicle:

“ Mrs. Coutts, on her return from the Italian Opera, nearly met with a serious accident, and indeed it is feared she did sustain some injury. On entering her room she threw herself suddenly into her usual chair, when, unhappily, she found that, either from intention or negligence, *a broken flower glass was beneath her*; she rose up precipitately, and endeavoured to *trace the mischief to its source*. Her efforts, however, were ineffectual, and although assisted by the advice and influence of a worthy Magistrate, the matter still remained in darkness. Some oaths were administered on the occasion, but we have reason to believe there was more of accident than design in the affair.”

The extraordinary state of uncertainty in which Mrs. Coutts appears even at this moment to remain, as to whether she hurt herself or not, is beautifully and pathetically described in the above article; her doubt and apprehension, it is true, remind us of the fox who once had a wound; but we trust that by the aid and advice of the worthy Magistrate alluded to, the fact will be at last ascertained, and the mischief traced to its source.

There certainly appears a still more unpleasant suspicion on the lady's mind, and which is of a more serious nature: we mean the wound, if wound there is, was inflicted by design, and that she fell into a trap which some person had set

for her. Why should this be? Has anybody a desire to remove Mrs. Coutts from this life, and is such a body in her own house? Surely not; we hope that reason, reflection, and a little sticking-plaster, will soon set the matter all to rights, we have no doubt it must have been painful at the time, but Mrs. Coutts should divest her mind of all suspicion of assassination.

THE Marquess of Hertford lately gave a splendid party in Piccadilly. Mrs. Coutts was present, and in reply to an observation of hers, upon the splendour and magnificence of the furniture and decorations, Rogers remarked that, "besides splendour, there was so much good taste in the ornaments; every thing in the rooms was so *chaste and delicate*."

John Bull.

ON THE LAW.

UNHAPPY Chremes, neighbour to a Peer,
Kept half his sheep, and fatted half his deer;
Each day his gates thrown down, his fences broke,
And injur'd still the more, the more he spoke;

At last resolv'd his potent foe to awe,
And guard his right, by statute and by law—
A suit in Chancery the wretch begun;
Nine happy Terms through Bill and Answer run,
Obtain'd his cause and costs, and was undone.

From cannibals thou fly'st in vain;
Lawyers less quarter give:
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do't alive.

Herald.

THE HUMANE SWEARER; OR, LIFE AT BOW-STREET.

As that benign and merciful M. P.
 Whom ev'ry *brute* adores throughout the nation,
 Was lab'ring t'other day in his vocation,
 Before Sir Richard (as we often see),
 Proving, of course, that he *himself*
 Was a humane, good-natur'd elf,
 (Though *other* men than savages were worse,
 To flog their horses so, and *swear* and *curse*),
 And that *his* mind and animal economy
 Were form'd by Nature in a plastic mould,
 As might by any one, indeed, be told,
 Who look'd, Lavater-like, at his *fizzonomy*—
 Just at that moment in popt Honest Joe,
 The Vet'ran, who our cares has oft beguili'd;
 But Martin seem'd the Vet'ran not to know,
 Although Sir Richard knew Thalia's child—
 "So, you don't know this Gentleman?" Sir Richard cried.
 "Not I!"—"Why, Sir, his name is Joseph Munden,"
 "Oh! so it is, by G—," Humanity replied,
 "I'm glad to see one who has so much *fun* done;
 "Give me your hand,—by G— I love the stage,
 "Because the *brute* creation *there* stand highly;
 "Horses and Asses now are all the rage."—
 "Pray," interrupted Birnie, rather slyly,
 "D'y'e know *you're* subject to a fine for *swearing*
 "Before a Magistrate, or in his hearing?"
 "Oh, d—n it, so I am!—by G— you're right;
 "Well, here's the *tip*—you know I'm tender-hearted,
 "And though I *swear* a bit, I never *fight*,"—
 So, putting down a dollar, Dick departed. Dublin Star.

SPIRITS OF THE AGE.

No. V.—THE LATE LORD NOEL BYRON.

The splendid Frontispiece which adorns this Work, will be received by the Public as an earnest of the Proprietors' intentions to redeem the promise of improvement, made in the First Volume of a New Series, commencing 1823; as also, of an annual tribute, which they intend to pay at the shrine of Genius. The Portrait of the Noble Poet may be considered the BEST likeness EXTANT, being drawn from an original miniature, painted in Greece but a short time previous to his decease, and now in the possession of an esteemed Friend, whose intimacy with the lamented Bard continued to the moment of his dissolution. The emblematical miniature designs surrounding the head, are illustrative of his more esteemed works. The drawing is by T. Wageman, and engraved by T. Woollooth. The emblematical border and subjects designed and etched by J. Hawksworth. ED.

THE first and brightest Star in our poetical galaxy has quitted this terrestrial sphere. Equal to any of his day in felicity of expression, in beauty of imagery, and richness of illustration, he shone superior to them all in depth of genius and power of imagination; yielding to none in that magic which can decorate every subject with the most beautiful and appropriate dress, and express every feeling and idea embodied in the most bewitching form. While he possessed, in common with many others, the faculty of investing with grace and beauty, by the alchymy of his numbers, those objects which are in themselves common or palpable to sense, and of converting, like the fabled Midas, all he touched into gold, his mind took a more unbounded and

familiar range through the wide regions of fancy, associating in its uncontrolled freedom, with all it met of the beautiful and sublime, and returning laden with the rich spoils of its excursive wanderings, to be deposited in the Alembic, from whence the world may draw them. Gifted with a strong perception of all that is grand and lofty in the appearances or operations of visible nature, and with a mind attuned to all the higher and more exalted sympathies of our beings; he spurned at those restraints with which other men suffer their genius to be shackled, and indulged in all the boundless luxuriance of his wild and fertile imagination.

In the cursory notice which we propose to take of the Noble Poet, it will not be expected we should go into any lengthened detail, either biographical or critical, much less are we inclined to insert the *trashy impositions* forced upon the Public through the medium of some of the Magazines, as the recollections of his intimate friends, but, in fact, being nothing more than the vague conjectures and scandalous stories of the unprincipled and prejudiced. Every admirer of his works must lament the destruction of his Memoirs, consigned by his friend, Thomas Moore to the keeping of John Murray, the bookseller of Albemarle-street, who, taking advantage of a temporary loan thereon, took upon himself to negotiate with the relations, and other persons interested in the suppression of certain facts contained therein, for the destruction of the whole, but, not before repayment of the sum of money he had advanced to Moore. The real motives for this

trespass upon the intentions of the writer, and serious loss to the Public, have never yet been made known, and perhaps never may; but we may be allowed to hint, there was (in our opinion) something more *political** than *moral* in the transaction. Of the interest the MS. must have excited in the public mind, we have a convincing proof in the following poem, entitled, REFLECTIONS ON LORD BYRON, WHEN ABOUT TO READ HIS MEMOIRS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF:—

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Let me a moment,—ere with fear and hope
Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves I ope—
As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key
Of some enchanter's secret hall is given,
Doubts, while he enters, slowly, tremblingly,
If he shall meet with shapes from hell or heaven—
Let me a moment, think what thousands live
O'er the wide earth this instant, who would give,
Gladly, whole sleepless nights, to bend the brow
Over these precious leaves, as I do now.
How all who know—and where is he unknown?
To what far region have his songs not flown,
Like Psaphon's birds, speaking their master's name,
In every language, syllabled by Fame?
How all, who've felt the various spells combin'd
Within the circle of that splendid mind,
Like pow'rs, deriv'd from many a star, and met
Together in some wondrous amulet,
Would burn to know when first the light awoke
In his young soul,—and if the gleams that broke
From that Aurora of his genius, raised
More bliss or pain in those on whom they blaz'd—

* The Memoirs are said to have contained, among other topics, certain strictures of no very pleasant nature upon the Whigs of England. Could not Lord Holland unravel something of this mystery?

Would love to trace th' unfolding of that power,
Which hath grown ampler, grander, every hour,
And feel, in watching o'er its first advance,

As did the Egyptian traveller*, when he stood
By the young Nile, and fathom'd with his lance
The first small fountains of that mighty flood.
They, too, who, 'mid the scornful thoughts that dwell

In his rich fancy, tinging all its streams,
As if the star of bitterness, which fell

On earth of old, had touched them with its beams,
Can trick a spirit, which, though driven to hate,
From Nature's hand came kind, affectionate;
And which, ev'n now, struck as it is with blight,
Comes out, at times, in love's own native light—
How gladly all who've watch'd these struggling rays
Of a bright, ruin'd spirit through his lays,
Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips,

What desolating grief, what wrongs had driven
That noble nature into cold eclipse—

Like some fair orb that, once a sun in heaven,
And born not only to surprise, but cheer
With warmth and lustre all within its sphere,
Is now so quench'd, that of its grandeur lasts
Naught, but the wide, cold shadow which it casts!
Eventful volume! whatsoever the change
Of scene and clime—th' adventures, bold and strange—
The griefs—the frailties, but too frankly told—
The loves, the feuds thy pages may unfold,
If truth with half so prompt a hand unlocks

His virtues as his failings—we shall find
The record there of friendships, held like rocks,

And enmities like sun-touch'd snow resign'd—
Of fealty, cherish'd without change or chill,
In those who serv'd him young, and serve him still—
Of generous aid, giv'n with that noiseless art
Which wakes not pride, to many a wounded heart—
Of acts—but no—not from himself must aught
Of the bright features of his life be sought.

While they, who court the world, like Milton's cloud*,
"Turn forth their silver lining" on the crowd,
This gifted Being wraps himself in night,
And, keeping all that softens, and adorns,
And gilds his social nature hid from sight,
Turns but its darkness on a world he scorns.

We cannot perhaps better confirm our own opinion of his great merits, than by inserting here the just, but glowing eulogy on the departed Luminary, from the pen of his highly-gifted Compeer:

CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON,

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Amidst the general calmness of the political atmosphere, we have been stunned from another quarter, by one of those death-notes which are pealed at intervals, as from an archangel's trumpet, to awaken the soul of a whole people at once. Lord Byron, who has so long and so amply filled the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity. That mighty genius, which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether they were of good or of evil, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant whose ideas never went beyond his daily task. The voice of just blame and of malignant censure are at once silenced; and we feel almost as if the great luminary of heaven had suddenly dis-

* "Did a sable cloud
'Turn forth her silver lining on the night?'—*Comus*.

appeared from the sky, at the moment when every telescope was levelled for the examination of the spots which dimmed its brightness. It is not now the question what were Byron's faults, what his mistakes; but how is the blank which he has left in British literature to be filled up? Not, we fear, in one generation, which, among many highly-gifted persons, has produced none who approached Byron in Originality, the first attribute of genius. Only thirty-seven years old: so much already done for immortality, so much time remaining, as it seems to us, short-sighted mortals, to maintain and to extend his fame, and to atone for errors in conduct and levities in composition. Who will not grieve that such a race has been shortened, though not always keeping the straight path; such a light extinguished, though sometimes flaming to dazzle and to bewilder: one word on this ungrateful subject ere we quit it for ever.

The errors of Lord Byron arose neither from depravity of heart,—for nature had not committed the anomaly of uniting to such extraordinary talents an imperfect moral sense,—nor from feelings dead to the admiration of virtue. No man had ever a kinder heart for sympathy, or a more open hand for the relief of distress; and no mind was ever more formed for the enthusiastic admiration of noble actions, provided he was convinced that the actors had proceeded on disinterested principles. Lord Byron was totally free from the curse and degradation of literature,—its jealousies, we mean, and its envy. But his wonderful genius was of a nature which disdained

restraint, even when restraint was most wholesome. When at school, the tasks in which he excelled were those only which he undertook voluntarily; and his situation as a young man of rank, with strong passions, and in the uncontrolled enjoyment of a considerable fortune, added to that impatience of strictures or coercion which was natural to him. As an author, he refused to plead at the bar of criticism; as a man, he would not submit to be morally amenable to the tribunal of public opinion. Remonstrances from a friend, of whose intentions and kindness he was secure, had often great weight with him; but there were few who could venture on a task so difficult. Reproof he endured with impatience, and reproach hardened him in his error; so that he often resembled the gallant war-steed, who rushes forward on the steel that wounds him. In the most painful crisis of his private life, he evinced this irritability and impatience of censure in such a degree, as almost to resemble the noble victim of the bull-fight, which is more maddened by the squibs, darts, and petty annoyances of the unworthy crowds beyond the lists than by the lance of his nobler, and so to speak, his more legitimate antagonist. In a word, much of that in which he erred, was in bravado and scorn of his censors, and was done with the motive of Dryden's despot, "to show his arbitrary power." It is needless to say that his was a false and prejudiced view of such a contest; and if the Noble Bard gained a sort of triumph, by compelling the world to read poetry, though mixed with baser matter, because it was

his, he gave in return, an unworthy triumph to the unworthy, besides deep sorrow to those whose applause, in his calmer moments, he most valued.

It was the same with his politics, which on several occasions assumed a tone menacing and contemptuous to the constitution of his country ; while, in fact, Lord Byron was in his own heart sufficiently sensible, not only of his privileges as a Briton, but of the distinction attending his high rank, and was peculiarly sensitive of those shades which constitute what is termed the manners of a gentleman. Indeed, notwithstanding his having employed epigrams, and all the petty war of wit, when such would have been much better abstained from, he would have been found, had a collision taken place between the opposing parties in the state, exerting all his energies in defence of that to which he naturally belonged.

We are not, however, Byron's apologists, for now, alas ! he needs none. His excellencies will now be universally acknowledged, and his faults (let us hope and believe) not remembered in his epitaph. It will be recollected what a part he has sustained in British literature since the first appearance of "*Childe Harold*," a space of nearly sixteen years. There has been no reposing under the shade of his laurels, no living upon the resource of past reputation ; none of that coddling and petty precaution, which little authors call 'taking care of their fame.' Byron let his fame take care of itself. His foot was always in the arena, his shield hung always in the lists ; although his own gigantic renown increased

the difficulty of the struggle, since he could produce nothing, however great, which exceeded the public estimate of his genius, yet he advanced to the honourable contest again and again and again, and came always off with distinction, almost always with complete triumph. As various in composition as Shakspeare himself, (this will be admitted by all who are acquainted with his *Don Juan*), he has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarce a passion or a situation which has escaped his pen; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the weeping and the laughing muses, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been dedicated to Melpomene. His genius seemed prolific as various. The most prodigal use did not exhaust his powers, nay, seemed rather to increase their vigour. Neither *Childe Harold*, nor any of the most beautiful of Byron's earlier tales, contain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered through the Cantos of *Don Juan*, amidst verses which the author appears to have thrown off with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind. But that noble tree will never more bear fruit or blossom! It has been cut down in its strength, and the past is all that remains to us of Byron. We can scarce reconcile ourselves to the idea; scarce think that the voice is silent for ever, which, bursting so often on our ear, was often heard with rapturous ad-

miration, sometimes with regret, but always with the deepest interest.

"All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest."

With a strong feeling of awful sorrow, we take leave of the subject. Death creeps upon our most serious, as well as upon our most idle employments; and it is a reflection solemn and gratifying, that he found our Byron in no moment of levity, but contributing his fortune, and hazarding his life, in behalf of a people only endeared to him by their past glories, and as fellow-creatures suffering under the yoke of a heathen oppressor. To have fallen in a crusade for freedom and humanity, as in olden times it would have been an atonement for the blackest crimes, may in the present be allowed to expiate greater follies than even exaggerated calumny has propagated against Byron.

Lord Byron was the eldest son of the Honourable Captain John Byron, (grandson of William, fourth Lord Byron, by his second wife, Catharine Gordon of Gight, lineally descended from the Earl of Huntley and the Princess Jane Stuart, daughter of James II. of Scotland), and was born about thirty miles from Aberdeen, January 22, 1788. His father died at Valenciennes soon after his birth, leaving his mother in no very flourishing circumstances. At the age of seven years he was sent to the Grammar-school of Aberdeen. His constitution, while a boy, was extremely delicate, and his mind painfully sen-

sitive ; but even then he displayed a heart transcendently warm and kind. At school, he is said never to have been distinguished above the general run of his class-fellows ; but in all boyish sports and pastimes, to have aspired to be first, if possible. On the death of his great uncle, William, fifth Lord Byron, May 19, 1798, he succeeded to the title, being then only ten years of age. Towards the close of this year he was removed to Harrow, for which school, and his preceptor the Rev. Dr. Joseph Drury, he appears to have entertained a permanent regard. At sixteen he removed to the University of Cambridge, where he became a student of Trinity College, which he quitted at nineteen for a residence at Newstead Abbey ; and the same year (1807) gave to the world his first production—"Hours of Idleness." In 1809 appeared his caustic satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." About the same period his friend Mr. J. C. Hobhouse published "Imitations and Translations," containing some fugitive pieces from the pen of Lord Byron. In 1800, while the Salsette frigate lay in the Dardanelles, he, in company with Lieutenant Ekenhead, swam across the Hellespont on the 3d of May. This adventure was followed by a severe fit of the ague. He returned to England in 1811: the two first Cantos of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" made their appearance in February 1812; to this poem followed the "Giaour;" and while the world was yet undetermined to which of these to give the palm, he produced his beautiful poems of the "Corsair," and "Lara."

On the 2d of January 1815, his Lordship married at Leaham, in the county of Durham, Anne Isabella, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbank Noel, Bart.; and on the 10th of December in the same year, his lady brought him a daughter. Within a few weeks, however, after that event, a separation took place; the true causes of which have never been made public. While anxiety was at its height as to the course he would adopt, he suddenly left England, with an avowed determination never to return. At Venice he was joined by his friend J. C. Hobhouse, who accompanied him to Rome, where he completed his "Childe Harold." The "Hebrew Melodies," written at the request of his friend the Hon. D. Kinnaird, appeared in the same year. In 1816 he produced his "Siege of Corinth," and a small collection of Poems, among which is his "Farewell." The "Prisoner of Chillon" followed. In 1817 he published "Manfred, a Dramatic Poem," and the "Lament of Tasso." About 1818 he wrote the "Bride of Abydos," and also published "Beppo, a Venetian Story." In 1819 appeared "Mazeppa, a Poem," and the first Cantos of "Don Juan." In 1820 was published his "Doge of Venice," to which is annexed "The Prophecy of Dante." In 1821 he replied to the Rev. W. L. Bowles's "Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope." In this year also appeared "Sardanapalus, a Tragedy;" the "Three Foscari, a Tragedy;" and "Cain, a Mystery;" to which succeeded his "Vision of Judgment," written in derision of Southey. In 1822 was published "Werner, a Tragedy;" and in 1823, "Heaven

and Earth, a Mystery;" in which year he also added six cantos to his "Don Juan," which have since received an increase of three more. In conjunction with the late Percy Bysshe Shelley and Leigh Hunt, his Lordship contributed some papers to the "Liberal," a periodical work that did not succeed. His death took place at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April, 1824.

On the 9th of that month, his Lordship, who had been living very low, exposed himself in a violent rain; the consequence of which was a severe cold, and he was immediately confined to his bed. The low state to which he had been reduced by his abstinence, and probably by some of the remaining effects of his previous illness, made him unwilling—or at any rate he refused to submit to be bled. It is to be lamented that no one was near his Lordship who had sufficient influence over his mind, or who was himself sufficiently aware of the necessity of the case, to induce him to submit to that remedy, which, in all human probability, would have saved a life so valuable to Greece. The inflammatory action, unchecked, terminated fatally.

Had it pleased the Almighty to spare his valuable life, he would probably have seen his exertions crowned with success, and Greece again triumphant and free; but her liberation must now fall into other hands: but where can a man like Byron be found? In the magnificence of his genius, he stood in Europe high above all competition. To Greece he had devoted all his energies, and the whole strength of his great mind. He has been snatched from amongst this in-

interesting people just when they wanted his counsels and his talents most, and their universal regret has shewn how much they valued and respected him. The proclamation of the Provisional Government at Missolonghi, is an affecting document; it has all the simplicity of real sorrow; there is about it no pomp of words; it speaks of the death of the great poet as "a most calamitous event for all Greece." "His munificent donations," it adds, "are before the eyes of every one, and no one amongst us ever ceased, or ever will cease, to consider him with the purest and most grateful sentiments as our benefactor." In future days, when the Greeks have trodden the crescent in the dust—when the infidel, so long encamped in Europe, is driven across the Bosphorus, and the city of Constantine again in the Christian's hands,—events, however vast, which we may live to witness,—the name of Lord Byron will survive in the page of Greek glory, and his mausoleum may repose under the altar of St. Sophia, from whose minarets the Imaun now calls to prayers. Great as is his loss, it is a consolation that freedom in Greece does not perish with him.

We cannot better close our brief notice of the truly noble Bard, than by the following tributes to his memory, which appeared in the *London Journals*.—*Ed.*

"With unfeigned regret we announce to our readers, that Lord Byron is no more. We know not how many of our countrymen may share the feelings with which this news has affected us. There were individuals more to be approved for moral qualities than Lord Byron—to be more safely followed, or more tenderly beloved; but there lives no man on earth whose sudden departure from it, under the circumstances in which that nobleman was cut

off, appears to us more calculated to impress the mind with profound and unmingled mourning. Lord Byron was doomed to pay that price which Nature sometimes charges for stupendous intellect, in the gloom of his imagination, and the intractable energy of his passions. Amazing power variously directed, was the mark by which he was distinguished far above all his contemporaries. His dominion was the sublime—it was, his native home; at intervals he plunged into the lower atmosphere for amusement, but his stay was brief. It was his proper nature to ascend; but on the summit of his elevation, his leading passion was to evince his superiority, by launching his melancholy scorn at mankind. That noblest of enterprises, the deliverance of Greece, employed the whole of Lord Byron's latter days—of his pecuniary resources, and of his masculine spirit. It was a cause worthy of a poet and a hero; and it is consolatory to find, that the people for whom he would have devoted his life, seem to have felt the full value of his exertions and his sacrifices. The affectionate veneration in which our deceased countryman was held, appears as well from the private letter of Maurocordato, as from the deep and universal mourning which was observed at Missolonghi from the hour at which his death was made public. Had he but died in battle against slaves and infidels, for a Christian people struggling to be free, his own fame would have received its full consummation, and his wishes, as is well understood, their complete fulfilment.”—*Times*.

“Thus has perished, in the flower of his age, in the noblest of causes, one of the greatest poets England ever produced. His death, at this moment, is, no doubt, a severe misfortune to the struggling people for whom he has so generously devoted himself. His character we shall not attempt to draw. He had virtues, and he had failings; the latter were, in a great measure, the result of the means of indulgence which were placed within his reach at so early a period of his life. “Give me neither poverty nor riches,” said an inspired writer, and certainly it may be said that the gift of riches is an unfortunate one for the possessor. The aim which men, who are not born to wealth, have constantly before them, gives a relish to existence to which the hereditarily opulent must ever be strangers. Gratifications of every kind soon lose their attraction, the game of life is played without interest, for that which can be obtained without effort is never

highly prized. It is fortunate for the great when they can escape from themselves into some pursuit, which, by firing their ambition, gives a stimulus to their active powers.—We rejoiced to see Lord Byron engaged in a cause which afforded such motives for exertions, and we anticipated from him many days of glory.—But it has been otherwise decreed.”—*Chronicle*.

“A deeply mournful sensation was excited by the intelligence of the death of Lord Byron. Thus has the poetical literature of England lost one of its brightest ornaments, and the age decidedly its finest genius. Much of the notice which he attracted, and the ascendancy which he obtained, is no doubt attributable to certain singularities in his temper and character, and even in the events of his life. But the vulgar only were swayed by his eccentricity. The prodigious splendour of his genius won admiration from the liberal, the learned, and the wise. There is scarcely any instance of poetical power of the first order displayed under such a variety of forms. His early poems certainly gave no promise of his future greatness. But their feebleness was, perhaps, a happy circumstance, it provoked a memorable criticism, which, in its turn, met with a severer and more memorable retaliation. Lord Byron vented his resentment in the satire. In the poem of “*Childe Harold*,” which soon followed, he vindicated the supremacy of his genius. It is in this poem, and the shorter poems, turning chiefly upon oriental scenes and circumstances, that Lord Byron is distinctively himself. He displayed, it is true, astonishing versatility as he advanced. He entered the domain of Italian and of the more modern German poetry—not as an imitator, but as a rival. It is hardly safe or discreet to speak of “*Don Juan*,” that truant offspring of Lord Byron’s muse. It may be said, however, that with all its sins, the copiousness and flexibility of the English language were never before so triumphantly approved—that the same compass of talent, “the grave, the gay, the great, the small,” comic force, humour, metaphysics, and observation, boundless fancy and ethereal beauty, and curious knowledge, curiously applied, have never been blended with the same felicity in any other poem. It would be easy to dwell upon some vices of taste (for it is with those only that we have to do), but they are not to be thought of at a moment when England has lost her first poet, not yet arrived at the meridian of his life.

(perhaps not even of his genius) one who might yet have atoned to his country and to literature for the errors of his youth, by producing works which would place his name incontestably still nearer those of Milton and Shakspeare, by no longer affording a pretext to cant and cavil, and interested sycophancy."—*Herald*.

"The death of Lord Byron, is an event which we little expected to record. It falls on the public ear like a shock of deep, private misfortune. He has sunk to rest in the prime of his days, and in the zenith of his fame; he has left the world when his services could ill be spared, and we may add with truth, when they cannot be supplied. A more calamitous event could not have happened to Greece; all his aid, personal and pecuniary, all the energies of his body and of his mind, were put forth for the restoration of her freedom; to her cause his loss is irreparable. Lord Byron's genius was of the very first order: he was one of those characters from whose existence new eras date their commencement: that fresh career of society which is beginning in Europe wanted the stimulus of a mind like his, to carry it onward to happiness and to glory: he was no lover of revolutions; he looked only to the improvement of which the political condition of mankind was capable, by the diffusion of knowledge, and the just estimate of independence. It was with these views that he aided Greece to the utmost of his means, to rescue herself from the claims of her oppressor, and rise again to life and liberty. We are not yet sufficiently recovered from the painful feelings with which the sudden intelligence of his death has impressed us, to enter into any detail of observation on his genius as a poet, or his character as a man. Now that his days are numbered, the world will do justice to both."—*British Press*.

"It is with much regret we have to announce the death of that wayward, but highly-gifted genius, Lord Byron, which took place at Missolonghi, on the 19th ultimo. "There is a tear for all that die," as this noble poet observes in his elegy on the death of one of his friends; and whatever may have been his errors, he must be a rigid moralist indeed, who does not breathe a sigh for the fate of a poet, who, possessing talents of a transcendent nature, has perished in devoting them to the emancipation of Greece—for in this cause he has fallen, and deeply indeed will his loss be felt.

"Although it would be impossible to defend some of the recent

publications of Lord Byron, yet to us his failings always rather appeared those of education, and a yielding to the immediate society in which he mingled, than errors of the heart; and there are many acts of his, which not only do honour to his rank in life, but to humanity. His memory will, however, live in his works, and in his exertions in the cause of Greece, when his failings will be forgotten."—*Star*.

"England is thus deprived of the man to whom even those who have felt the most violent enmity towards some of his recent writings, have not denied the title of the first poet of the age. His death is the more melancholy, at a time when he devoted himself to a cause in which, in common with all generous minds, he felt the deepest sympathy—a cause of which it is enough to say, that it would have been worthy of his muse. The character of Lord Byron has already been the subject of very strict and not very friendly investigation; but it will be acknowledged, that if he fell into some of these errors which those who have too early an opportunity of gratifying all their wishes can scarcely escape from: and if in his mind there was occasionally something of that bitterness which arises in the very fountain of the Graces, he is now entitled to be remembered for the great qualities in which he excelled all men of his age and rank—not for the failings which he has shared with so many of them. His brilliant talents, and his careful cultivation of them, his benevolent heart, his aspirations for the happiness and liberty of mankind; and finally, his noble devotedness in the noblest struggle which this age has witnessed, will cause him to be numbered among the great men of whose memory England is proud, and whose premature loss it has been her fate to lament."—*Globe and Traveller*.

"How strong and how universal is the melancholy sensation produced by the death of a man of genius! Every reader of his immortal writings is, at the least, an acquaintance—often an ardent and sympathising friend. The favourite passages imprinted on the memory recur at such a moment, and touchingly remind us, that we have lost one who had been a companion in so many interesting hours, and had enriched our minds with so many beautiful and ennobling associations. Throughout Great Britain, North America, and our colonial dominions, will this event produce a sensation not weakened by distance or locality; and in a less degree in France, Germany, and all the more en-

lightened countries of Europe, to which the poet's genius had been communicated by translations. In Greece, indeed, the shock is probably more felt than even in England. Admiration and gratitude had combined to make Lord Byron, when present there, the object of a sort of personal affection; and his death is to the Greeks a sudden blighting of political hopes, a dark cloud overshadowing their glorious prospects, the loss of valuable substantive aid, and the more sensible loss of the lustre which his great name shed upon their cause.

“Cut off in the prime of life, and in the very summer of his mental power, his death is on that account rendered additionally painful in itself; yet he certainly could not have died under circumstances more favourable to his fame. He had already established a reputation as the great poetical ornament of his age: and he had acquired, in spite of the prejudices of rank and wealth, that honour and esteem from mankind, which are ensured by a strong sensibility to their wrongs, and a vivid indignation against their oppressors. He was pursuing a career of glory, labouring hand and heart in the purest cause of modern times, on the most illustrious soil in the world. His celebrity as a patriot was bidding fair to rival his reputation as a poet—a rare conjunction of honours! He had the fortune which he thought Napoleon's reputation so much wanted, when he reproached him with not dying in the field of battle.”—*Examiner*.

EPITAPH ON A BAKER.

RICHARD FULLER lies buried here—
Do not withhold the crystal tear;
For when he liv'd, he daily fed
Woman, and man, and child, with bread.
But now, alas! he's turn'd to dust,
As thou and I, and all soon must;
And lies beneath this turf so green,
Where worms do daily feed on him.

Mirror.

W O M A N.

I've read their histories full oft, I vow,
 And always thought them vain—I know so now.
 There's Jane, she wears a smile from morn to night,
 Because she's dimples, and her teeth are white;
 Eliza sports her hundreds at the ball,
 But starves her household in the servants' hall—
 Whilst Ann in public at deceit will faint,
 Yet hide her face in ringlets and in paint.
 Kitty will feast abroad, to fast at home,
 And go to Bath, and swear she hates to roam;
 Whilst Ellen, quite a blue—with Lady Di,
 Exalts some flasah author to the sky.
 The confab ended, lo! his pages fair
 Lights Ellen's lamp, or curls my lady's hair.
 Clarissa swears she never can sing more—
 She took three lemons just two hours before,
 And sent a note to her dear friend, Miss Long,
 To say she'd bring and try the last new song.

* * * * *

A woman's love—that holy flame,
 Pure as the mighty sun,
 That gladdens, as with torch of fame,
 The heart it shines upon.

It faints not in the blast of woe,
 Nor in misfortune's hour,
 At open hate, a covert blow
 For pride, for pomp, for power.

It conquers time, it mocketh pain,
 And deathless is its will;
 And when all earthly hopes are vain,
 It feeds on memory still.

Yes!—as this brittle record stands
 A footing frail we find,
 A sigh shall shake our house of sands,
 And leave no wreck behind,

But woman's love shall fall the last,
 And like clos'd flowers at night,
 It shall but sleep till that is past,
 Then burst to deathless light.

Ay! we do see our friends fall fast away,
 Nor feel their merits till they're lock'd in clay;
 And then, with sad regret impress'd, we sigh
 That so much worth and rectitude should die.
 Untimely knowledge! learned at our cost;
 We feel true virtue only when 'tis lost!

European Magazine.

"BOARD AND LODGING.

"A FEW respectable Boarders and Lodgers would be taken at Mrs. Carew's, Dean-street, St. Barry's. Terms, Gentlemen, 50*l.*; Ladies, Forty Guineas per annum. To be found in *Punch* and *Porter*, with the advantage of a large well-stocked garden, for *pleasure* and *exercise*.

Cork Paper.

"April 27, 1824."

There is an air of rurality about this, which is pleasing and pastoral—ladies and gentlemen sporting about a well-stocked garden, in search of pleasure and exercise, in the cool of the evening, after having taken their allowance (*à discretion*, as the French give their bread) of punch and porter. One thing strikes us as remarkable—we mean the difference of the rate of drinking between the gentlemen and the ladies—it amounts to no more, in the long-run, than fivepence farthing *per diem*.

John Bull.

IRISH AND DUTCH BULLS.

THE bull related by Sir J. Carr, in his travels through Ireland, of the Irish hangman, who, upon asking a criminal (about to be executed) for the customary bequest, and receiving it, exclaimed—‘Long life to your honour,’ at the same moment that he drew the bolt which launched the unfortunate man into eternity; found its fellow in an incident at Antwerp. A criminal there, when condemned to be broken on the wheel, was permitted to have any thing he might require for sustenance, previous to his execution. A person deservedly condemned to this punishment for a murder he had committed, demanded a glass of beer; he obtained it, and was observed blowing off the froth which surmounted its top. Upon being asked his reason for doing so, he exclaimed: “Om dat het zeer ongezond is” (Anglice) ‘Because it was very unwholesome.’ The criminal was executed in a few minutes afterwards.

Literary Chronicle.

THE HEAVEN-BORN MINISTER,

A POLITICAL EPIGRAM.

THE Nation is *pawn'd*! we shall find to our cost,
And the Minister since has the *duplicate* lost.
We shall all be undone by this politic Schemer,
Who, though “*Heav'n-born*”—will not prove a *Redeemer*.

Original.

* This *jeu d'esprit*, which, as an Epigram, is superlative, is attributed to the late late Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and has never before, I believe, appeared in print.—ED.

EVERY MAN TO HIS TASTE.

OR, PARTIALITIES IN DRINKING.

THE sudden change of the weather has naturally created that well-known thirst which summer brings ; and in the midst of a discussion upon the merits of different liquors best calculated to allay its distressing symptoms, of the following gentlemen who were present, each one decided for the beverage placed opposite his name—and some people say that there are amongst them some curious coincidences; for our parts we do not exactly understand why. It seems, however, that—

Lord Nugent	called for Lisbon.
Lord Althorpe	Porter.
Mr. Macdonald	Small-beer.
Lord J. Russell	Early purl.
Mr. Hume	Scotch ale from the hogshead.
Mr. Brougham	Gin and bitters.
Mr. Scarlett	Snaps.
Mr. Jeffrey	Old Hollands.
Lord Sefton	Mum (1824).
Mr. Calcraft	Chester ale.
Mr. Hodgson	Brown stout.
Mr. Hobhouse	Imperial.
Sir R. Wilson	Blue ruin.
Mr. Coke	Old Tom.
Mr. H. G. Bennett	Perry (fresh).
Mr. M. A. Taylor	Table ale.
Messrs. Butterworth & W. Smith	Elder wine.
Mr. Peter Moore	Punch.
Mr. T. Creevey	Toddy.
Mr. Wilberforce	Negus.

Mr. Spring Rice	Spruce beer.
Mr. Maberly	Sadler's Well water.
Mr. Rogers	Lachryma Christi.
Sir Francis Burdett	Oxford ale.
Archdeacon Glover	Bishop.
Colonel Palmer	Bourdeaux.
Sir R. Fergusson	Cannon ale.
Sir J. Macintosh	{ A draught of the Golden-lane subscription.
Mr. E. Ellice	
Mr. Tierney	Half and half—cold.
Mr. Whitbread	Heavy wet.
Mr. Whitbread	Any beer except his own.
Mr. Calvert	Do.
Sir Isaac Coffin	Rum grog.
Mr. Sheriff Parkins	X. X.
Mr. Lambton	Sack.

Several gentlemen called for Geneva and Constantia, whose names escaped us, but we observed nothing like British Spirit among the whole party.

John Bull.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PHYSIC AND SURGERY*.

Chirurgus medico quo differt? Scilicet isto,
 Enecat hic succu, enecat ille manu :
 Carnifice hoc ambo tantum differe videntur ;
 Tardius hi faciunt, quod facit ille cito.

PHYSICIAN and Surgeon you'll find, on the trial,
 This kills with the knife, and that kills with the phial :
 Both excellent friends to the sexton and vicar,
 The one somewhat tardy, the other much quicker.

* This *difference* is thus pointed out by Dr. Buchan, in an admirable little work, just published, and entitled "Symptomatology; or, the Art of detecting Disease," p. 14. Nothing can be more *impartial* than such a statement of the case.

Chronicle.



Designed by Robert Cruikshank.

HERBERT STOCKHORE, THE MONTEM POET-LAUREATE.

*A Sketch from the Life as he appeared in the Montem Procession
of May, 1823.*

BY BERNARD BLACKMANTLE AND ROBERT TRANSIT, ESQRS.

(From that highly popular work, the English Spy.)

BENDING beneath a weight of time,
And crippled as his Montem Ode,
We found the humble son of rhyme
Busy beside the public road.
Nor laurel'd wreath or harp had he,
To deck his brow or touch the note
That wakes the soul to sympathy.

His face was piteous as his coat,
'Twas motley strange; e'en nature's self,
In wild, eccentric, playful mood,
Had, for her pastime, form'd the elf,

A being scarcely understood—
Half idiot, harmless; yet a gleam
Of sense, and whim, and shrewdness, broke
The current of his wildest stream;
And pity sigh'd as madness spoke.

Lavater, Lawrence, Camper here,
 Philosophy new light had caught:
 Judged by your doctrines, 'twould appear
 The facial line denoted thought*.
 But say, what system e'er shall trace
 By scalp or visage mental worth?
 The idiot's form, the maniac's face,
 Are shared alike by all on earth.
 "Comparative Anatomy—"
 If, Stockhore, 'twas to thee apply'd,
 'Twould set the doubting Gall-ist free,
 And Spurzheim's idle tales deride.
 But hence with visionary scheme,
 Though Bell, or Abernethy, write;
 Be Herbert Stockhore all my theme,
 The Laureate's praises I indite;
 He erst who sung in Montem's praise,
 And, Thespis like, from out his cart
 Recited his extempore lays,
 On Eton's sons, in costume smart,
 Who told of captains bold and grand,
 Lieutenants, marshals, seeking *salt*;
 Of colonels, majors, cap in hand,
 Who bade e'en Majesty to halt;

* It is hardly possible to conceive a more intelligent, venerable looking head, than poor Herbert Stockhore presents; a fine capacious forehead, rising like a promontory of knowledge, from a bold outline of countenance, every feature decisive, breathing serenity and thoughtfulness, with here and there a few straggling locks of silvery gray, which, like the time-discolored moss upon some ancient battlements, are the true emblems of antiquity: the eye alone is generally dull and sunken in the visage, but during the temporary gleams of sanity, or fancied flights of poetical inspiration, it is unusually bright and animated. According to professor Camper, I should think the facial line would make an angle of eighty or ninety degrees; and, judging upon the principles laid down by Lavater, poor Herbert might pass for a Solon. Of his bumps, or phrenological protuberances, I did not take particular notice, but I have no doubt they would be found, upon examination, *equally* illustrative of such visionary systems.

Told how the ensign nobly waved
 The colours on the famous hill ;
 And names from dull oblivion saved,
 Who ne'er the niche of fame can fill :
 Who, like to Campbell, lends his name *
 To many a whim he ne'er did write ;
 When witty scholars, to their shame,
 'Gainst masters hurl a satire trite †.
 But fare thee well, *Ad Montem*'s bard,
 Farewell, my mem'ry's early friend ;
 May misery never press thee hard.
 Ne'er may disease thy steps attend :
 Be all thy wants by those supply'd,
 Whom charity ne'er fail'd to move ‡ :
 Etona's motto, crest, and pride,
 Is feeling, courage, friendship, love.
 Poor harmless soul, thy merry stave
 Shall live when nobler poets bend ;
 And when Atropos to the grave
 Thy silvery locks of gray shall send,
 Etona's sons shall sing thy fame,
Ad Montem still thy verse resound,
 Still live an ever cherish'd name,
 As long as *salt* § and *sack* abound.

* The author of "The Pleasures of Hope," and the editor of the *New Monthly*; but "*Tardè, quæ credita lædunt, credimus.*"

† It has long been the custom at Eton, particularly during *Montem*, to give Herbert Stockhore the credit of many a satirical whim, which he, poor fellow, could as *easily* have penned as to have written a Greek ode. These squibs are sometimes very humorous, and are purposely written in doggerel verse, to escape detection by the masters, who are not unfrequently the principal persons alluded to.

‡ This eccentric creature has for many years subsisted entirely upon the bounty of the Etonians, and the inhabitants of Windsor and Eton, who never fail to administer to his wants, and liberally supply him with many little comforts, in return for his harmless pleasantries.

§ *Salt* is the name given to the money collected at *Montem*.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

THE conjectures of authors as to the origin of the custom of making what are termed "April Fools," on this day, are numerous, but little satisfactory. The appellation of "All Fools Day," usually given to it, seems to denote it to be a different day from the "Feast of Fools," which was held on the 1st of January, of which a very particular description may be found in Du Cange's learned Glossary, under the word *Kalendæ*; which has occasioned a conjecture that the word "All" here, is a corruption of our northern word "auld" for old; because mention is made so often in the ancient Roman Calendar of a "Feast of *old* Fools." It must be granted that this feast stands there on the first day of another month, November; but then it informs us, at the same time, that it is by removal.

"There is nothing hardly (says the author of the Essay to relieve the old Celtic) that will bear a clear demonstration that the primitive Christians, by way of conciliating the Pagans to a better worship, humoured their prejudices by yielding to a conformity of names, and even of customs, where they did not essentially interfere with the fundamentals of the Gospel doctrine. This was done in order to quiet their possession, and to secure their tenure: an admirable expedient, and extremely fit, in those barbarous times, to prevent the people from returning to their old religion. Among these, in imitation of the Roman Saturnalia, was the *Festum Fatuorum*, when

part of the jollity of the season was a burlesque election of a mock Pope, mock Cardinals, and mock Bishops, attended with a thousand ridiculous and indecent ceremonies, gambols, and antics; such as singing and dancing in the churches, in lewd attitudes to ludicrous anthems; all allusive to the exploded pretensions of the Druids, whom these sports were calculated to expose to scorn and derision.

“This Feast of Fools,” he continues, “had its designed effect, and contributed, perhaps, more to the extermination of those heathens, than all the collateral aids of fire and sword, neither of which were spared in the persecution of them. The continuance of customs, especially droll ones, which suit the gross taste of the multitude, after the original cause of them has ceased, is a great, but no uncommon absurdity.”

The name *Andrew*, according to this writer, signifies a head Druid, or Divine. Hence it was, he adds, that when the Christians, by way of exploding the Druids, turned them into ridicule, in their Feast or Holiday of Fools, one of the buffoon personages was “a Merry Andrew;” a character of whom Pennant (*British Zoology*) has this remark: “It is very singular, that most nations give the name of their favourite dish to the facetious attendant on every mountebank: thus the Dutch call him *Pickle Herring*—the Italians, *Maccaroni*—the French, *Dean Potage*—the Germans, *Hans Wurst*, i. e. *Jack Sausage*—and we dignify him with the title of *Jack Pudding*.”

The learned Dr. Pegge, in an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, (May 1766), rejects this

origin of the custom in question, and ascribes it to a completely different cause. "It is a matter of some difficulty," he begins, "to account for the expression, 'an April Fool;' and the strange custom so universally prevalent throughout this kingdom, of people's making fools of one another on the first of April, by trying to impose upon each other, and sending one another upon that day upon frivolous, ridiculous, and absurd errands. However, something I have to offer on this subject, and I shall here throw it out, if it were only to induce others to give us their sentiments. The custom, no doubt, had an original, and one of a very general nature; and therefore one may very reasonably hope, that though one person may not be so happy as to investigate the meaning and occasion of it, yet another possibly may. But I am the more ready to attempt a solution of this difficulty, because I find Mr. Bourne, in his *Antiquities Vulgares*, has totally omitted it, though it fell so plainly within the compass of his design. I observe first, that this custom and expression has no connection at all with the *Festum Hypodiconorum*, *Festum Stultorum*, *Festum Fatuorum*, *Festum Innocentium*, &c. mentioned in Du Fresne; for these jocular festivals were kept at a very different time of the year. Secondly, that I have found no traces, either of the name or of the custom, in other countries, inasmuch that it appears to me to be an indigenal custom of our own. I speak only as to myself in this; for others, perhaps, may have discovered it in other parts, though I have not. Now, thirdly, to account for it: the name undoubtedly arose from the custom,

and this, I think, arose from hence—our year formerly began, as to some purposes, and in some respects, on the 25th of March, which was supposed to be the incarnation of our LORD; and it is certain that the commencement of the new year, at whatever time that was supposed to be, was always esteemed a high festival, and that both amongst the ancient Romans and with us. Now great festivals were usually attended with an *octave*; that is, they were wont to continue *eight days*, whereof the first and last were the principal; and you will find the first of April is the octave of the 25th of March; and the close or ending, consequently, of that feast, was both the festival of the Annunciation and of the new year. From hence, as I take it, it became a day of extraordinary mirth and festivity, especially amongst the lower sorts, who are apt to pervert and make a bad use of institutions which, at first, might be very laudable in themselves."

Mr. Douce partly adopts this opinion, but differs as to the origin of the custom itself. "I am convinced," says he, "that the ancient ceremony of the Feast of Fools, has no connection whatever with the custom of making fools on the first of April. The making of April fools, after all the conjectures which have been made touching its origin, is certainly borrowed by us from the French, and may, I think, be deduced from this simple analogy. The French call them April fish, (*poissons d'Avril*), i. e. simpletons; or, in other words, silly mackrel, who suffer themselves to be caught in this month. But as, with us, April is not the season of that fish, we have properly substituted the word fools."

That the custom of making fools on this day, is not unknown to other countries besides England, contrary to the supposition of Dr. Pegge, we have sufficient evidence from several writers. Torrens, a Swedish author, in his *Voyage to China*, says, "We set sail on the first of April, and the wind made April fools of us; for we were forced to return before Shagen, and to anchor at Riswopol." And another writer, speaking of Lisbon, says, "On the Sunday and morning preceding Lent, as on the first of April in England, people are privileged here to play the fool. It is thought very jocose to pour water on any person who passes, or throw powder in his face; but to do both, is the perfection of wit."

Of this kind is the practice alluded to by Decker, in his *Seven Deadly Sinnes of London*, (1606): "The bookeseller everafter, when you passe by, pinnes on your backes the badge of fools, to make you be laught to scorn, or of silly carpers, to make you be pittied." And Sauval, (*Antiq. de Paris*), hints at a similar custom on the festival of St. Simon and St. Jude; when, he tells us, "simple persons are sent to the Temple to ask for medlars, (*des neffles*), in order to intrap them, and make sport for the by-standers."

In the North of England, persons thus imposed on are called "April gowks." Zouk, or gowk, is properly a cuckoo, and is used here metaphorically, in vulgar language, for a fool. The cuckoo is indeed every where a name of contempt. *Gouch*, in the Teutonic, is rendered *stultus*, a fool, whence came our northern word, a *goke*, or a *gawky*.

In Scotland, upon April day, they have a custom of "hunting the gowk," as it is termed. This is done by sending silly people upon fool's errands, from place to place, by means of a letter, in which is written—

" On the first of Aprile
Hunt the gowk another mile."

And in the old play of the Parson's Wedding, the Captain says, " Death! you might have left word where you went, and not put me to hunt like Tom Fool." So, in Secret Memoirs of the late Mr. Duncan Campbell, (1732), " I had my labour for my pains; or, according to a silly fashion among the vulgar, was made an April Fool of; the person who had engaged me to take this pains, never meeting me."

A writer in the *World*, supposed to be the late Lord Orford, exhibits a happy display of irony, in some pleasant thoughts on the effect the alteration of the style would have on the first of April. " What confusion," he observes, " would not follow, if the great body of the nation were disappointed of their peculiar holyday? This country was formerly disturbed with very fatal quarrels about the celebration of Easter; and no wise man will tell me that it is not as seasonable to fall out for the observance of April-fool day. Can any benefits arising from a regulated Calendar, make amends for an occasion of new sects? How many warm men may resent an attempt to play them off on a false first of April, who would have submitted to the custom of being made fools of on the old computation? If our Clergy come

to be divided about Folly's Anniversary, we may well expect all the mischief attendant on religious wars." He then desires his friends to inform him what they observe on that holyday, both according to the new and old reckoning; "how often, and in what manner, they make or are made fools; how they miscarry in attempts to surprise, or baffle any snares laid for them. I do not doubt but it will be found that the balance of folly lies greatly on the side of the old first of April; nay, I much question," he adds, "whether infatuation will have any force on what I call the false April-fools' day;" and concludes with requesting an union of endeavours "in decrying a reformation, which only tends to discountenance good old practices and venerable superstitions."

Herald.

AMERICAN WITTICISMS.

MARRIED, in Washington, Mr. John Judge to Miss M. C. Noland.

"Most Judges contrive to get plenty of land—

For one ~~we~~ may instance Judge Toland;

But plump Lawyer Cupid has trick'd the whole band,

And shown us a Judge that has No Land!"

In Greenwich, Connecticut, by the Rev. David Peck, Mr. Eliphalet Peck, jun. to Miss Deborah Peck.

"Three Pecks, we find, have here begun

To make *two* different Pecks ~~but one~~:

But vain their labour we shall see;

For let there pass of months a score,

Three Pecks will be increas'd to *four*—

And then a *bushel* there will be."

Examiner.

THE SAINT AND THE GROOM.

A PETER PINDARIC—FOUNDED IN FACT.

AN age like this, so fam'd for science *,
 So bright its magisterial *quorum*,
 Its kings so *holy* in alliance,
 Its navy, every man *sanctorum*,
 May well, as Greece now does the Turks,
 Defy the devil † and his works.
 But here and there it is our fate
 To met a sort of reprobate :
 And then you'll see the proverb's lame,
 That man and master are the same.
 It chanc'd within a century
 There lived at *Br-mb-r*,
 A Saint who well deserved to be
 Preserved in *amber* :
 So pious, and so fond of freedom ‡
 No one to slavery would *he* doom;
 But *whites* with him were not the crack ones,
 His charity was all for *black* ones !

* Political.

† Times are much altered since the days of Dante. He, as Cicerone in hell, being asked where the kings were, pointed to a snug warm corner ; upon which the inquirer observed, "there are very few."—"Few !" said Dante, "I don't know what you mean by few—there are all that ever reigned !" *Mais nous avons changé tout-ça*—the Devil shall have his due no longer. Dr. Southey (more potent than Dr. Faustus) has, on his own mere motion, turned the stream, and in his afternoon visions, trampled on the renown of Hercules and all his labours.

‡ Dum Phaëton tea formica vagatur in umbra,
 Implicuit tenuem succina gutta feram :
 Sic modo ~~que~~ fuerat vita contemta manante,
 Funeribus facta est nunc pretiosa suis.

Martial here gives us an admirable description of the progress of a Puritan to canonization.

One day, a man (a common case)
 Was looking out to get a place,
 When he was told that there was room
 In this said mansion for a groom.
 He came—the master most observant,
 Strict in the hiring of a servant,
 Went thro' the forms inherent in the scene
 Of character, of wages, and of warning,
 Good morals, sober, honest, steady, clean,
 Shun plays; hate girls—rise early in the morning—
 All which, tho' nicely he defined it,
 He found just as he wished to find it:—
 The man himself said so—
 And *he* must know!
 But now, though Thomas thought it all too much,
 There yet remain'd this final, master-touch:—
 He said, his visage graced with saint-like airs,
 “When you have rack'd your horses up,
 You'll comb your hair, and wash, and sup,
 And then, I shall expect, attend at prayers,
 There like myself behave
 And sing a stave.”
 At this, the man somewhat confused,
 Scraped, scratched his head and mused:
 At length—
 “Yes, Sir—O, yes!—but if I must—
 As it is right to do what one engages—
 Your honour won't object, I trust,
 To let it be consider'd in my wages!”

Chronicle.

THE PERSIAN IDEA OF PARADISE.

THE Persian idea of Paradise is, “warmth without heat, and coolness without cold.”

British Press.

• UNLUCKY LIKENESSES.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XXV.

A FINE, tall, stout, broad-shouldered Cambrian gentleman was brought before Mr. Minshull, charged with having assaulted, or rather with having manifested a disposition^e to assault, an elderly taker of likenesses, who occupies apartments over a baker's shop in the Strand. The parties were brought before the Magistrate by one of the street-keepers, in consequence of his having seen the Cambrian gentleman, with his head and shoulders out of the likeness-taker's window, shouting "Murder!" with all his might.

When brought into the office the Cambrian gentleman was dreadfully agitated, and much at a loss for breath, but the likeness-taker was as cool as a cucumber, and the matter between them was this:—The likeness-taker painted a couple of likenesses, some months ago, for a lady who has bloomed more than fourscore years. Whilst the likenesses were painting, the Cambrian gentleman fell in love with and married the lady; for she was rich as she was venerable. In due time the likeness-taker sent home the lady's likenesses; but when he looked to have his money for them, he was told the likenesses were not liked, and must be altered before they would be paid for. He would willingly have altered them if they were not like, whether they were liked or not; for it would be a shocking thing if the lady should "lend her graces to the grave and leave

the world no copy." But they were never sent back to him to alter; and after waiting till he was tired, and being in great want of the money, he got a solicitor to serve the lady's lord, viz. the Cambrian gentleman, with a copy of a writ. Whereupon the Cambrian gentleman and his blooming bride ordered their carriage forthwith, and proceeded full of wrath to the likeness-taker's abode. When they reached it, the Cambrian gentleman left his bride in the carriage, and ascending to the likeness-taker's room, he said, " My name is ———; and you are an infamous blackguard!" The likeness-taker, not liking this, replied, " I know you—*you* are just out of the King's Bench, and you have been down to Margate a fortune-hunting!" Then the Cambrian gentleman put his clenched fist in the likeness-taker's face; and then the likeness-taker told his maid-servant to fetch a constable; and then the Cambrian gentleman popped his head out of the window and shouted murder! and then the street-keeper came scampering up stairs, and brought them both to this office; and the Magistrate held the Cambrian gentleman to bail, and the likeness-taker went home triumphing.

Herald.

IMPROMPTU.

You say, whene'er abroad you roam,
You meet with none but fools and asses :
Would you avoid them, keep at home ;
But hark ye—break your looking-glasses.

Literary Magnet.

THE DISINTERESTED AGE.

Τίπτεο πασιν ὁμῶς, οἷσι δίδωσι θεός.

LAERT. *with Perland.*

Take the good the Gods provide thee.—DRYDEN'S *Ode*.

Ours the disinterested age,
Tho' virtues may th' Historic page
Confer on years gone by, to loathing,
For when and who, like us at home,
Of all that Britain graced, or Rome,
So labour'd for mankind *for nothing*?

Time was, when those who Members sent
To sit and vote in Parliament,
Bestow'd a stipend in their bounty;
But now men will no more be paid,
But *rather pay**—such love, 'tis said,
They feel for *Borough* and for *County*!

* See how changed these matters are at present:—"The Crown formerly," says Blackstone, "*pro re nata* summoned the most flourishing towns to send Representatives to Parliament. As new towns therefore increased and grew populous, they were admitted to a share of the Legislature," (a custom entirely abandoned). "But unfortunately, the deserted boroughs continued to be summoned too," (a custom strictly abided by), "except a few who petitioned to be eased of the expence of maintaining their Members, 4s. being formerly allowed for the maintenance of a Knight of a Shire per diem; and 2s. for that of a Citizen or Burgess." Now, the greater virtue of the age disdains to touch a single penny, while men cheerfully disburse thousands, that the country may not be deprived of the unrequited benefit of their services. Under these circumstances, the laws of the Saxons and Danes were enacted, it is said, "by the advice of the Wittenagemote, or assembly of wise men." Thank Heaven, we have nothing of the kind now-a-days! Having happily substituted *disinterested Patriots* in the place of *Mercenaries*, it is pleasing to think, as it takes the sting out of the *Holy Alliance*, that Kings in their Council, still adhere to their German origin:—"De minoribus rebus Principes consultant; de majoribus omnes."—TACIT. de Mor. Germ. c. 11.—The innocent fruits of which are an embroidered petticoat, the sublime of Chinese architecture, the cut of a military jacket, and (Oh! the cruellest cut of all!) an Austrian Edict.

The Justices of other days
 Pursued the most corrupt of ways—
 Without a bribe, then, no approaching ;
 Not so our unpaid Magistrate,
 Who serves for nothing—such their hate
 Of tithe recusancy and poaching !

“The good old times” (miscalled we know)
 Did nought without a *quid pro quo*
 To sweeten and relieve the *onus* ;
 But *honorary* all things now,
 No public men to Mammon bow—
 For 'tis not pay, to touch a *bonus* !

E'en Quacks the noble impulse feel,
 And pure benevolence reveal,
 For filthy lucre much their hate is:—
 Tho' some folks, well inclined to mirth,
 Declare it's just exact its worth,
 When *their* advice is given *gratis* !

So graceless knaves are apt to deem
 All unpaid service but a dream,
 And most uncharitably scout it ;
 But thoughts like these are very hard,
 For “Virtue is its own reward,”
 None but the Chancellor can doubt it ! *Chronicle.*

THE TEMPLE OF RHAPSODY.

WE understand the Rev. Edward Irving's brick and mortar Committee are divided upon the question of whether their intended new meeting-house shall be of the Grecian or Gothic order of architecture. Some think, that in consideration of their leader's *barbarous* style of preaching, the *Gothic* ought to be selected ; but, in our opinion, if any peculiarity of the preacher is to be the ground of their decision in this important matter, the preference should most certainly be given to the *Eye-onick*.

John Bull.

THE JEWS AND CROMWELL.

DURING the protectorship of Oliver Cromwell he proposed the re-establishment of the Jews in England, with the liberty of carrying on their trade and enjoying the exercise of their religion. This scheme met with great opposition from the leaders of the different sectaries. Cromwell, however, carried the point, and procured the settling of a small body of Jews in an old quarter of London, under the direction of Manasses Ben-Israel, a famous Rabbin, who set about building and soon finished a synagogue. The correspondence and unalterable friendship maintained between the dispersed Jews in the different countries of the earth, were of singular advantage to the Protector. He was often indebted to them for important pieces of news and intelligence, which not a little contributed to the success of the enterprises he had from time to time formed against foreigners. Among a number of examples that may be cited, we shall produce but one to corroborate what is here asserted.

One day, as Cromwell was walking with Lord Broghill in one of the galleries of Whitehall, a man, who was very meanly clad, presented himself before them. Cromwell immediately quitted company with his Lordship, and, taking that man by the hand, showed him into his closet. Here he learned from him, that the Spaniards were sending a considerable sum of money to pay their army in Flanders; that this sum was aboard a Dutch vessel; and the Jew was so exact in

circumstances, as to describe the very part of the ship where the money was stowed. Cromwell immediately dispatched advice of this to Sir Jeremy Smith, who was cruising in the channel, with orders not to fail in seizing the Spanish treasure as soon as the Dutch ship should enter the Streight. When it appeared, Smith sent a message demanding to visit it; but the Dutch Captain, answering that he would suffer none but his masters to come aboard his ship, Smith threatened to sink him to the bottom. The Dutchman, too weak for defending himself, at length submitted; the money was found, and sent to London: Cromwell received it; and, soon after seeing Lord Bröghill, told him that, were it not for the poor Jew they had seen a few days before, that good fortune would have slipped out of his hands.

Globe and Traveller.

A GLOOMY MORNING BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

It is, methinks, a morning full of fate!
 It riseth slowly, as her sullen car
 Had all the weights of sleep and death hung at it!
 She is not rosy-finger'd, but swoln black!
 Her face is like a water turn'd to blood,
 And her sick head is bound about with clouds,
 As if she threatened night ere noon of day!
 It does not look as it would have a hail
 Or health wished in it, as on other morns.

BEN JONSON—*Catiline's Conspiracy.*
Examiner.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

'Tis a complaint with those who long have tarried
 To hear *the question*, (seldom much debated)
 That widows and young widowers get married
 As often as they please ; those singly fated
 Should read what follows, for among the Romans
 Their chance would have been worse—both man's and woman's.

St. Jerome has a very long epistle
 (One of the fathers) in vol. seventy-four,
 To a gay widow, who was wont to frizzle
 Her hair, and paint, to get one husband more,
 Advising her to save her soul and trouble ;
 She'd had her share of husbands, more than double.

She had been married a third time already,
 And as her head began now to be hoary,
 'Twas time, he thought (not *she*) to grow more steady ;
 And then he tells her this preposterous story.
 You may believe 't or not, when you have read it ;
 I only tell it on St. Jerome's credit :

Tho' if you do not like to take the word of
 So good a Saint, who combatted the Devil,
 'Tis also told by one you have heard of,
 Juan Mexia, while he dwelt in Seville ;
 A Spanish writer, not indeed of note,
 But his is not the book from which I quote*.

The story's this :—That once in Rome there lived
 A widow who had married nineteen men !
 A widower too who had as often wived ;
 And both were anxious to be wed again !
 And to each other—as to ascertain
 Which of the two the victory should gain.

* *Silva de Varia Lccion*. Part I. ch. 34. Edit. 1593. Antw.

Of all the city they were grown the wonder :

Though old, they still upon each other doated !

So fit a pair 'twere cruelty to sunder ;

So all who knew it the strange match promoted ;

Resolving that the one who first should die,

Should be interr'd with all solemnity :

That in procession all the neighbours round,

Female and male, should march in order due ;

The victor with a laurel garland crown'd,

The vanquish'd 'neath the shade of mournful yew.

It happen'd ('gainst the woman's will, no doubt),

The candle of her life was first burnt out.

'Twas then decreed the triumph should be given

To the immortal husband, the survivor :

High in a golden chariot he was driven,

With laurel crown'd—for he was not the driver.

And he deserv'd it, as St. Jerome fancies,

More than war's victors*—so the holy man says.

Before, the Roman husbands march'd in order,

With garlands on their heads of various hue ;

Like the Lord Mayor of London and Recorder

On Lord Mayor's day, and Livery two and two.

This simile is not the Saint's—'tis pity

Jerome ne'er saw the glories of our city.

After the husband's chariot came the late

Mrs. — (Jerome does not give her name,

Nor does Mexia give it, nor the date)

Upon a hearse. I think they us'd the same

Sort of machine to carry their dead bodies

In Rome that we employ ; which somewhat odd is†.

Following the hearse the lady mourners march'd ;

The *married* first, all sorrowing for their loss.

And next the *single*, crabbed, prim, and starch'd ;

For then *Old Maids*, as now, were mostly cross.

Had they had offers they had ne'er refus'd them,

But she while living grievously had used them,

* Notwithstanding he objects so strenuously to more than one marriage for each person.

† See Potter's Antiquities, &c. &c.

By making such a large unjust monopoly
 Of husbands that had been enough for twenty.
 Altho' thus far she had not us'd them properly,
 Yet ne'ertheless of tears they shed quite plenty;
 Some few for her might make their noses tingle,
 But most they mourn'd that they themselves were single.

They burnt the dead dame, but preserv'd ^{her} ashes:
 And the good Saunt here adds what may be true;
 (Tho' true with false ev'n Jerome dashes,
 As other folks not quite as holy do),
 Under the pillow that a few small particles
 Made old maids nightly dream of marriage articles

Ye who the marriages of widows read
 With grief and wrath, in England rest contented,
 For hence you see a Roman dame, indeed,
 From marrying *twenty times* was not prevented.
 Her ashes now are lost, but burn these verses,
 And dream of marriage as the worst of curses.

Chronicle

KILLING THE DEVIL.

A YOUNG girl from the country, lately on a visit to Mr. H., a Quaker, was prevailed on to accompany him to the meeting. It happened to be a silent one, none of the brethren being moved by the Spirit to utter a syllable. When Mr. H. left the meeting-house with his young friend, he asked her, "How dost thee like the meeting?" To which she pettishly replied, "Like it? why, I can see no sense in it: to go and sit for whole hours together, without speaking a word, it is enough "to *kill the devil*." "Yes, my dear," rejoined the Quaker, "*that is just what we want.*"

The Man of Letters.'

near neighbours, the Bench seems to be the most natural and competent judge of the delicate subject under discussion. Longinus would have written a book on the precious line and a quarter we have quoted; nay, we do not know but we could write a book on it ourselves, as it conveys not only a most important judicial decision, but also a perfect specimen of the most perfect order of eloquence; and, as we said before, not a word can be altered, omitted, or supplied, without injury to this gem. Perchance, the scrupulous overmuch may urge, that the Learned Judge might have spared their blushes, by substituting a periphrasis for a certain broad word he used; but if we desire to say things well, and as Mr. Justice Park says them, we must not stop to pick and choose; in the passion of eloquence, as in the passion of anger, we take up the first thing that comes to hand, and fling it at the heads of our hearers; and can we then pause to wrap our missiles up in cotton, lest they should hurt any one? As for the legal dictum, touching the seat of honour, and its peculiar tenderness, involved in the subject of our comments, it is now part and parcel of the common law of the land, having been pronounced by one of the Judges; the point is therefore set at rest for ever, and those that presume to question it, or to scoff at it, shall be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.

Chronicle.



Designed by T. Rowlandson.

THE MAN OF WAR'S MAN; OR, SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

"His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more."

"WHY, as for the matter o' that (said old Jem Breeching, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and preparing to recharge), as for the matter o' that, I've had all sorts of acquaintances, from Bet Blowsey, the bumboat woman, down to the Duke of Wellington; aye, and I've been among *Royals* too. Why, there was the Duke of C—, him as took command in the Downs at the first of the peace, when all the Hemp-he-roars

and Kings came to pay our honour'd Majesty a visit under that 'ere thing-um-eye they've got at Woolwich now for a rot-under. There was a sight! We wouldn't look at your common lords and ladies then. I remember old Blue-cheer landing, and Play-'toff and the Prince of Easy-Humbug, for I belonged to the yacht that took old Loo-he-de-sweet to France; and so we saw 'em all for nothing. But, somehow or other, there warn't one to beat our own good old George; and then there was that lovely flower of British growth, ~~our own~~ dear Princess Charlotte, so like her royal grandfather. There, messmates, I won't say another word about it; I sees you're all affected. Some on you remembers the Countess of Elgin hired cutter, commanded by Mich C—ford, when Bobby H—— was master. Well, d'ye see, Mich was ashore at Deal, with his jib bowsed chock a block, and turning the corner in Middle-street with fresh way, he come stem on, right into the Duke's hull. 'Halloo! halloo! (exclaimed his Royal Highness), what ship do you belong to?'—'No ship at all (*hiccup*), my Lord—your Majesty, I mean.'—'Do you know this officer?' enquired the Duke, turning to Captain A——. 'Know me (said Mich, making another tack towards him), aye, to be sure he 'does.'—'Tis the commander of the cutter,' said Captain A——. 'You're drunk, Sir,' continued the Duke. 'Beg your pardon (*hiccup*), your Royal Highness, I am as sober (*hiccup*) as a prince.'—'I say you're abominably drunk, Sir.'—'Well, well, an't please your Royal Highness, I may be (*hiccup*) about half seas

over.'—'Then, Sir, my orders are, that you keep half seas over for the next week to come; so go on board, get under weigh, and cruize at the back of the Goodwin till recalled.'—'Aye, aye, an't please your Royal (*hiccup*) Highness, I'll be off the Good-un directly;' and away he started. Poor Mich was a jovial fellow, but death grappled him at last. He was a great favourite with all the Captains, and obtained his commission partly through merit, and partly on account of a humorous poem, addressed to the Lords of the Admiralty. I recollect once falling in with his vessel off the Texel. 'How are you, Mr. C——?' says our commander, hailing him. 'More troubled with the wind than the weather, Sir (replied C——), for my spirits are terribly low. Can you spare me a few nervous drops?'—'Aye, aye; let's have something to put 'em in.'—'Thank you, Sir, thank ye; I'll send my Joey (a three gallon bottle to which he gave that name)—I'll send my Joey.' The boat was lowered down, and Joey came on board. The Captain, without noticing its size, ordered the steward to fill it. 'What are you about there below, steward? (said the commander). What makes you so long?'—'I harn't half filled the bottle yet, Sir.'—'Not half filled it! why, how much does it hold?'—'Three or four gallons, Sir.'—'Confound the fellow! Countess, a-hoy!'—'Halloo!'—'I say, C—ford, if ever you send your Joey aboard of me again, and I don't break his neck, there's no snakes in Vir-ginny. Why, he's nearly swallow'd all my grog!'"

"Ah, (says old Ben Marlin,) them there were

glorious times! But, howsomever, we are never satisfied. When we used to drink Malmsy Madeira out of a bucket, the toast was always 'Better luck still.' Touch the bell, Dick Wills.—'Aye, aye,' says Dick, rattling the poker and tongs together.—'Landlord (said Ben, as he entered), it's a sad heart as never rejoices; and so, d'ye see, having received a present of rhino from an old friend, why bring us in a bucket of flip for all hands.'—This was extremely welcome, and very gratefully acknowledged. The flip was brought. 'And now (says Ben) I'll tell you a rum story, that happened about twenty years ago this very day. Why aye, that was one of the rummest rigs that ever I seed; zounds, it put all Portsmouth in a mutiny!'—'Hoot, hoot! (said old Hameish), dinna mak twa bobs at a cherry, mon, but gie's the account, and let's hae it wi' muckle glee; only bearing in memorial, that 'tis ane o' the rules of this Saucyation that nae ane is to indulge i' the flights o' fancy, vulgo a lie, without its being barefaced, in contradistinction to the naked truth.'—'Be aisey, Hameish, (says Teddy), and don't make a botheration. How can he lie while he sits? And as for lying at full length, och don't mention it—he'll never do that again. Isn't he getting as straight as a ram's horn? Arrah, Ben, my darling, get on, and don't stop; do the thing dacently—begin in the middle, and make both ends meet.'

'Why, d'ye see, (says Ben), it was that 'ere time when most of the channel fleet were at Spithead, and liberty-men were ashore every day. Well, the old *Barfleur* was going to be paid off, and

what does we do, but determined to have a grand sheave-o before all hands separated. So we sends dispatches to Fareham, to have a good dinner ready for us New Year's Day, with oceans of grog and mountains of bacca; and so we muster'd that 'ere morning to the number of sixty or seventy, some on horses, some on donkeys; and as for chaises and gigs, there was a pretty set-out. Well, we weighed with a foul wind from Capstan-square, and after making a great many tacks, hove to before the Admiral's, and saluted him with three hearty cheers. Harry Cole was mounted on a Jerusalem poney, that backed astarn right through the window of a pastry-cook's shop. There was a dish of flummery, pies, and tarts, rolled in all directions; it soon made a-bun-dance among the small fry—barbers and sweeps, bricklayers and tailors, my eyes! there was precious work! Well, old Harry dismounted, and taking his hanimal on his shoulders, walks deliberately out, and sets him down in the street, ordering 'em to send in their bill, and he'd make good the damages. At last we clear'd the town, and formed the order of sailing in two divisions. Black Jackson, the captain of the main-top, commanded one, and Jem Crampton the other, and the wind coming favourable, the signal was made to crack on all sail. It was a fine sight to see the small craft scud out of our way, and the road was lined with speckt-tatoes to gaze at the fleet. Well, d'ye see, Tom Butt—you remembers Tom Butt, a comical crojack-eyed fellow, as dry as a biscuit when he was well soak'd—Tom Butt had got a dull sailer, that wouldn't answer her helm,

and so he and Jack Moberly, whose craft was every bit as bad, were left astern. Tom, thinking she was out of trim, and too much by the head, gets out of the saddle, and shifts ballast farther aft; that was worse, for his vessel lufft right up in the wind, came athwart Jack's bows, and capsized him in an instant; but that warn't the best of it: however, we had a glorious day, and next morning toss'd up our anchors for Portsmouth. Well, poor Jack Moberly was taken before the Mayor by the rogue of a landlord that hired him the horse, and all hands attended as witnesses; indeed it made such a kick up, that hundreds were in attendance outside the court. Jack, his face plastered and patch'd in all directions, was put to the bar, the landlord on his right, and Tom Butt on his left. 'Well, what is your complaint?' said Sir—C—ter. 'Why, please your Worship, I hired this here fellow a horse—' 'Fellow! (says Jack) who do you call fellow? I've got a collar to my shirt as well as you.'—'Don't interrupt him, my friend,' said the Mayor. 'There, (replied Jack, slueing round to the landlord), doesn't his Honour call me friend?—and shiver my old tarry trowsers if I won't be a friend to your Worship as long as you live.' 'Well well, let the man go on.' 'So I hired him a horse.' 'That 's a cracker (says Tom Butt) seeing as how it was no more like a horse than your Honour, but a broken-back'd rattle-trap ould *mare*; and, belike your Worship—' 'I must insist on one speaking at a time (said the Mayor), and first let me hear the man's complaint.' 'Why, please your Worship, they hired my *mare*, as

capital a roader as ever was backed, thof I say it myself; she cost me—' 'But that has nothing to do with the concern,' exclaimed the Magistrate. 'No, your Worship: Well, yesterday they brings her back again, both knees broke, and her face cut to pieces, and so I threw her on his hands, to make good the loss, but they refuse to satisfy me.' 'What do you estimate the worth of the beast?' 'Thirty pound, your Worship, and little enough too.' 'Well, my friend, and what have you to say to that?' 'Why, if you pleases (says Tom Butt) I'll overhaul the whole matter, for my messmate is rather taut bound about the upper works.' 'Let me hear it then as clear as possible.' 'Why d'ye see, we met to have a bit of a jollification, as all hands were going to be drafted into different ships. Well, your Worship, the fleet weigh'd from the town, and the commander-in-chief made the signal to make all possible sail, and so they crack'd on, that I and Jack here were left hull-down astern. Well, your Honour, being willing to drag up with the rear squadron, we carried a taut press, but a sudden squall threw us slap aback, and Jack's vessel being crazy, and leaky withal, turned the turtle with him, and, sure enough, stove in the animal's bows, and carried away part of Jack's cutwater, and sundry other damages. Well, 'twas a blessed thing that the squall did happen, for the fleet were obliged to shorten sail; and so some an 'em was ordered to take him in tow. As soon as the rain abated and the wind lull'd, they carried on, and we got to Fareham in good time, Jack Tempest made sail to the doctor's for six yards of plaster, and so we

parcell'd and woulded the shiver'd parts in both the beast and my messmate, giving 'em a good lick of tar; and then we brought him to a court-martial for losing his ship, but after a close flistigation of the case, he was honourably quided, for it was fully—'

At this moment there was a terrible rookery and noise outside the court—'See what's the matter there,' said the Mayor. The hubbub continued, and the officer returned with a report that it was some sailors had brought another witness (see *Vignette*). 'Let 'em come in,' says the Magistrate. The doors were opened, and in came Joe Jarves, leading the ould mare. My eyes! there was a bobbery. The animal was strips of plaster from stem to starn, and looked in a state of starvation. I dare say the crows always followed her. Howsomever, Joe begins—'Look here, your Worship, my messmate is in limbo for breaking this here creature's knees; now I say she ought to be clapp'd in limbo for breaking my messmate's face, for that ere genus there said she had been over the road hundreds of times; now Jack had never steered that course before: which ought to know best, your Worship? But to prove the roguery of the thing, look, your Worship, one bridle-port is fast jamm'd and bolted in her head, and the other hasn't been opened since. Then she had an ugly knack of stopping, and swinging one leg all manner of ways, like a dog-vane in a calm. We offered to make reparation, but he wouldn't agree to it, and swore he'd bring a *civil action* against Jack for the *recovery* of the beast. Whether this is a *civil action*, to clap Jack in limbo, I leave to

your Worship to judge; and as for the recovery of the creature, didn't we try all we could to recover her? Didn't we fish her game-leg and do the needful, and hadn't she strong beer to drink, while all the rest had water? and didn't we bring her home in a coal-waggon, riding all the way? and if that warn't enough to recover her, why she'll never be better.' Old Joe's appeal, and the sight of the mare, did the business; we were ordered to pay five pounds, and the doctor's bill, and then all hands adjoured to the Sally-port, where we drank success to the ould *Mayor* of Portsmouth and the ould *mare* of Common-hard.

Literary Gazette.



Designed by T. Rowlandson.

[Since this selection was made, Mr. Barker, the author of these very clever sketches, has announced his intention of publishing them in a connected form, illustrated by the facetious pencil of one of the brothers Cruikshank.]

ZEPHYR.

WHEN maidens blithely dance at eve,
 I slily glide beneath their sleeve;
 Or, if they would their ankles hide,
 I toss their russet gowns aside:
 Or, dallying with their kerchiefs blue,
 I half betray to transient view
 Beauties that thrill the lover through:
 Then to a lady's casement steal,
 To sigh the love I cannot feel,
 Where she has placed a harp all day,
 Expecting me to come and play:
 Sweet music wakens in the strings
 At the soft rustling of my wings;
 And as I hover round and round,
 She dotes upon the plaintive sound;
 Then, as the melting tones decay,
 She thinks of one that's far away.
 I see the colour come and go,
 I feel her panting bosom glow,
 And wish 'twere mine to sink to rest
 Upon so fair and fond a breast.

At night, when all around is still,
 I lay me down upon the hill,
 And play with cowslips shining bright,
 Beneath the moon-beam's dewy light;
 Where dapper elves and fairies glance
 In merry maze and circling dance:
 Or haply wandering, I invade
 With rustling sound the leafy shade,
 Where Julia, by her lover led,
 Denies, with half-averted head,
 Of her rosy lips the taste,
 Though both his arms are round her waist:
 Alarmed she hears me, and her fear
 Imagines me a stranger near;
 And he, though loth to fancy this,
 Lets her go with half a kiss.

Knight's Quarterly Magazine.

THE FEMALE COMMANDER;

OR, A GENERAL DEFEATED.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XXVI.

SIR CHARLES WILLIAM DOYLE complained to Mr. Halls, that he had been grossly assaulted by a couple of post-boys, in his way home from the Hounslow-heath Review on the preceding day. The post-boys in question were Thomas Clough, stable-keeper in Phoenix-yard, Cavendish-square, and his lad, George Curd. The General had laid aside his military dress, and was driving through Brentford in his tilbury, when he was stopped short by the headmost of a string of buggies turning short across the way. At the same moment something came bump against his back; and, looking round, he found it was the heads of the leading horses in a post chariot and four, driven by the boy, Curd, on the leaders, and his master, Clough, on the wheelers; and bump, as afore-said, came the heads of the leaders against the General's back. "My good fellow," said the General to the boy, "where are you coming to? you see I cannot move, unless I drive over the buggy before me!"—"D—n his —— eyes!" cried Clough, "drive over him if he don't get out of the way!" The boy attempted to do as he was ordered, by forcing his horses upon the General's tilbury, until it was in danger of upsetting; and to prevent this, the General applied his whip to the boy and the leaders. The boy applied his

whip to the General in return, and after a bit of a scuffle the post-chariot and its furious drivers gave the General the *go-by*. Between Brentford and Turnham-green the General overtook them, as they were doing something at their traces; and, as he passed by, the boy, instigated by Clough, ran after the General, and struck him repeatedly with his whip. The General, astonished at this conduct, demanded Clough's address; but instead of giving it, he cried out, "D—n your eyes, if you had flogged me as you did the boy, I would have cut your — *tripes* out!" and so saying, they mounted their horses and drove on furiously.

Several gentlemen who witnessed this strange outrage, urged the General to pursue, and either obtain their address, or give them in charge to a constable. The General followed as fast as he could, reasonably, with a single horse; and in Hammersmith he overtook them again, as they were watering their horses. He then made himself known to them; whereupon they suddenly became "as humble as a couple of mulberries, that will not bear the handling;" and were busily asking him ten thousand pardons, when the front glass of the chariot was suddenly let down, and out pops a gaily-attired female head, crying out, "D—n your eyes, you blackguard! what do you mean by stopping my servants!" Hearing such words as these from a lady's lips astonished the General more than ever; and, making his bow to the lady, he told her he had nothing at all to say to her. Somebody else told her what was the matter, however; and, again popping her

fair head out at the window, she exclaimed, "By G—d! they shall neither apologize nor give their address; and if they want any thing else, let him follow me to Curzon-street, and I'll horsewhip him myself! Drive on, lads!" Away they went again, "like winking," as a coachman would say, and the General after them on horseback—for a stranger gentleman, who had heard the foregoing lady-like exclamations, very kindly lent the General his horse, in order that he might keep up with the chariot, whilst he himself followed with the General's tilbury. Away they went, helter-skelter, with the General close at their heels, until they entered Hyde-park at the Kensington-gate, when they put their horses into a full gallop; and the General, not choosing to exhibit himself chariot-hunting through the park, gave up the chace, and they were soon out of sight. He afterwards ascertained that the lady was a Mrs. Stopford, living "under the protection" of somebody or other, in Curzon-street. Having ascertained this, the boys were easily discovered; and they were brought before Mr. Minshall, who held them both to bail for their appearance at the Sessions.

Herald.

IMPROMPTU,

ON MISS TREE'S PERFORMANCE OF THE "PAGE," IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."

ALL own thee, Tree, whilst pleased they look,
The sweetest page of Shakspeare's book.

Post.

THE DANCING MEMBERS.

On reading that two Members, who voted in the Minority on the Motion for the Repeal of the Malt Duties, were taken into custody for being at an unlicensed Assembly-room the other evening.

Two Members "at fault,"
 In the business on malt,
 Thought it *odd* if they couldn't be *even*;
 So in petulant mood,
 Determined they would
 Court St. Vitus*, in lieu of St. Stephen.
 Though *extremes* seldom meet,
 Yet the *head* and the *feet*
 Should with each other go *hand in hand*;
 For we know in the "House,"
 That each Member, of "*nowse*,"
 When he speaks to the Speaker, must stand.
 But how great their surprise,
 When, on opening their eyes,
 Which no *foresight* had ever unshut,
 Since a "*lark*" was their rage,
 They were cooped in a "*cage*,"
 Where many more *Commons* were put.
 "What, for quadrilling!—odd,
 "We should reel into *quod*,"
 When the gaoler their comments thus stops—
 "Excuse the assault,
 "My gemmen of *malt*,
 "But there's likewise a duty on *hops*."

* The Divinity of Dancing, much resembling the quadrille movement.

RULES

FOR THE BEHAVIOUR OF YOUNG PEOPLE IN COMPANY.

ALWAYS wipe your mouth with the tablecloth, for that must be soiled at all events, and will save your host's napkins, or your own pocket-handkerchief.

Always observe the Abyssinian custom—never to speak, nor to drink, unless your mouth be quite full.

Champ whatever you eat, making as much noise as possible, which will show you relish, and are pleased with what you are eating.

Should any thing at dinner stick in your teeth, do not allow yourself to suffer from it for a moment; but use a *pin*, or if you have not such a thing about you, a *fork* will be a good succedaneum.

Always begin to speak before another has finished what he or she has to say, as it will serve to show the quickness of your perception, in being able to understand a thing before it is uttered, and give the company a great opinion of your good breeding.

Be sure, on leaving a room, to turn your back on the company; and if the door be open when you go out, be sure to leave it open, particularly if the weather be cold.

Should you have occasion to use your handkerchief in company, do not mince the matter as the fastidious are wont to do, by slightly compressing the nose; but boldly and decidedly

blow it, (particularly if at meal time), until relieved from the inconvenience, and the more louder and more violent the different propulsions of sound are, the more genteel, easy, and agreeable you will be considered.

When in company, should you ever be at a loss what to do with your hands and feet (as is often the case with young people), you can occasionally put one foot over the other; sit cross-legged; pick your ears with the head of a pin; run your fingers through your hair; pare your nails with a penknife; remove superfluous hairs with your nails; blow your nose and look at your handkerchief; beat a tattoo on the table; bite your nails; gape now and then; stretch yourself to open your chest; loll back and tilt your chair; cut a notch or two in the arm of it with your penknife (which should be in your hand ready for use); scratch your head, or any other part that may happen to itch, and in so doing you will convince the company that you have been well brought up, and are perfectly free from vulgar habits.

Mura.

ON THE SUPERIOR ATTRACTION OF MADAME VESTRIS IN MALE COSTUME.

Thy beauty and thy symmetry,
 Thy lovely voice which all bewitches,
 So sweetly blend; the men agree,
 So powerful is thy rivalry,
 That henceforth thou shalt wear the breeches.

Post.

GOOD NIGHT.

“Good night? ah! no; the hour is ill
Which severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be *good* night.

“How can I call the lone night good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
Be it not said, thought, understood;
Then it will be *good* night.

“To hearts which near each other move
From evening close to morning light,
The night is good; because, my love,
They never *say* good night.”

Examiner.

CURIOUS REQUEST.

THE following curious occurrence took place a little time ago, not many miles from town:— A barber and a young female having had their banns published, attended at the church to be married. When the minister came to a certain part of the ceremony, the bridegroom very gravely asked the clergyman “If he might not take this woman in marriage on trial for a term of years, as he knew it was the custom in parts where he had been?” The clergyman of course answered in the negative. “Well, Sir, then,” says the barber, “I suppose I must risk it; so you may go on in the usual way.” The ceremony was then duly performed.

Chronicle.

THE CREED OF A PRETTY WOMAN.

I BELIEVE, that a Cachmere shawl is to a woman an object of the first necessity.

I believe, that marriage is a municipal formality, in which there is nothing embarrassing, and which is susceptible of modifications according to the humour of the contracting parties.

I believe, that the first virtue of a woman is coquetry; the greatest defect, maturity; and her greatest crime, old age.

I believe, that the Salique law is a monument of barbarism, which disgraces the European codes.

I believe, that Joan of Arc is the greatest *man* that the world ever produced, and that Ninon de l'Enclos is the greatest woman.

I believe, that paint is more necessary to the heart of a woman than to her complexion.

I believe, that an English lord who has plenty of guineas, and a great wish to spend them in company, is the most witty, the most airy, and the most original of all beings.

I believe, that devotion is not incompatible with pleasure, and that any reasonable accommodation may be made with heaven.

I believe, that love is an act of stupidity, and friendship a contract for mutual deception.

I believe, that it was not a rib which God borrowed from Adam to form Eve, but his tongue, and that it is not our fault if we speak too much.

I believe, that maternity is a very beautiful thing at a distance.

I believe, that conjugal tolerance is in domestic affairs, what religious tolerance is in political ones.

I believe, that a woman should rather want bread than a gown or hat *a-la-mode*.

I believe, that fashion is the goddess of women, and the tyrant of men.

News of Literature and Fashion.

THE PIER AT MARGATE.

Oh! Margate is a charming place,
'Tis full of beauty, life and grace,
And I've met many a lovely face
Upon the pier at Margate.

When Cynthia sheds a silver beam,
And London belles on down-beds dream,
'Tis sweet to hear the foaming stream
Beside the pier at Margate.

I love to see the dashing wave
The snow-white cliffs of Britain lave;
I love to hear the night storm rave
Around the pier at Margate.

Though Ramsgate boasts a splendid pier,
More happy we in humbler sphere,
More sociable, more friendly here,
We walk the pier at Margate.

Oh! Margate is a charming place,
'Tis full of beauty, life, and grace,
I've met many a lovely face
Upon the pier at Margate.

Original.

TO JUSTICE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PIER SALVETTI.

Oh Justice! Justice! Where art thou?

On earth thou'rt not—poor Virtue's nurse;

Thou ne'er was wanted more than now,

While all things grow from bad to worse!

Our Justice here's a mere impostor,

Beneath *thy* name all vice to foster;

And bears a sword—the worst of curses—

To cut and empty people's purses.

Here our Astræa, as we know,

Has lost her balance very long;

And 'tis all one with us below,

To have the right side or the wrong:

For gold has power to make her mute, or

Say *No* or *Yes* to every suitor.

A rich man may in prison revel,

Come out a Saint—go in a Devil.

In poverty's well beaten way

The honest man must run his race,

While the proud thief secure may stay,

Obtaining money, rank, and place.

Must we live thus? Indeed I dread it,

But still can hardly give it credit.

Goddess, descend! Will nought be *then* amiss,

Begin the slaughter of thine enemies*! *Chronicle.*

* This forms an apostrophe, in a burlesque poem of some length, on the loss of a *Grillo*.

MR. JEKYLL'S PUN ON MR. RAINE.

MR. JEKYLL, being told the other day that Mr. Raine, the barrister, was engaged as counsel for a Mr. Hay, enquired if *Raine* was ever known to do good to *Hay*?

A SAILOR "HARD UP."

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET,—No. XXVII.

JAMES HACKETT, a weather-beaten little fellow in a sailor's dress, was charged with having stolen an old ink-glass, and a small superannuated handle-less table-bell, from a jeweller's shop in Long-acre. He was seen to walk deliberately into the shop, take the bell and the ink-glass from the desk, and walk out again with them as deliberately as he had walked in.

When first brought into the office, he seemed in a very "de'il-ma-care" sort of humour; but when he was placed at the bar, and the witnesses began to give their evidence, he began to whimper—squeezing the tears out one by one, screwing up his visage, and shaking them off as they oozed, and every now and then muttering "Hard up at last!"

When the witnesses had said all they had to say, the Magistrate roused him from his lachrymose, and therefore rather unsailor-like reverie, by asking him what he had to say for himself? Upon which he left off piping his eye, and opened a thundering defensive broadside, something after this fashion: "Do I look like a thief? Let any man here present—merchant's mate, captain, or commander—overhaul me, and see whether I'm a thief or a sailor! and if he says *thief*, I say he's a liar! I'm no thief, your Honour—that's flat. I was born and bred a sailor—sarved my time in Waterford, and belonged to the Admiral's barge at the taking of Washington. After that, we

went and took St. Mary's; and see here, your Honour, here's a precious thump I got in taking her!"

As he said this he stripped up his sleeve, and showed a large scar upon his well-tattoo'd wrist.

The Magistrate told him all this might be very true. "But," said his Worship, "what has this to do with your stealing this bell and this ink-stand?"

"Shiver me! if I knows any thing about bells and ink-pots," he replied. "I met Sir George Cockburn coming across the Park, yonder, yesterday; and, 'Jem Hackett,' says the Admiral to me, says he—'it won't do for you to be rolling about the world, doing nothing in this way,' says he—'here's eight shillings for you,' says he—'go down to Somerset-house, James,' says he, 'and get an order to go aboard the Tender.'—'Thank your Honour, and I will,' says I to the Admiral again; 'and after that I meets Bob Grimes, and some more shipmates, and we turn'd-to for a drink, and we were hard a weather for all night.'"

"But why did you go into this man's shop?" said his Worship, again interrupting him—"What had Sir George Cockburn's giving you eight shillings to do with your stealing these things?"

"We were hard a weather all night, your Honour—Bob Grimes and the rest of us," continued Jem Hackett—"hard a weather all night; and where I went, or what I did, split me if I know. If so be I went into the man's house—and I suppose I did, or else your Honour wouldn't say so; but if I did, I went in to look for *swipes* I reckon—

your Honour, it was swipes I wanted—and not ink-pots. But here I am—hard up!”

He then gave the names of the ships he had served in, and the Magistrate ordered that he should be detained until some inquiry could be made respecting him; being, no doubt, of opinion, that, if he was really going on board the Tender, it would be the best way of getting rid of him.

Herald.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEP.

'Twas one morning in winter, 'twas cold and unkind,
And yellow the mists that darkened the sky,
When a poor little boy, whose rags shook in the wind,
Cried with shivering voice, as my door he passed by—
Sweep, sweep!

Fast fell the snow on his hollow black cheek,
Nature's tears 'twas though chill for the wretched outcast,
Spare and shrunk was his form which did hunger bespeak,
Still his little white teeth chattered shrill in the blast—
Sweep, sweep!

As he warmed by my hearth he told me his lot,
Though the blaze cheer'd his heart, yet he utter'd a sigh—
His parents were gone, and no friend had he got,
And misfortune had taught him each morning to cry
Sweep, sweep!

Now manhood has blest him with better employ,
And prosperity smiles on his kindlier state,
But he never forgets when a poor little boy,
And dark was his calling, and dark was his fate—
Sweep, sweep!

Oh ye children of fortune, as cheerly the blaze
Throws its radiance around your carpeted floor,
Let it warm your good hearts, and your pity too raise,
For those poor little negroes who cry past your door—
Sweep, sweep!

TASTE.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED OPERA,

BY MRS. CAREY.

AND, pray what is Taste? shall I try to explain?
 Oh! no! If I did, the attempt would be vain:
 For no words can define it, though all must confess,
 'Tis found in each rank, age, profession, and dress.

The dandy will waste
 Half his income on Taste:
 Some will lavish their wealth on a toy;
 While the Miser's a slave,
 That dear money to save,
 Which he has not the taste to enjoy.

Some, whose taste is the Fancy, in boxing delight.
 And, though last at a sermon, are first at a fight;
 While others all joys to the bottle confine,
 And think there's no taste like the taste of good wine.

Some are charm'd with sweet sounds;
 Some love horses and hounds:
 Some will trip it all night at a ball;
 While Woman's bright eyes
 E'en the dullard can prize;
 For Beauty has charms for us all.

Some at hazard (so strange and so various is taste)
 Their time will co. ume, and their fortunes will waste;
 While others, forsooth, are so wonderful nice,
 That they shun all amusement; as wise men shun dice.

Some of taste more refin'd,
 Seek the good of mankind:
 And these, let us hope, are not few—
 But, hold! I am wrong,
 To protract a dull song:

So, to Taste, for the present, adieu!

Gentleman's Mag.

THE LADY WITH THE DEATH'S HEAD.

It is not long since the French papers were amusing their readers with the story of a lady with a death's head: and if we recollect rightly, there was a journal on this side of the channel (the *Literary Gazette*) which staked its veracity on there being a blue stocking lady of the same description, who resided in the neighbourhood of Kensington. Both stories, however, were but a repetition of a very old date. The original heroine was a lady a *Tête de Maure*, and not a *Tête de Mort*, as our modern dealers in the marvellous have it. Two or three centuries ago, when negroes were not so commonly to be seen in Europe as at present, a lady with a blackamoor's head might perhaps be thought as terrific a phenomenon as a lady with a death's head would be in our days. The exact coincidence of the pronunciation of *maure* and *mort*, sufficiently explains the sources of the modern deviation.

The first time that we remember to have met with the story in its modern dress, is in a Number of the *Journal Historique de Colles*, for the year 1750, where it is thus briefly told: There is at present a girl to be married in a convent in Paris, who will receive an annuity of 30,000 livres if she resides in Paris, and 29,000 if she resides in the country. This portion will be settled on her future husband by the marriage contract. It is not required that the husband should be either rich, handsome, well-made, or possessing rank or education: he must, however, be an honest

man, and endowed with plain common sense. The girl has a good figure, possesses a considerable share of wit and understanding, and has been well educated: but—since there absolutely must be a *but*—she is obliged to wear a silver mask continually before her face, as her head, or at least her face, is precisely that of a skeleton. She is besides occasionally seized with convulsions and struggles similar to those of a dying person. Who will consent to marry her?

The Man of Letters.

I WILL HAVE NO HUSBAND—NO!

“ Dicen que me case yo.”

THEY say they'll to my wedding go;
But I will have no husband—no!

I'll rather live serene and still,
Upon a solitary hill,
Than lend me to another's will,
And be a slave to weal or woe:
No! I will have no husband—no!

No! Mother! I've no wish to prove
The doubtful joys of wedded love;
And from those flowery pathways rove
Where innocence and comfort grow—
No! I will have no husband—no!

And Heaven, I'm sure, ne'er meant that he
Should thy young daughter's husband be:
We have no common sympathy.
So let youth's bud unbroken blow—
For I will have no husband—no!

*Cancronero de Linàres Bohí, 317.
Herald,*

AMBIGUOUS EXPLANATION.

THE following laconic correspondence has recently got abroad among the upper circles, to the great annoyance of a female of high fashion, who is known to be the subject of it. The words we have put in *italics* are underscored in the originals :

“ Saturday, July 17.

“ Lord **** is *given to understand*, that Sir W**** has affirmed in a public company, that Lady **** was a person of *doubtful character*. Lord **** requests to be informed whether Sir W**** did make such assertion, and if he did, begs to ask for an explanation of it. The bearer will wait his answer.”

ANSWER.

“ Saturday, July 17.

“ Sir W**** does not recollect to have used the expression referred to, respecting the character of Lady ****, nor does he think it likely he should, as he does not know any female in the circle of fashion, of whose character *there can be less doubt*.”

Chronicle.

ON THE NEW METHOD OF TEACHING WRITING.

THE pen within the fingers tight
Is tied by string, or leathern band,
And thus we find we're *bound* to write

“ *A very free and easy hand.*”

Post.

A HOT DAY.

THE following lines have been often published, but in the dog-days they are always "to the purpose." We believe they were written by the late Lord Erskine, at the house of a friend, where he was on a visit :

WHAT a plague's a summer breakfast,
Eat whate'er you will !
Cold butter'd bread's a nasty thing,
Hot toast is nastier still !

Then, how to pass the time away
Till dinner, there's the doubt ;
You're hot if you stay in the house,
You're hot if you go out.

And after dinner what to do,
Not knowing where to move -
The gentlemen are hot below,
The ladies hot above.

And now the kettle comes, full trot—
That's not the way to cool one ;
Tea makes an empty stomach hot,
But hotter still a full one.

Well, then an evening walk's the thing—
Not if you're hot before ;
For he who sweats when he stands still,
Will, when he walks, sweat more.

So now the supper's come,—and come
To make bad worse, I wot,
For supper, while it heats the cool,
Will never cool the hot.

And bed, which cheers the cold man's heart,
Helps not the hot a pin :
For he who's hot when out of bed,
Heats ten times more when in.

Examiner.

A SUDDEN RECOLLECTION.

AN Indian of the Abipones (an equestrian people of South America) was about to be baptised. "You will certainly go to Heaven after this ceremony, when you die," said the Jesuit who was to christen him: the Indian was content. Just as the water was on the point of being thrown, however, a doubt arose in the mind of the savage. "By this water I shall go to Heaven?" said he. "As sure as there are mosquitoes in America," answered the father. "But my friends, who will not be baptised—they must go to hell?" "Assuredly they shall not miss, a man of them." "Then excuse me, I am sorry to have given you this trouble; but I shall choose to go too."

News of Literature and Fashion.

MISS FOOTE AND MASTER HAYNE.

"Foot it featly here and there,
And let the fool the onus bear."

"*Sans proche, sans peine*," is, Master Hayne,
A proverb worth your noting;
You'd *play*—why then refuse to *pay*,
Like other folks, your *Footing*?

"*De gustibus non disp*," they say—
Don't try the fact to smother;
The Colonel play'd—to win the *maid*!
And you, soft fool! the *mother*!

John Bull.

THE RIVAL BEARS.

MANSION-HOUSE.

MR. MACALPINE and Mr. Money, two rival *friseurs*, residing in Threadneedle-street, were summoned for keeping two live bears, which were not sufficiently secured to prevent danger or annoyance to the public. Brady and another street-keeper, represented the annoyance and danger occasioned by the animals to be very great; and it appeared that the rival decorators each kept a bear, for the purpose of demonstrating to the wise heads in the city, who attend solely to the exterior of their caputs, that it is not scented suet, or hog's lard, or any thing else, but genuine bear's grease, which they (the proprietors) sell. Numerous complaints were made to the Lord Mayor, of the conduct of these animals, and of their masters, in disturbing the whole street by their noise and contest. The bears attracted multitudes round the doors, and blocked up the thoroughfare. One of them could put his leg or arm out to its full extent, and seize any passenger with its claws. The other was almost entirely at liberty, and might, if it so pleased him, vent his displeasure on any of his Majesty's subjects who came near him. One of them now and then exhilarated the neighbourhood, by giving them a Russian *cantata*; and at midnight particularly, whether it was for want of food or want of society, he made the place resound with his hideous howls.

A smart young man, with his hair cut and curled with mathematical precision, said he had the honour to aid Mr. Money, who unfortunately was at Paris, and could not therefore attend his Lordship's summons. The deputy, in answer to the charges that had been made against his master's bear, assured his Lordship that it was the pink of propriety. Even if it was inclined to do mischief, it could not, as its cage was so far from the window as to prevent the possibility of its reaching. It could only be seen by the public; and surely there could be no harm in the mere sight of such an animal.

The Lord Mayor.—Yes, there can. If your mother had happened to have seen such an animal, we might have had a young bear before us now, instead of a spruce young barber (*laughter*). If it be not removed, I shall order it to be indicted as a nuisance.

The young friseur begged to state, that whatever he had said in defence of his master's bear, did not apply to any other *hanimal*. It would doubtless promote the peace of the neighbourhood, if the opposition bear were confined.

Mr. Macalpine declaimed with fury in defence of his bear, and endeavoured to make the Lord Mayor believe, that in its nature and in its manners, it was as harmless as a lamb. He had killed one bear already to appease the prejudice of the place, but he would not immolate his present bear to gratify any one. He now kept it chained closer in his cellar, where he hoped he might have the liberty of seeing it himself.

The Lord Mayor told Mr. Macalpine, that he

might do as he pleased in that respect, but if he suffered it to remain loose, or to create any further annoyance, it should certainly be indicted as a nuisance. Upon this understanding the parties retired.

Examiner.

CHANCERY EXPEDITION.

The Lord Chancellor now directed that those minutes should be put in, and observed, that he should apply himself, during the vacation, to the consideration of those cases which stand for judgment."—(See *Morning Chronicle*.)

WHEN E—l—n reads the papersthrough,
And makes the subject out,
His Lordship's mind is then convinc'd
That there is room for doubt!

The Client waits, with anxious heart,
To hear the grave decree—
The Lawyer with more pleasure waits—
For what? Another fee!

Were judgments, in the world of shades,
So equitably given,
Spirits might wander to and fro
Between both h—l and heaven!

The Romish doctrine then were true—
For an uncertain fate,
Would make eternity all through
A purgatorial state!

Chronicle.

FRAGMENT.

ON THE LATE LORD BYRON.

I went to look
 On Byron's awful manes—'twas a sight
 Which all my spirit to its centre shook—
 Grand, glorious, passion-moving, still—the blight
 Of Death was there ; but who could bear or brook
 Such a sun, clouded in so dark a night?
 Not I—I gazed upon his fearful sleep,
 And tried to weep ; but O ! I could not weep.

Yet, he was pale and ghastly ! nought was left,
 But that high intellectual forehead, crown'd
 With a few dark grey hairs—his lips bereft
 Of all their bitter scorns !—his eyelids bound
 In mists, and all his glories chilled and cleft—
 For solitude and gloom were gathered round—
 Save that poor pageantry and vain parade,
 Which the dull gloominess far gloomier made.

I turned away—my heart was sick—even now
 His shade pursues me in my dreams !—I know
 That he had evil in him—but to bow
 To tyrants—but to fawn upon the foe
 Of freedom—but to proffer up a vow,
 For aught, but man's most sacred interests—No !
 This Byron never did. Ye slanderers, tell
 If ye have served the cause of man so well !

I watched him when his light was like the gleaming
 Of a gay tremulous meteor o'er the sea—
 I watched him when his noontide rays were streaming
 In all their lustre from Thermopylæ.
 I could have then adored him—almost deeming
 He was a re-awakened deity,
 Out of the sacred tombs that Greece has reared
 To names—whose shadows now have re-appear'd.

'Twas there he died—fit grave!—and there his form
 Shall oft walk forth; when o'er Parnassus' head
 There gathers from the clouds some awful storm,
 He shall be seen in white-rob'd garb to tread!
 And breathing eloquent sounds to wake and warm
 The heroic Greek! and for the patriot dead
 Shall chaunt a hymn of liberty!—as when
 His fire-touch'd harp was heard by mortal men!

Chronicle.

A NEW EDITION OF THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

TOM CAMPBELL, some time since on a visit to his native land, stopped at Haddington, and was particularly struck with the beauty of a pretty chamber-maid. He got to bed, and fell asleep to dream of her. Out of his slumber he was gently awakened, and, to his great delight, saw this charming girl standing by his bed-side with a light, seemingly a little embarrassed.—“Would you, Sir,” she stammered out, “have any objection to a bed-fellow?”—“Objection,” said Tom, starting up, “how could I? I shall be delighted, overjoyed, enraptured.”—“Oh! Sir,” replied the girl, quite pleased, “I am sae glad! There’s a drunken fellow of a rider frae Brummagem below, and we have nae bed for him; sae I made bold to ask to turn him in with you, for no other body would endure him.”—How delusive are the *Pleasures of Hope*?

Sunday Times.

MAY CUSTOMS.

WE have now reached that period of the year which was formerly dedicated to one of the most splendid and pleasing of our festal rites. The observance of May-day was a custom which, until the close of the reign of James the First, alike attracted the attention of the royal and the noble, as of the vulgar class. Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth, and James, patronized and partook of its ceremonies; and during this extended era, there was scarcely a village in the kingdom but what had a May-pole, with its appropriate games and dances.

The origin of these festivities has been attributed to three different sources, *Classic*, *Celtic*, and *Gothic*. The first appears to establish the best claim to the parentage of our May-day rites, as a relique of the *Roman Floralia*, which were celebrated on the last four days of April, and on the first of May, in honour of the goddess Flora, and were accompanied with dancing, music, the wearing of garlands, strewing of flowers, &c. The *Beltein*, or rural sacrifice of the Highlanders on this day, as described by Pennant and Dr. Jamieson, seems to have arisen from a different motive, and to have been instituted for the purpose of propitiating the various noxious animals which might injure or destroy their flocks and herds. The Gothic anniversary on May-day makes a nearer approach to the general purpose of the *Floralia*, and was intended as a thanksgiving to the sun; if not for the return of flowers, fruit,

and grain, yet for the introduction of a better season for fishing and hunting.

The modes of conducting the ceremonies and rejoicings on May-day, are to be drawn from our earliest English writers; though their greatest splendour of exhibition appears to have taken place during the Tudor reigns. They may be traced indeed from the era of Chaucer, who, in the conclusion of his *Court of Love*, has described the *Feast of May*—

“ ——— Forth goth all the court, both most and lest,
To fetch the floures fresh, and braunch and blome—
And namely hawthorn, brought both page and groom :
And then rejoysen in their great delite:
Eke ech at other throw the flures bright,
The primerose, the violete, and the gold,
With fresh garlands, party blew and white.”

And it should be observed, that this, the simplest mode of celebrating May-day, continued to be in fashion, with some variations, according to the peculiar customs which obtained in certain places, longer than the more complex one, of which we shall presently say a few words—the Morris-dance, and the games of Robin Hood. It is on record, that Henry the Eighth and Queen Catherine partook of this diversion; and historians also mention that he, with his courtiers, in the beginning of his reign, rose on May-day very early, to fetch May, or green boughs; and they went with their bows and arrows shooting to the wood. And this ancient custom, Borlace, in his History of Cornwall, tells us, is still retained by the Cornish, who, on May-eve, make excursions from the towns into the country, and having cut

down a tall elm, bring it into town, fitted with a straight and taper pole, painted, to the end of it, which they erect in the most public place, and on holydays and festivals adorn it with flower garlands, or ensigns and streamers. In other places, we are informed in Chalmers' Poets, it was no uncommon thing also for the milk-maids to join in the procession to the May-pole on this day, decorated with ribbands of various colours, intermingled with knots of flowers and wreaths of oaken leaves, and with the horns of the animal gilt.

So generally prevalent was this habit of early rising on May-day, that Shakspeare makes one of his inferior characters in Henry VIIIth, exclaim,

“ Pray, Sir, be patient—’tis as much impossible
(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)
To scatter them, as ’tis to make them sleep
On May-day morn, which will never be.”

Nay, the rite of this month, observes Mr. Steevens, in a note to Reed's Shakspeare, “ was once so universally practised, that even authors thought their works would obtain a more favourable reception, if published on May-day.” Churchyard, a contemporary poet, in the title-page to a metrical performance, published by him on that day,

~~says—~~

“ Come, bring in *Maye* with me—
My *Maye* is fresh and greene;
A subjectes harte, an humbler mind,
To serve a mayden queene.”

The bush of *hawthorn*, or, as it is called, *May*, generally fetched home, and in the country made

to adorn the doors and chimney-pieces on this day, may point out the first fruits of the spring, as this is one of the earliest trees which blossoms.

The May-pole, the dancing round which formerly constituted so material a part of the festivities of May-day, is, by the author of a pamphlet intitled "The Way to Things by Words, and Words by Things," considered in a new and curious light. We gather from him, that our ancestors held an anniversary assembly on May-day, and that the column of May (whence our May-pole) was the great standard of justice on the Ey-Commons or Fields of May. Here it was that the people, if they saw cause, deposed or punished their governors, their barons, and their kings. The Judges' bough or wand, (at this time discontinued, and only faintly represented by a trifling nosegay), and the staff or rod of authority in the civil or the military, (for it was the mace of civil power, and the truncheon of the field-officers), are both derived from hence. A *Mayor*, he says, received his name from this *May*, in the sense of lawful power; the crown, a mark of dignity and symbol of power, like the mace and sceptre, was also taken from the May, being representative of the garland or crown; which, when hung on the top of the May, or pole, was the great signal for convening the people; the arches of it, which spring from the circlet, and meet together at the mound or round bell, being necessarily so formed, to suspend it on the top. The word *May-pole*, he observes, is a pleonasm; in the French it is called singly the *Mai*.

He farther tells us, that this is one of the most ancient customs, which from the remotest ages has been, by repetition from year to year, perpetuated down to our days, not being at this instant totally exploded, especially in the lower classes of life. It was considered as the boundary day, that divided the confines of winter and summer, allusively to which there was instituted a sportful war between two parties; the one in defence of the continuance of winter, the other for bringing in the summer. The youths were divided into troops, the one in winter livery, the other in the gay habit of spring. The mock-battle was always fought booty; the spring was sure to obtain the victory, which they celebrated by carrying triumphantly green branches with many flowers, proclaiming and singing the song of joy, of which the burden was in these or equivalent terms:—"We have brought the summer home."

With these, the simplest modes of celebrating the rites of May-day, was anciently united the *Morris-dance*, consisting of several characters, which were often varied, both in number, application and dress. The *Morris-dance* appears to have been introduced into this kingdom about the reign of Edward IV., and is without doubt derived from the *Morisco*, a dance peculiar to the Moors, and generally termed the *Spanish Morisco*, from its notoriety in Spain during the dynasty of that people in the Peninsula. The *Morris-dance* in this country, when not connected with the games of Robin Hood, usually consisted of the Lady of the May, the Fool, or domestic

buffoon of the 15th and 16th centuries, a Piper, and two, four, or more, Morris-dancers. They were originally dressed as Moors with blacked faces, but their habit came afterwards to any species of suitable fantastic dress; and their business was to dance round the May-pole. The introduction of Robin Hood and his outlaws, with Maid Marian, the hobby-horse, and all the pageantry and pantomime accompanying them, took place considerably later, and were generally exhibited with their most complicated ceremony, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.

These festivities on May-day were first attacked by the Puritans in the reigns just mentioned, as relicks of Pagan superstition, and were totally set aside by their more enthusiastic successors in the Civil War. They were once more revived at the Restoration; but at present few vestiges remain either of these ancient rites, or of those attendant on other periodical popular festivals. The last May-pole in London was taken down in 1717. It was conveyed to Wanstead-park, to mount an immensely large telescope on, belonging to Sir Isaac Newton, and had originally been 100 feet high above the surface of the ground. It stood on the site of the New Church in the Strand. Pope thus perpetuates its remembrance :

“ Amidst the area wide they took their stand,
When the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand.”

Herald.

NEW NOVEL.

LYINGS AND THIEVINGS.

A NEW novel is talked of, which promises to excite a very lively sensation in certain sensitive circles, particularly among *Public Defaulters*. The announcement, too, is peculiar in its wording—"Preparing for publication, in post 8vo. LYINGS and THIEVINGS,"

"Full of wise saws and *modern instances*."

The story is said to be wholly founded on *facts*, if not of a romantic, at least of a very extravagant character, and possessing the sort of interest which a perusal of the Newgate Calendar inspires. Much political and even *fiscal*, as well as scandalous matter, will be introduced, and—what is a rarity indeed in a novel—official papers of the Treasury and *Board of Audit* will, it is said, form an important part of the contents!

Examiner.

SONNET TO A CHILD.

THOU darling child! When I behold the smile
 Over thy rosy features brightly stray,
 (Its light unrivall'd by the morning ray),
 Thy fair and open brow unpraised the while,
 With an appealing glance so void of guile,
 (Untaught the trusting bosom to betray);
 Thy sinless graces win my soul away
 From dreams and thoughts, that darken and defile!—
 Scion of beauty! If a stranger's eye
 Thus dwell upon thee; if his bosom's pain,
 Charm'd by thine only smile, forget to smart,
 Oh! how unutterably sweet *her* joy!
 Oh! how indissolubly firm the chain,
 Whose links of love entwine a *Mother's heart*!

Blackwood's Magazine.

VALUE OF PRINTING.

IN 1274, the price of a small Bible neatly transcribed was 30*l.* a sum equal to at least 2 or 300*l.* of our money. A good and clearly printed Bible may now be had for *two or three shillings*. It is related, that the building of the two arches of London bridge cost only 25*l.*, which is 5*l.* less than what a copy of the Bible sold for many years afterwards. These facts afford a curious commentary on the changes and advantages produced by the extraordinary invention of printing, which has done so much to alter or to shake all the institutions of the world, wherever the press has appeared. *Chronicle.*

THE PAWNBROKERS AND THE PHILANTHROPIC LOAN.

THE men who tempt with golden balls
Indignantly decry
A Loan, which some arch witling calls
"The Loan of Mrs. Fry."

But whi' they practise on the town,
No wonder that they rail
At all who'd pull those symbols down,
Which needy wretches hail.

Yet must they fall—for lo! the Knight
So fam'd for shells and rockets,
Will blast pawnbrokers out of sight,
And save the people's pockets*.

Herald.

* Sir William Congreve is said to have devised the plan of the "Philanthropic Loan," and Mrs. Fry lends her earnest assistance to see it carried into execution.

SONG.

FROM "THE IMPROVISATRICE."

WHEN should lovers breathe their vows—
 When should ladies hear them?
 When the dew is on the boughs,
 When none else are near them;
 When the moon shines cold and pale,
 When the birds are sleeping,
 When no voice is on the gale,
 When the rose is weeping;
 When the stars are bright on high,
 Like hopes in young Love's dreaming,
 And glancing round the light clouds fly,
 Like soft fears, to shade their beaming.
 The fairest smiles are those that live
 On the brow by star-light wreathing;
 And the lips their richest incense give,
 When the sigh is at midnight breathing.
 Oh! softest is the cheek's love-ray
 When seen by moonlight hours;
 Other roses seek the day,
 But blushes are night-flowers.
 Oh! when the moon and stars are bright,
 When the dew-drops glisten,
 Then their vows should lovers plight—
 Then should ladies listen.

Chorus.

INSCRIPTION ON SHERIDAN'S COFFIN.

MR. SHERIDAN died July 7th, 1816, aged 55 years; but, the man who engraved the plate for his coffin, knowing that 50 was fifty, concluded that 505, would express 55, which was really engraved.

Mirror.

FISHMONGERS' HALL;

OR, SPEECHES AT A CIVIC FEAST.

IN the chair, of course, sate the Master of the Company; on his left the Right Honourable Robert Lord Waithman, on his right his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex (who is a Fishmonger); Sir James Macintosh and Sir Thomas Lawrence were present, the Greek Deputy Orlando Furioso, the General Quiroga, the *Canon Riego*, Lord Darnley, Lord Arthur Hill, *Black Williams*, *Yellow Lambton*, and *Grey Bennett*.

The eating part of the affair was extremely interesting; there was plenty of every thing, which indeed might be expected. There can be but three motives to actuate noblemen and gentlemen to visit such places as Fishmongers' Hall—political intrigue, to see the humours of low life, or to get a good dinner; the three games were played on Monday with infinite dexterity.

The Morning Chronicle says, "After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been drunk, the Chairman proposed the health of the Duke of Sussex:" our reporter classes his Royal Highness's health amongst the loyal and patriotic toasts, but we dare say the Chronicle, who knows more of such matters than we do, is right.

His Royal Highness, in returning thanks, repeated his favourite speech, No. 17, useable upon all similar occasions, whether by land or by water; abused crowned heads generally, ridiculed the Kings of Spain and Portugal, for the

tyranny and folly they exhibited in defending the thrones which are indisputably their own; and observed with a degree of talent hardly conceivable, that if the House of Brunswick had professed the Roman Catholic faith, like the Kings of Spain and Portugal, it never would have been called to this country to support the Protestant religion !!! at the same time his Royal Highness begged to say, that notwithstanding his perfect recollection of, and veneration for the principles which placed his family on the throne of these realms, he personally and individually made it a point to vote for the Papists whenever he could—a fact which he took that occasion to mention, as being a convincing proof how deeply he felt the compliment of the invitation he had received to celebrate the anniversary in honour of which they were then assembled.

His Royal Highness expressed his hopes, that principles, similar to those which had manifested themselves in Spain and Portugal, would ever be maintained in this country, as he was convinced that nobody who looked at either of those kingdoms, could hesitate a moment in declaring, that their condition had been greatly improved, and their happiness vastly increased, by the noble struggle which had been made in them for liberty.

His Royal Highness concluded his speech technically; and having, in the coop at Twickenham, told the watermen how happy he was that he was a citizen, told the fishmongers, with equal affability and sincerity, how happy he was in being a fishmonger—his Royal Highness said, that he was convinced, seeing himself surrounded

by the most distinguished champions of liberty, "that though *plaice* was wholly out of the question, they would strain every *muscle* in the cause of freedom!"

His Royal Highness sat down amidst continued plaudits, and finished the exhibition, as a good fishmonger ought to do, by taking a "prodigious draught."

"The Lord Mayor's" health was next proposed, piscatorially—"Lord Waithman, and success to his *patent net*."

His Lordship rose, and said how delighted he had been to hear the sentiments of his Royal friend; they accorded entirely with his own.—"I am not," said his Lordship, "going to make a speech a yard and a half long, I mean merely to say, that I hate personalities; I am always for attacking measures, and not men, and I cordially despise the squibs and nonsense which are constantly levelled against my trade (*cheers*).—Gentlemen, I sit down on my lawn, and laugh at the virulence of my enemies. I shall be too happy to see any of you at my '*Hotium, digging o' tatoes*,' as the poet beautifully expresses the healthy toils of the garden. When I leave the exalted station which I now fill, so much to my own satisfaction and that of Mrs. Waithman and of my Royal friend, a *counter-action* will take place, and I shall descend into the *veil* of comparative obscurity—but, Gentlemen, I never can—I never will—I never *shawl* forget the shop (*great cheers*).—I have made myself, and my family, by the shop, and when I forget the shop, may the shop forget me (*great cheering*).—Gentle-

men, in conclusion, I may, perhaps, be permitted to touch upon the subject of mad dogs (*hear, hear*). Gentlemen, I have been bitten by a mad dog myself, and, therefore, the subject is particularly interesting to me personally. You all know my exertions in the cause; you have all heard of my perils in the Strand. How have I overcome the rabid race, how have I preserved my good people of London? all is owing to the shop, Gentlemen. I have stopped the progress of the evil; by doing what to the dogs? by killing! No, Gentlemen, by *muslin*! (*shouts of applause.*) And I am free to say, an unmuzzled dog (unless they be *yard* dogs, which I, of course, specially excepted in my proclamation) is not to be seen in the streets of my city at this moment."

The Noble Lord sat down amidst the loudest acclamations.

The song "Fishermen all," was then given by Lord Darnley, with an additional verse upon "dry rot" and ships' bottoms, which was supposed to contain some political allusions, but which, in fact, did not.

The health of Lord Arthur Hill, and the noble House of Downshire, was then given.

The Right Hon. Lord Waithman rose, and expressed a hope that he should not be out of order, considering the *locality*, if he joined the name of *Fish Street Hill*," in the family toast. The proposition was received with great applause, and Lord Arthur returned thanks for the honour which had been done them.

The healths of Quiroga and Orlando Furioso

were then drunk. These artists returned thanks in Spanish and Greek, and Lord Waithman declared that he never heard any thing so fine in his life.

The health of the Duke of Sussex was then drunk, *piscatorially*, as the "Colonel of the Artillery Company," or, as the Master said, as they were bound to speak *technically*, "the *Major Sturgeon* of *Fins-bury*." This wagery was exceedingly relished, particularly by his Royal Highness.

The health of the brother of Riego was given just as the Master thought the *Canon* was primed—the Canon went off as expected; and, specially addressing himself to the brother of the King of England, made several violent attacks upon Royal tyranny—the venerable personage assured the company, that it would have been more agreeable to his lamented brother to have died in battle, than to have been hanged; but that his fortitude at the gallows, recorded all over the world, proved him worthy of a better death, and the glory of martyrdom!

When the Canon sat down, the professional people sang,

"Peace to the *soals* of the heroes."

The Master (Mr. Davidson) then said, he was about to propose a toast, to which he was sure every body would cheerfully *subscribe* (*a great laugh by anticipation*)—he meant the health of Sir James Macintosh, a living example of exalted talent and political consistency." (*Great cheers.*)

Sir James rose, and read a Haileybury lecture on political economy, in which he descanted upon the advantages of freedom and the beauties of the British constitution; he said he had always, whether at Bombay or in England, maintained the inviolability of the liberty of the subject, and many other doctrines which, when his History was published, would, he had no doubt, meet with the approbation of his numerous and respectable friends and *subscribers* (*laughing*).

The Honourable Grey Bennett's health was then drunk: upon which that gentleman returned thanks, and proposed in return,

“Success to *Billingsgate* all over the world,”

which was received with shouts of approbation.

Mr. Lambton favoured the company with the popular song of

“The morn returns in *saffron* drest.”

And his health being given, he observed, that he was a friend to monarchy, so long as it promoted the interests of the people; that he thought it as well to say, that he and his noble father-in-law were rather of opinion that they had been going too far; that for *his* part, he had of late shirked the radicals; that having a good deal of property, he wished, if possible, to be respectable, and he confessed that he had some thoughts of withdrawing from the ranks of Opposition altogether next Session.

This candid confession was not so well received as might have been expected; the glee of “*Old King Coal*,” however, succeeded, and the gloom was speedily dissipated.

The Master of the Company observed that, although fishing was properly the employment of those afloat, still streams could not exist without *banks*; he therefore had to propose "the health of " William Williams, Esq. member for Weymouth."

Mr. Williams returned thanks; he said " that he had through life admired their Royal visitor as a man, and a mason. He had copied his morality—he had endeavoured to imitate his virtues, but that certainly, excellent and exemplary as the conduct and character of that unaffected, affable, and amiable Prince was, and however admirably his Royal Highness filled the chair of a Lodge, he thought if possible his Royal Highness was still more perfect as a *Fishmonger* (*cheers*); he did not mean to pay his Royal Highness a fulsome compliment, he sincerely meant what he said, he had never seen him in that character before, but he could not resist the expression of his genuine feelings."—(*Great cheers.*)

Mr. Thompson, the patriot of Holborn-hill, spirit-seller to her late Majesty, favoured the company with the beautiful air of "*Gin* living worth," which was encored.

The next toast was "Madame Mayor (Mrs. Waithman), and the Ladies of London."

It is needless to add that shouts followed the announcement of this toast; but pipes being called for, and the conversation at the upper end of the table taking a somewhat indelicate turn, our young reporter, who cannot stand tobacco, and hates vulgarity, left the Hall just as the

Royal visitor was proposing the health of "All good *maids*, and may they never turn out *thorn-backs*." In the midst of the noise our young man escaped, having lost nothing but a bandana handkerchief and a silver pencil-case. *John Bull.*

WHY'S

WHY do we weep on coming into the world, and weep on going out of it?

Why are riches honoured more than merit?

Why is that which is ugliness at Paris, beauty at Pekin?

Why have we all two eyes, one nose, one mouth, and yet never meet with two people exactly alike?

Why do so many worthy people go on foot, and so many knaves in carriages?

Why do young ladies, who have received a good education, dance so well and talk so ill?

Why are booksellers richer than authors?

Why was Socrates ugly, Horace clumsy, Sappho diminutive, Cleopatra red-haired, Cicero deformed, Pelisson hideous, and Queen Christina barbarous? *News of Literature and Fashion.*

TO ONE FOND OF LAW.

You are so fond of law, I hear,
That when your cause's end is near,
You are displeased and sad:
You like disputes:—take my advice,
Marry—'twill give you in a trice
Disputes enough to make you mad.

Herald.

SKETCHES IN THE LIFE ACADEMY ;

CONTAINING NOTICES OF ALL THE ACADEMICIANS.

FROM CHARLES WESTMACOTT'S ANNUAL CRITICAL CATALOGUE TO
THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

WITH courtly grace and easy air
We'll take Sir Thomas in the chair;
For who like Lawrence can express
The varied charms of loveliness*?
An ancient dame call'd History,
With disappointment in her eye,
Advancing, own'd his skill to trace
The semblance of each human face :
" But know (said she)—who fills that throne
Should be a follower of my own ;
Some mighty genius, with the skill
To bid each subject live at will ;
Such as his predecessor West,
Or such as Hilton stands confest† ;
Or such as he who now appears
Crown'd with honour, taste, and years—
Flaxman, the son of classic ease‡,
Descendant of Praxiteles,

* Without wishing to detract from the high character of the President's works, and cheerfully acknowledging his peculiar personal and literary qualifications for the high situation he fills, I must yet express my regret that he has not found an opportunity (for he cannot want ability) to present the public with one historical subject since his elevation to the chair of the Royal Academy. The example would be of the greatest consequence to the encouragement of the highest branch of the arts.

† Hilton's splendid picture of "Comus with the Lady in the Enchanted Chair," in the last year's Exhibition, and since in that of the Royal Institution—a noble composition in the most dignified class of art.

‡ The singular fine taste and high classic excellence of this accomplished scholar and admirable sculptor, has done much to improve the character of the arts.

Whose finished mould and chaste design
 Is ever perfect to a line ;
 Or yet another might be nam'd
 For inspiration justly fam'd :
 Howard, whose ærial magic touch,
 Nor tempts too little, or too much ;
 But rich in bright poetic thought,
 Has all the Muses' fancy caught."
 Thus spoke the dame, then took her seat,
 Each R. A. with a smile to greet.
 Wilkie, with Scotia's caution came,
 And met a lecture from the dame :—
 " Be all thyself—nor copy ought—
 Original in style and thought ;
 Nor turn aside from whims and fears,
 To follow Rembrandt or Teniers*.
 Good Messrs. Daniells, when you paint,
 Keep your black outline somewhat faint ;
 Or if you'll take a gentle hint,
 You'd better scrape in aquatint.
 Stothard enwreath thy brow with bays,
 Honour and fame have bless'd thy days.
 Mulready most correctly draws †
 From all who know him just applause.
 Turner is Nature's child—not Art—
 His florid pencil can impart
 To canvas the luxuriant glow
 Which decks the grove or dell below.
 Northcote, the veteran, let me praise
 For works of past and brighter days.
 And Westall, too, though sameness marks,
 Has yet of genius brilliant sparks.
 The followers of Sir Joshua see
 Bold, natural, easy, grand, and free—
 Phillips and Jackson—both may claim
 Equality with any name.

* In the last year's Exhibition, it will be remembered that Wilkie lost much of his popularity, by an attempt to follow in the style of Rembrandt.

† This may be justly applied in both senses.

Calcott, thy bright transparent touch
 Can never praised be too much.
 Shee brightens with increasing years,
 And stands aloof from all compeers;
 A prodigy to nature true,
 A poet and a painter too.
 Eccentric, yet with art supreme,
 Fuseli's skill demands my theme,
 Condemning,—yet admiring still,
 In doubt between the good and ill
 Of monstrous—and the true sublime,
 I'll leave thee—to the hand of time*.
 Bailey, thy Eve full well may claim †
 A niche beneath the dome of fame.
 Chalon and Cooper both may vie
 To excell in honest rivalry
 Dogs, horses, game—both to the life
 Depict, with all their sports and strife.
 Collins to Nature bends his knee;
 Such worship e'er must honour'd be.
 Bigg, haply in domestic tales,
 And scenes of rustic mirth prevails.
 With cattle in the peaceful vale
 Recline we now with Reinagle:
 Beechey and Bone, good ancients here,
 Have merit in their separate sphere:
 Nor must Ward's talent be forgot,
 Or Rossi, or R. Westmacott,
 Whose 'Houseless Strangers,' 'Cupid,' 'Psyche,'
 With admiration e'er must strike ye.
 Tho' last, not least, where praise is just,
 Chantrey is perfect in a bust ‡

* In the purchase of the Angerstein pictures by Commissioners for the National Gallery, I perceive, by report, the three well-known paintings by Fuseli, from Milton, which formed part of the collection, have been omitted: how is this to be accounted for?

† The exquisite statue of Eve, in the Exhibition of 1829.

‡ Allowing Mr. Chantrey the highest credit for his busts, many of which are exquisite in every particular, I cannot help thinking he has been much overpraised, and I shall continue to think so until I

Or single figure, but 'tis strange
 To classic-groups he should not change.
 Ambition and Canova's name
 Point out the noble road to fame;
 Nor think a figure or a head
 Will ever gain thee more than bread."

see some more splendid effort of his genius than a single figure or a bust. It is the composition of a noble group that displays the superlative mind and talent of the sculptor. Look at the Elgin Marbles, view the Frieze of the Parthenon, and say if any single figure in the world, not excepting the Venus and Apollo, could have ennobled the artist in the same degree, and at the same distance of time.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

A VERY eminent surgeon of the metropolis was called suddenly a few days ago to visit a person in St. James's-square, London. When he arrived in the square, he found that his carriage could not be driven up to the house, in consequence of a heap of stones lying in the way: irritated at the circumstance, he leaned out of the window, and with a volley of oaths asked an Irish labourer, who stood near, why those stones were not removed? "Where can I move 'em too?"—"Move them any where—move them to h—."—"I think (rejoined Paddy) they'd be more out of your honour's way if I mov'd 'em to heaven."

ON THE ST. CATHERINE'S DOCK MEETING AT
THE CITY OF LONDON TAVERN.

SURE to succeed,
When next we plead—
My heart's as light as a feather:
Our *Chairman Took*,
Our *Lawyer Took*,
And our scheme *Took*—*Hall* together.

AN ORIGINAL SUBSCRIBER.

Hera'd.

AN OPEN HAND.

(From "*Life, Smooth and Rough as it runs.*")

THE other day, says Ned to Joe—
Near Ipswich confines groping—
" Whene'er I hear the cries of woe,
" My hand is always open."
" I own," says Joe, " that to the poor
" You prove it every minute :
" Your hand is *open*, to be sure—
" But then there's *nothing* in it !"

Examiner.

CURIOUS FACT.

IN the great catalogue of the British Museum Library, many of the books are classed according to the subjects upon which they treat. Against the head "*Rebellion*," there appears this notice, (only)—"*vide Hibernia.*"

Times.



Designed by George Cruikshank.

PETER O'RAFFERTY.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XXVIII.

AMONG the watch-house disorderlies brought before Sir Richard Birnie, were Messrs. Peter O'Rafferty and Andrew Sinnot, a couple of full-bodied Irish shoe-makers. They were charged by Dennis Regan, an Irish watchman, who deposed that he found them at two o'clock that same morning in St. Martin's-lane "bothering the cause, and bating each other mightily."

Mr. Peter O'Rafferty undertook to be spokesman for the defence, and in so doing, he manifested a singular facility at "bothering the cause."—"Sure enough, your Worship," said he, "its all very true, we disagreed about a bit of a disagreement between us, and went about to settle it upon the street, of *coorse*; but the indifference of the consequence is nothing to the purpose, for we didn't think of offending nobody—past, present, or future, in the notion at all, letting

alone our two selves may be; which is as much as to say, please your Worship, 'here we are as good friends as ever, and likely to continue—the beer and the *ould* one permitting.' But that says nothing at all of *coorse*; and, if I might be allowed to express my opinion upon the point in consequence, I should say there isn't much the matter nor wasn't—barrin the watchman's duty, and that we obeyed in all points, like honest men and good shoemakers; but if he has anything indifferent to bring *forrut*, upon the cause, that's another point, of *coorse*, and I am ready to answer it in any shape."

Mr. Andrew Sinnot was so satisfied with Mr. Peter O'Rafferty's oratory, that he did not think it necessary to say anything; and, as Mr. Dennis Regan had nothing further to say in aggravation, they were both discharged upon payment of their fees; Mr. Peter O'Rafferty observing to his friend as they left the room, "By my soul! Andrew, but there's two pots a-piece, and the *baccah*, the less for it this day, of *coorse*—bad luck to it!"

Herald.

TRUE WIT.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone
 Dug from Golconda's mine;
 Which boasts two various powers in one
 To cut as well as shine.
 Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
 With the same gifts abounds;
 Appears at once both keen and bright,
 And sparkles while it wounds.

Globe and Traveller.

INSCRIPTION IN THE BOWLING-GREEN AT GRAVESEND.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. ALDERMAN NYNN,
AN HONEST MAN, AND AN EXCELLENT BOWLER.

Cuique est sua fama.

FULL forty long years was the Alderman seen,
The delight of each bowler, and king of this green :
As long be remembered his heart, and his name,
Whose hand was unerring, unrivalled whose fame.
His bias was good, and he always was found
To go the right way, and take enough ground.
The Jack to the uttermost verge he would send,
For the Alderman lov'd a full length at each end.
Now mourn every eye that has seen him display
The arts of the game, and the wiles of his play,
For the great bowler Death at one critical cast,
Has ended his length, and close rubb'd him at last.

F. W. posuit 1776.

Mirror.

A TAR'S ATTACHMENT TO HIS ENEMY.

IN the action of Anson with La Jonquiere, the Bristol, Hon. Captain Montague, and the Pembroke, Captain Fincher, were active competitors for fame. The Bristol having got up to the Invincible, and brought her to action, the Pembroke attempted to get between them, desiring the captain of the Bristol to put his helm a starboard, or he should be on board of him ; to this Captain Montague replied, " Run on board, and be d—d ; neither you nor any other man shall come between me and my enemy."

Herald.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

WALKING.

I AM very fond of walking—both for amusement and exercise, but then I must choose my own road: I'm not for your heath and furze, your fields and lakes, or a fine champaign country, but a place where you may get some champaign if you want it, *i. e.* the streets of London; and let me ask your geographers, if they know a place more pastoral than Puddle Dock, more rural than Ratcliffe Highway, or more retired than Labour-in-Vain-Court? From my youth I was addicted to pedestrianism; I and my brother were, from our joint perambulations, called “The Inseparables.” He used to play the walking gentleman at —, and that accounts for his predilection. We used to *stroll* together (not *act*), till we ultimately became acquainted with every court and alley in the metropolis! Talk of Robson's Directory, I was a much more correct street-guide than he ever published; and if my pastor is to be believed, I was bound in *calf* too. Through this overgrown town I jog like the Wandering Jew, never staying long in one place, my brother attending like my shadow (barring his substantiality; but surely he's as much like a shadow as Egerton is like a ghost); we discuss, arrange, and propose; make prudential resolutions, to be carried into effect, shortly; form plans, to be executed to-morrow—alas! to-morrow never comes! But we have serious thoughts of setting down some afternoon to reform society altogether. We are not the

only folks, "I calculate," who, with nothing to do, never have a moment to spare: we can scarcely find an instant's time to do the most imperative duties; and yet we might answer with the sailor-boys, "Bill, what are you doing?"—"Nothing, Sir."—"Tom, what are you about?"—"Helping Bill, Sir."

The Park has long been celebrated as the spot for peripatetics, who wish to bury in oblivion the remonstrances of their intestines, and to forget that man is a cooking animal: albeit the Park was never a place to which I paid my frequent devoirs; I have occasionally been there, and viewed some half-dozen stragglers, who, like myself, had "out-run the constable," and were walking, and making their little pertinent remarks: "Sharp day, quite a *biting* air—the wind *chops* one's face terribly—who won the *stakes* at the Derby?—your parson's dead, I hear, another member of the *cloth* removed," and other little inuendoes, that show that the sacred mysteries of five o'clock, at least live in their imaginations. These gentlemen are pedestrians per compulsion, and most of them contradict one of the strongest assertions in the science of pneumatics; for we have all heard at school (they tell boys any thing there), that there is no such thing as a *vacuum*; but let one of these Parkonians put his hand into his breeches pocket, and he'll instantly own the absurdity of the assertion.

Walking Stewart* was what I aspire to be, a

* Walking Stewart formed his peculiarities after one Thomas Coryate, who was contemporaneous with Shakspeare. He (Coryate) walked nearly all over the globe; published many works with

cosmopolite pedestrian, a walker of the world : he was early in life in the army, I believe in a *marching* regiment, and his mode of getting over the ground made an ingenious essayist accuse him of ubiquity; the same accusation might be laid against me, for at one moment I may be seen musing in Monmouth-street, and the next chatting in Cornhill. I have occasionally, as companion in my rambles, Mr. Robert *Slunk*; and, though you may not infer it from his cognomen, he is a very Chesterfield in point of breeding. We were walking in Holborn once, and he came in contact with the pail of a milkmaid; when he actually left me soaking in the rain, whilst he ran back "to beg the lady's pardon:" and when he was knocked down last Monday by a chimney-sweep, he coolly remarked, "that the sweep was the most uncivil gentleman he ever met in his life." Mr. Slunk has an elegant name for every thing (except himself), and he is peculiarly averse to those abbreviations so common in conversation, as Bob for Robert, &c.; thus he takes off his Wellingtons with a boot-*john*, and calls the Boots at an inn "the shining individual;" and speaks of the deceased Dirty Dick as "Uncleanly Richard." Slunk has ("as which of us have not?") written a poem; it is called "Slunk on Elegance;" and as some of your readers may wish to become subscribers, I give a short specimen of his style.

eccentric titles, (crudities gobbled hastily in five months' travels for one); those who know any thing of Stewart, will see how closely he imitated his precursor; they were, however, as unlike in their forms, as they were similar in their habits, Coryate being frightfully ugly.

POLITENESS IN

You see the dame we just now met,
 In Fleet-street, lowly call'd "*Fat Bct*;"
 But I less gross, who know and prize her,
 Have named her, "*Corpulent Eliza*."
 But look, who passes as we parley—
 The *pieman* that they call "*Mad Charley*;"
 I name him, if you've no objection, Sir,
 Genteelly, "*The Deranged Confectioner*."

And now, gentle reader, that we are in Fleet-street, let us walk about a little. What a place it is! there's the wax-work, and the man that stands there, as inanimate as any of the pieces exhibited: by-the-by, a lady passing lately, stopped, and looking at this beef-eating genius, cried, "How admirable! wouldn't you think it was alive?" when the moving of the dumby's optics put an end to her exclamation. Then there's the pleasure of splashing, and being splashed, and the war of umbrellas, the rattle of coaches, the creaking of waggons, and the swearing of draymen. Oh! Johnson! I don't wonder at your loving Fleet-street! It was here that Peter Popham used to dwell, a merry man and a fast walker—the most melancholy walk I ever took was to his grave, poor soul! yet he expired in very good temper. He surely thought life a jest, for he died with a joke in his mouth: I was by his bed-side, with F——, the auctioneer, and he called the latter to him, and said, "F——, I thought I should live to be your rival; I am now *going, going*, with the best of you;" in another moment he was *gone*!—it was a poor joke, but it was his last. I am travelling sadly out of record: where am I?—in Fleet-street. Observe that brewer's servant,

driving his well-fed cattle at a rate to endanger the lives of his Majesty's subjects; would you believe it, that those fellows have a club, to pay by subscription for any cattle that one of the members may run over? So that he who can reduce his feeling to a becoming callosity, may ensure himself a cheap dinner by running over the first sheep that comes in the way of his dray: what does Mr. Martin say to this? But the deuce take the drayman, come on to St. Paul's: see they have newly painted Queen Ann—(if history speaks truth, she was often painted before.) Look at the folks within the iron-railing, how little they appear! A practical illustration of life: many a man becomes insignificant by being exalted. And now here we are at Doctors' Commons, where my will shall be, if I ever get any thing to leave; though, for my own poor part, I would rather have my will in this world all my life, than leave twenty behind me after my decease. Apropos of Doctors' Commons; G——n asked me the other day, "Why the Prerogative Court ought to be the greatest thoroughfare in London?" and I've just discovered, that it is, "because, where there is a will, there is a way."

Old Dr. S. is a professional walker, and occasionally *practises* to the injury of his *patients*; but, pshaw! every doctor does that. He was sent for once, in haste, to a patient at Turnham-green; and, ere his arrival, the unfortunate individual had ceased to exist;—the son of the deceased exclaimed with emotion, "Heavens, Dr. S. how came you to be so long?"—"Why, to say the truth," said Esculapius, "I bought this horse

yesterday, and had a mind to try how long it would take to *walk* here from town."

Amongst the infinitude of pedestrians that have appeared, since Barclay set the mania afresh among us, one of the most extraordinary is a man, named Lloyd, who possesses the rope-maker's quality of walking backwards;—surely this is an odd way of getting forward in life—the old direction of, "Follow your nose," won't suit him at all.

There is one class of walkers I have not yet mentioned; yet, I know not why I should omit them, from a compliance with a morbid sensibility—I allude to street-walkers. Reader!—as you pass them heedlessly, do you reflect, that those gaily-decked bosoms are the sepulchres of departed hope;—that the smile that is heartless claims as much pity as abhorrence;—that even the most reckless of these are unfortunates, that claim your sympathy;—that the poison of remorse embitters their cup of revelry;—that they seek riot and intoxication, not as pleasures, but as means of forgetfulness;—and, ~~above~~ all, do you reflect, that the blight has been cast upon them by our sex—that but for us they might have been virtuous, happy, and dispensing happiness? Those, who spurn the guilty, should reflect a moment on what caused that guilt—those who punish the delinquent, should pause one moment on his provocation to crime, but—"quicquid præcipies, esto brevis,"—I take the hint, good master Horace, and I shall moralize no longer.

To all those who wish to become sound pedestrians, I beg to address a few words on the subject

of shoes. You must, reader, abandon your ideas of symmetry of foot;—if you wish for ease of toe, wear no pumps (so called, I presume, because they let in water); but get a wholesome pair of half-inch cordovans, above all, large enough for the foot—corns are the greatest enemies a traveller can have. Let your shoes, moreover, be studded with nails—a *scholar* should always have his shoes studded (*studied*)—shade of Johnson! forgive me, I could not avoid the pun:—and if thou art a real proselyte to the peripatetic cause, wear those shoes facetiously yclept ankle-jacks; they are not very elegant—not very romantic; but, take my word for it, they are very comfortable;—besides, Randall, Belascoe, Bitton, Tom Oliver, and an innumerable list of gentlemen, sanction the use of them. Do not, in walking, scatter your legs, as if each had a separate destination; but raise your foot only about one inch from the ground at each step; this saves labour and time, besides, it prevents you from monopolizing too much mud yourself, or dispensing too much to the passengers. I know many gentlemen that collect so much dirt in their diurnal round, that it has been a matter of surprize to me that the contractors for the dust have not indicted them for purloining it. One maxim more—keep your head cool, and your feet warm; so good bye to ye, and a pleasant walk the moment we get a glimpse of fine weather.

Bell's Weekly Dispatch.

A COLLEGE TALE.

INSIDE AND OUTSIDE; OR, DO AS YOU WOULD
BE DONE BY.

AT Trin. Coll. Cam.—which means in proper spelling.

Trinity College Cambridge—there resided

One Harry Dashington, a youth excelling

In all the learning commonly provided

For those who choose that classic station

For finishing their education:—

That is—he understood computing

The odds at any race or match;

Was a dead hand at pigeon-shooting;

Could kick up rows—knock down the watch—

Play truant and the rake at a random—

Drink—tie cravats, and drive a tandem.

Remonstrance, fine, and rustication,

So far from working reformation,

Seem'd but to make his lapses greater,

Till he was warn'd that next offence

Would have this certain consequence—

Expulsion from his Alma Mater.

One need not be a necromancer

To guess that so wild a wight,

The next offence occur'd the next night;

When our incurable came rolling

Home as the midnight chimes were tolling,

And rang the college bell.—No answer.

The second peal was vain—the third

Made the street echo its alarm;

When to his great delight he heard

The sordid janitor, old Ben,

Rousing and growling in his den.—

“Who's there?—I s'pose young Harum-scarum.”

“'Tis I, my worthy Ben—'tis Harry.”

“Aye, so I thought—and there you'll tarry.

- ‘Tis past the hour the gates are clos’d,
You know my orders—I shall lose
My place if I undo the door.”
- “And I,” young Hopeful interposed,
“Shall be expelled if you refuse,
So prithee”—Ben began to snore.
- “I’m wet,” cried Harry, “to the skin,
Hip! halloo! Ben!—Don’t be a ninny;
Beneath the grate I’ve thrust a guinea,
So tumble out and let me in.”
- “Humph!” growl’d the greedy old curmudgeon,
Half overjoy’d and half in dudgeon,
“Now you may pass; but make no fuss,
On tiptoe walk, and hold your prate.”
- “Look on the stones, old Cerberus,”
Cried Harry as he pass’d the gate;
“I’ve dropp’d a shilling, take the light,
You’ll find it just outside—good night.”
- Behold the porter in his shirt,
Cursing the rain, which never stopp’d,
Groping and raking in the dirt,
And all without success: but that
Is hardly to be wonder’d at,
Because no shilling had been dropp’d;
So he gave o’er the search at last,
Regain’d the door, and found it fast!
- With sundry oaths, and growls and groans,
He rang once—twice—thrice; and then,
Mingled with giggling, heard the tones
Of Harry mimicking old Ben.
- “Who’s there? ’Tis really a disgrace
To ring so loud—I’ve lock’d the gate,
I know my duty—’tis too late—
You wouldn’t have me lose my place.”
- “Psha! Mr. Dashington, remember
This is the middle of November.
I’m stripp’d; ’tis raining cats and dogs.”
- “Hush! hush!” quoth Hal, “I’m fast asleep;”
And then he snor’d as loud and deep
As a whole company of hogs.

"But, harkye, Ben, I'll grant admittance
 At the same rate I paid myself."
 "Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,"
 Replied the avagicious elf.
 "No; all, or none—a full acquittance;
 The terms, I know, are somewhat high;
 But you have fix'd the price, not I;
 I won't take less, I can't afford it."
 So, finding all his haggling vain,
 Ben, with an oath and groan of pain,
 Drew out the guinea, and restor'd it.
 "Surely you'll give me," growl'd th' outwitted
 Porter, when again admitted,
 "Something now you've done your joking,
 For all this trouble, time, and soaking."
 "Oh, surely, surely," Harry said;
 "Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,
 And you're half drown'd, and quite undress'd,
 I'll give you leave to go to bed."

Cambridge Chronicle

GRAND MOGUL'S THRONE.

THE throne of the Grand Mogul, Aurengzebe, is estimated by Terniver, in his travels. at three hundred and sixty millions of livres. Twelve columns of massy gold, which supported the throne, were covered with large pearls, the canopy was also of pearls and diamonds, mounted by a peacock with a tail of precious stones; every thing else was proportioned to this astonishing magnificence. The greatest solemnity in the year was, when the Emperor used to be weighed in golden scales before all the people, on which occasion he constantly received above fifty millions of livres in presents.

British Press.

HACKNEY-COACHES v. CABRIOLET.

"It's pride that puts down half the toune,
So tak' your auld cloak about ye."

Scotch Song.

"GET out of my way, you dirty *Cab*," cried *Jarvis*, sitting exultingly on his coach-box, with a quid of tobacco in his cheek, and contempt in his eye; "who the d—l would squat cheek by jowl with you, and be bumped about in public all through the streets of *Lonon*, taking an eight-penny drive? a pretty thing, indeed, taking a one-horse *shay* by the hour, or a *hairing* for a handful of browns."* Here all the coachmen on the stand burst into a fit of laughter, and the waterman clapped his hands, and cried, *Ann Core*. "Folks is ashamed," continued *Jarvis*, "to be seen in that *ere* machine in the day-time, so they gets up at dark. or stops one of they *concerns* at the stone's end, and so gets a little fresh *hair* in the country, but they takes 'nation good care to be set down at the turnpike, and so comes into town by the *marrowbone* stage; that is, in plain English, on shank's naggy (*loud applause*). Sometimes you'll see a tired milliner, with her hand-box on her lap, *scrouged* into a corner, for fear of touching the man, and looking t'other way, as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth; poor *tim-bursome* creature, quite affronted to be found in such a tub! (*peals of applause*). Now the

* The slang term for pence and half-pence.

greatest lord in the land can step into a hackney-coach, ay, and the primest coves, your thorough bred out and outers, your real dandies, and their sweethearts too; the most topping ones of the court end of the town, for it's all in cog., a lancer in mufty, a smart life-guard officer in coloured clothes, the parson on a spree, or the alderman or magistrate for a lark!"—"D—n all magistrates," interrupted a brother whip; "I carries no such rubbidge, they only gets up to convict a poor man for a little overcharge."—"Never mind that," resumed the first speaker; "but what a different life is ours to that ere chap, perched like a monkey on a pail all day, without a customer; why we are noticed by the very first about town.—"Go it, Jarvy," cries a noble ruffian that's up to every thing, "tip us the long trot, d—n me, else shall be too late for a set-to at the Fives' Court; I don't mind an extra bob or two, go it, my boy!" Then again, "'I say, young man, do pray make haste, that's a good soul,' hops out a pretty creature of a dress-maker, or a nobleman's favourite, 'or I shall not be in time for the first act of the play, or I shall keep my beau waiting too long;' odd zookers, what scenes we do see, and what company we do take up and set down: why I have known Lord Houseface quit his curricule and jump into my coach, just for an hour's drive with a French lady, merely to jabber French with her: 'drive any where and back again,' cries my lord, and then tips me five bobs. Now, Johnny Raw, thou don't get as much in a week; now and then, perhaps, a studious gentleman, reading his book as he jogs

along, or a close-fisted lawyer conning over his brief, and hiding his face for fear of being known, whilst we coachees knows all the first people, and goes to all the first places that's to be seen. I have had lords, cornets of dragoons, Westminster scholars, your tip-top bankers' clerks, Cribb, Spring, Master Molyneux, rich licenced wilters, Pierce Egan, and all the very first of life in London. I have been with my coach at the uproar (opera), *the-a-ters*, Royal Saloon, Bagnigge Wells, White Condict House, at races, milling matches, bull-baits, at Long's hotel, and at the Albion; at Stone's smoking shop, at the Shades, at the Finish, at the hells, and all the fashionable places in town; and I knows all the gentlefolks drunk and sober." Here coachee took breath, and bent an eye of disdain on the cab and its driver; but patient reader—

"Audi alteram partem."

"You're a fine fellow indeed!" answered the one-horse director: "yes, indeed, you have had all sorts of persons, and all sorts of things, in your lumber wan (meaning a caravan); decent people wont henter your rumbler, for fear of bad disorders and bad smells; there's no getting a mouthful of fresh hair in your coffin of a thing! (this was a dead hit) wilt all's sweet, open, and above-board with me. You may have carried your lords and your ladies, your dukes and your dollies, for aught I knows, but you have also carried bailiffs (the joke did not take), yes, and Bow-street runners, thieves, and pickpockets, fellors handcuffed, and prostitutes, sick folk and

dead folk, (Jarvy looked grave), sacks, and stolen goods, furniture, and live lumber, dogs, and rag-a-muffins, and all sorts of trash, and you have as often set your eustomers down at a jail, or a lock-up-house, at an *ospital*, and an *edge hale ouse*, at Bow-street, and the vatch-house, as at all the fashionable parts you mentions: there, take that. Now nobody but respectable folks are my customers, folks as can shew their faces in broad day-light; honest tradesmen, and your modest people as pays every body; there's no putting up the blind for fear of a sheriff's hoffer passing by, nor squeedging into a corner to awoid a dun; besides, there's something genteel in the name of a *caberolet*, it comed from France, where I am told that generals and peers of the realm, clergy, and private gentlemen, and all the first folks, are not too proud to be seen in such carriages, and are set down even at the parliament-house, and at the King's palace: there, take that, Mr. King's coach-driver, with your dirty leather lining, and your two skeleton prads that you've wronged the nackers and the cat's-meat man of." At this moment a foreigner came up, and called the cabriolet in preference to the other vehicles, and thus ended the dispute. Now let us examine the merits of the case. What the cabriolet-driver reported respecting France, is literally true: you frequently see a general, or other officer, covered with decorations, sitting modestly in a cabriolet; nor does a nobleman or a gentleman consider himself disgraced by this kind of conveyance. The carriage does not make the man; and how often do we see successful, triumphant vice,

riding in splendid vehicles, whilst good birth, talent, bravery, science, and literature, can scarcely afford a cabriolet; frequently are these characters found in one, in the French metropolis, where economy is the child of justice, and mediocrity of circumstances does not create shame. In London pride does much evil, and it is pride alone which despises the humble cabriolet, or the outside of a stage; so that, often, persons take cold by travelling thus after dark, for fear of being publicly seen, although it is difficult to account for the preference given to the hackney-coach, unless it be for the sake of concealment, or when four or more persons join together; nor do we see such bad company in a cabriolet as in a street coach—drunken sailors, for instance, lolling out of the windows, &c. &c.; it must also be allowed, that the cabriolet is the most airy and wholesome conveyance, and not liable to carry felons and prisoners by day, nor nightly loads, which delicacy forbids naming: the reason is obvious; concealment is the object in both these instances, which end would be entirely frustrated in the cabriolet, the limits of which could not contain the live lumber and nocturnal loads alluded to in the cab-driver's defence. One word more on the London cabriolet—it is preferable to the Paris one; because, in general, it is newer, and the horse is better than those of the famed French city; the driver is more modest, he never smokes, seldom intrudes his conversation upon you, as in Paris, and is more separated from his customers.

PETER PINDARICS ;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

THE GOUTY MERCHANT AND THE STRANGER.

IN Broad-street Buildings, on a winter's night,
 Snug by his parlour fire a gouty wight
 Sate all alone, with one hand rubbing
 His legg roll'd up in fleecy hose,
 While t'other held beneath his nose
 The Public Ledger, in whose columns grubbing,
 He noted all the sales of hops,
 Ships, shops, and slops,
 Gum, galls and groceries, ginger, gin,
 Tar, tallow, turmerick, turpentine and tin ;
 When lo ! a decent personage in black
 Entered, and most politely said—
 “ Your footman, Sir, has gone his nightly track,
 To the King's Head,
 And left your door ajar, which I
 Observed in passing by,
 And thought it neighbourly to give you notice.”
 “ Ten thousand thanks—how very few get
 In time of danger
 Such kind attentions from a stranger.
 Assuredly that fellow's throat is
 Doom'd to a final drop at Newgate.
 He knows, too, the unconscious elf,
 That there's no soul at home except myself.”
 “ Indeed !” replied the stranger, looking grave ;
 “ Then he's a double knave.
 He knows that rogues and thieves by scores
 Nightly beset unguarded doors :
 And see how easily might one
 Of these domestic foes,
 Even beneath your nose

Perform his knavish tricks—
 Enter your room as I have done,
 Blow out your candles—thus—and thus
 Pocket your silver candlesticks,
 And walk off—thus.”
 So said—so done—he made no more remark,
 Nor waited for replies,
 But marched off with his prize,
 Leaving the gouty Merchant in the dark.

Mirror.

IMPROMPTU.

A GENTLEMAN paying a visit one morning
 to a family in Hanover-square, was shewn into
 a room, where on a writing-desk was paper, on
 which a lady had begun to transcribe a song
 from the Opera of *Love in a Village*: remarking
 that she had left off at the end of the two fol-
 lowing lines—

In love should there meet a fond pair,
 Untutor'd by fashion or art—

He took up a pen and completed the verse, by
 adding—

If on earth such a couple there are,
 I'll be whipt at the tail of a cart!

Herald.

ON READING THAT LIEUT. GOLDSMITH IS ABOUT
 TO SET UP THE LOGAN STONE AGAIN.

THE Logan Stone Jack understands
 A gem is. This he says he'll bet,
 Because 'tis in a Goldsmith's hands,
 And on the point of being set.

Post.

EARLY LIFE OF GEORGE CANNING.

GEORGE CANNING, when he was at Eton, was a strong Whig. The accomplished Duchess of Devonshire, mother of the present Duke, patronized Canning, when a boy, and the embryo statesman was a constant guest at Devonshire House during the vacations at school. Sheridan anticipated his rising fortunes, and, strange as it may seem, recommended him to accept the patronage of Mr. Pitt, to whom he was introduced by the present Marquess of Wellesley, then Lord Mornington. Many severe epigrams, written by Mr. Canning against Mr. Pitt and his administration, previously to their junction, are extant*.

George Canning, when a boy, was first introduced to the Duchess of Devonshire by Mr. Sheridan, at a splendid supper given by her Grace to Mr. Fox, Lord John Townshend, Lord Robert Spencer, Mr. Hare, Mr. Richardson, General Fitzpatrick, General Burgoyne, Mr. Tickell, and other celebrated wits of the day, at Devonshire House. On his first interview Canning displayed wit and talents beyond his age. The late Duke of Devonshire, an excellent judge, thought highly of Canning's talents, but we believe very soon predicted his abandonment of Devonshire House. It is but fair to add, that Canning's first essay in

* Does not the writer in the Chronicle mistake the poetical *jeu d'esprit* of George Canning the Barrister, one of the greatest wits of his day, and the father of the present statesman, for the productions
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public life was under the banners of Pitt, who negotiated with Sir Richard Worsley for the representation of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, for Canning.

Chronicle.

FEMALE COURTSHIP.

Two or three looks when your swain wants a kiss,
 Two or three noes when he bids you say "yes,"
 Two or three smiles when you utter the "no,"
 Two or three frowns if he offers to go,
 Two or three laughs when astray for small chat,
 Two or three tears, tho' you can't tell for what,
 Two or three letters when your vows are begun,
 Two or three quarrels before you have done,
 Two or three dances to make you jocose,
 Two or three hours in a corner sit close,
 Two or three starts when he bids you elope,
 Two or three glances to intimate hope,
 Two or three pauses before you are won,
 Two or three swoonings to let him press on,
 Two or three sighs when you've wasted your tears,
 Two or three hums when the chaplain appears,
 Two or three squeezes when the hand's given away,
 Two or three coughs when you come to "obey."
 Two or three lasses may have by these rhymes,
 Two or three little ones,—two or three times.

British Traveller.

PROCLAMATION EXTRAORDINARY.

THE town-crier of Cheltenham being lately ordered to give public notice that all defaulters of the King's taxes would be exchequered, performed his commission as follows:—"Notice is hereby given, that all persons who do not pay their taxes before the — June, will be *executed* according to the law."

Brighton Gazette.

SAILOR'S SONG,

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE — FRIGATE, DURING THE LATE WAR.

WHEN the topsails are set, and the bars are all shipp'd,
 And the drums and fifes merrily play,
 Round the capstan we dance, till our anchor is tripp'd,
 When the Boatswain bawls, "Heave and away!"
 To the fife's shrill sound,
 While the joke goes round,
 We step with a pleasing delight;
 Dry nippers clapp'd on,
 We soon hear the song,
 "Heave, heave, my brave boys, and in sight."
 Then the sails are all trimm'd, and the anchor we stow,
 Britain's white cliffs recede from our view;
 Bound to sea on a cruise, we look out for the foe—
 As one man is the whole of our crew:
 From mast-head they hail,
 " I see a strange sail!"—
 We obey (hope gladdening each face),
 The Boatswain's shrill call,
 And the Mate's hoarse bawl,
 " All hands to make sail in the chase!"
 Old Albion's proud flag at our peak we display,
 And the tri-colour plainly discern;
 " Cock your locks," cries the Captain, " now keep her away—
 Steady! Point your guns right at her stern:
 Fire! fire! and rake her—
 Now the shots shake her:
 See, see, how her masts rattle down;
 The helm hard a-lee,
 Bold lads, follow me!"
 We board, and the frigate's our own.
 Then our ensign, so brave, o'er the tri-colour flies,
 Back to England our course we pursue;
 The breezes are fair—moor'd in port with our prize—
 And the King gives poor sailors their due:

Rigg'd out so fine, oh,
 Plenty of rhino,
 Grog, fiddles, and lasses so gay;
 We spend it on shore,
 Till duty once more
 Cries, "Heave! and the anchor's away."

Literary Gazette.

THE FATHER OF FIGHT-WRITING.

MAJOR TOPHAM, who died at Doncaster about four years since, has recently received the reward due to his memory as a sportsman and a scholar, by the erection of a plain handsome monument of statuary marble, with a dove-coloured back-ground. We are pleased with this tribute *post mortem*, seeing that to him is the public indebted for many regulations regarding the prize-ring, and it was he who set the example of the present manner of reporting prize-fights.

Bell's Life in London.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

*"Et caligantem nigrâ formidine lucum
 Ingressus, manesque adiit, rejemque tremendum."*

GRÆC. IV.

SWEET Orpheus, as the Poets tell,
 To seek his Wife went straight to Hell,
 What Husband living could be kinder?
 We needs must own we know of none,
 Tho' here and there there may be one
 To think it quite the place to find her!

Chronicle.



Designed by T. Rowlandson.

THE BOLD DRAGOON ;

OR, THE ADVENTURE OF MY GRANDFATHER.

My grandfather was a bold dragoon, for it's a profession, d'ye see, that has run in the family. All my forefathers have been dragoons, and died on the field of honour, except myself, and I hope my posterity will be able to say the same; however, I don't mean to be vain-glorious. Well, my grandfather, as I said, was a bold dragoon, and had served in the Low Countries. In fact, he was one of that very army which, according to my Uncle Toby, swore so terribly in Flanders. He could swear a good stick himself; and moreover was the very man that introduced the doctrine Corporal Trim mentions, of radical heat and radical moisture; or, in other words, the mode of keeping out the damps of ditch-water by

burnt brandy. Be that as it may, it's nothing to the purport of my story. I only tell it, to show you that my grandfather was a man not easily to be humbugged. He had seen service, or, according to his own phrase, he had seen the devil—and that's saying every thing.

Well, gentlemen, my grandfather was on his way to England, for which he intended to embark from Ostend—bad luck to the place! for one where I was kept by storms and head-winds for three long days, and the devil of a jolly companion or pretty face to comfort me. Well, as I was saying, my grandfather was on his way to England, or rather to Ostend—no matter which—it's all the same. So one evening, towards night-fall, he rode jollily into Bruges. Very like you all know Bruges, gentlemen; a queer old-fashioned Flemish town, once, they say, a great place for trade and money-making in old times, when the Mynheers were in their glory; but almost as large and as empty as an Irishman's pocket at the present day. Well, gentlemen, it was at the time of the annual fair. All Bruges was crowded, and the canals swarmed with Dutch boats, and the streets swarmed with Dutch merchants; and there was hardly any getting along for goods, wares, and merchandizes, and peasants in big breeches, and women in half a score of petticoats.

My grandfather rode jollily along, in his easy slashing way, for he was a saucy sun-shiny fellow—staring about him at the motley crowd, and the old houses with gable-ends to the street, and storks' nests on the chimnies; winking at the yafrows who showed their faces at the windows,

and joking the women right and left in the street; all of whom laughed, and took it in amazing good part; for though he did not know a word of the language, yet he had always a knack of making himself understood among the women.

Well, gentlemen, it being the time of the annual fair, all the town was crowded, every inn and tavern full, and my grandfather applied in vain from one to the other for admittance. At length he rode up to an old racketty inn, that looked ready to fall to pieces, and which all the rats would have run away from, if they could have found room in any other house to put their heads. It was just such a queer building as you see in Dutch pictures, with a tall roof that reached up into the clouds, and as many garrets one over the other, as the seven heavens of Mahomet. Nothing had saved it from tumbling down but a stork's nest on the chimney, which always brings good luck to a house in the Low Countries; and at the very time of my grandfather's arrival, there were two of these long-legged birds of grace standing like ghosts on the chimney-top. Faith, but they've kept the house on its legs to this very day, for you may see it any time you pass through Bruges, as it stands there yet, only it is turned into a brewery of strong Flemish beer; at least it was so when I came that way after the battle of Waterloo.

My grandfather eyed the house curiously as he approached. It might not have altogether struck his fancy, had he not seen in large letters over the door,

HEER VERKOOPT MAN GOEDEN DRANK.

My grandfather had learned enough of the language, to know that the sign promised good liquor. "This is the house for me," said he, stopping short before the door.

The sudden appearance of a dashing dragoon was an event, in an old inn frequented only by the peaceful sons of traffic. A rich burgher of Antwerp, a stately ample man in a broad Flemish hat, and who was the great man, and great patron of the establishment, sat smoking a clean long pipe on one side of the door; a fat little distiller of Geneva, from Schiedam, sat smoking on the other; and the bottle-nosed host stood in the door, and the comely hostess, in crimped cap, beside him; and the hostess's daughter, a plump Flanders lass, with long gold pendants in her ears, was at a side window.

"Humph!" said the rich burgher of Antwerp, with a sulky glance at the stranger.

"Der Duyvel!" said the fat little distiller of Schiedam.

The landlord saw, with the quick glance of a publican, that the new guest was not at all at all to the taste of the old ones; and, to tell the truth, he did not himself like my grandfather's saucy eye. He shook his head. "Not a garret in the house but was full!"

"Not a garret!" echoed the landlady.

"Not a garret!" echoed the daughter.

The burgher of Antwerp, and the little distiller of Schiedam, continued to smoke their pipes sullenly, eyeing the enemy askance from under their broad hats, but said nothing.

My grandfather was not a man to be brow-

beaten. He threw the reins on his horse's neck, cocked his head on one side, stuck one arm akimbo, "Faith and troth!" said he, "but I'll sleep in this house this very night."—As he said this, he gave a slap on his thigh, by way of emphasis—the slap went to the landlady's heart.

He followed up the vow by jumping off his horse, and making his way past the staring Mynheers into the public room.—May be you've been in the bar-room of an old Flemish inn—faith, but a handsome chamber it was as you'd wish to see, with a brick floor, and a great fire-place, with the whole Bible history in glazed tiles; and then the mantel-piece, pitching itself head-foremost out of the wall, with a whole regiment of cracked tea-pots and earthen jugs paraded on it, not to mention half a dozen great Delft platters, hung about the room by way of pictures; and the little bar in one corner, and the bouncing bar-maid inside of it, with a red calico cap and yellow ear-drops.

My grandfather snapped his fingers over his head, as he cast an eye round the room.—"Faith, this is the very house I've been looking after," said he.

There was some further show of resistance on the part of the garrison; but my grandfather was an old soldier, and an Irishman to boot, and not easily repulsed, especially after he had got into the fortress. So he blarneyed the landlord, kissed the landlord's wife, tickled the landlord's daughter, chucked the bar-maid under the chin; and it was agreed on all hands that it would be a thousand pities, and a burning shame into the

bargain, to turn such a bold dragoon into the streets. So they laid their heads together, that is to say, my grandfather and the landlady, and it was at length agreed to accommodate him with an old chamber that had been for some time shut up.

"Some say it's haunted," whispered the landlord's daughter: "but you are a bold dragoon, and I dare say don't fear ghosts."

"The devil a bit!" said my grandfather, pinching her plump cheek. "But if I should be troubled by ghosts, I've been to the Red Sea in my time, and have a pleasant way of laying them, my darling."

And then he whispered something to the girl which made her laugh, and give him a good-humoured box on the ear. In short, there was nobody knew better how to make his way among the petticoats than my grandfather.

In a little while, as was his usual way, he took complete possession of the house, swaggering all over it; into the stable to look after his horse, into the kitchen to look after his supper. He had something to say or do with every one; smoked with the Dutchmen, drank with the Germans, slapped the landlord on the shoulder, romped with his daughter and the bar-maid:—never since the days of Alley Croaker had such a rattling blade been seen. The landlord stared at him with astonishment; the landlord's daughter hung her head and giggled whenever he came near; and as he swaggered along the corridor, with his sword trailing by his side, the maids looked after him, and whispered to one another, "What a proper man!"

At supper, my grandfather took command of the table-d'hôte as though he had been at home; helped every body, not forgetting himself; talked with every one, whether he understood their language or not; and made his way into the intimacy of the rich burgher of Antwerp, who had never been known to be sociable with any one during his life. In fact, he revolutionized the whole establishment, and gave it such a rouse, that the very house reeled with it. He outsat every one at table excepting the little fat distiller of Schiedam, who sat smoking a long time before he broke forth; but when he did, he was a very devil incarnate. He took a violent affection for my grandfather; so they sat drinking and smoking, and telling stories, and singing Dutch and Irish songs, without understanding a word each other said, until the little Hollander was fairly swamped with his own gin and water, and carried off to bed, whooping and hiccuping, and trolling the burthen of a low Dutch love song.

Well, gentlemen, my grandfather was shewn to his quarters up a large stair-case, composed of loads of hewn timber, and through long rigmarole passages, hung with blackened paintings of fish, and fruit, and game, and country frolics, and huge kitchens, and portly Burgomasters, such as you see about old-fashioned Flemish inns, till at length he arrived at his room.

An old-times chamber it was, sure enough, and crowded with all kinds of trumpery. It looked like an infirmary for decayed and superannuated furniture, where every thing diseased or disabled was sent to nurse, or to be forgotten. Or rather,

it might be taken for a general congress of old legitimate moveables, where every kind and country had a representative. No two chairs were alike. Such high backs and low backs, and leather bottoms, and worsted bottoms, and straw bottoms, and no bottoms; and cracked marble tables, with curiously carved legs, holding balls in their claws, as though they were going to play at nine-pins.

My grandfather made a bow to the motley assemblage as he entered, and having undressed himself, placed his light in the fire-place, asking pardon of the tongs, which seemed to be making love to the shovel in the chimney corner, and whispering soft nonsense in its ear.

The rest of the guests were by this time sound asleep, for your Mynheers are huge sleepers. The house-maids, one by one, crept up yawning to their attics, and not a female head in the inn was laid on a pillow that night without dreaming of the bold dragon.

My grandfather, for his part, got into bed, and drew over him one of those great bags of down, under which they smother a man in the Low Countries; and there he lay, melting between two feather-beds, like an anchovy sandwich between two slices of toast and butter. He was a warm-complexioned man, and this smothering played the very deuce with him. So, sure enough, in a little time it seemed as if a legion of imps were twitching at him, and all the blood in his veins was in a fever heat.

He lay still, however, until all the house was quiet, except the snoring of the Mynheers from

the different chambers, who answered one another in all kinds of tones and cadences, like so many bullfrogs in a swamp. The quieter the house became, the more unquiet became my grandfather. He waxed warmer and warmer, until at length the bed became too hot to hold him.

"May be the maid had warmed it too much?" said the curious gentleman, inquiringly.

"I rather think the contrary," replied the Irishman.—"But be that as it may, it grew too hot for my grandfather."

"Faith, there's no standing this any longer," says he. So he jumped out of bed, and went strolling about the house.

"What for?" said the inquisitive gentleman. "Why to cool himself, to be sure—or perhaps to find a more comfortable bed—or perhaps—But no matter what he went for—he never mentioned—and there's no use in taking up our time in conjecturing."

Well, my grandfather had been for some time absent from his room, and was returning, perfectly cool, when just as he reached the door he heard a strange noise within. He paused and listened. It seemed as if some one were trying to hum a tune in defiance of the asthma. He recollected the report of the room being haunted; but he was no believer in ghosts, so he pushed the door gently open and peeped in.

Egad, gentlemen, there was a gambol carrying on within enough to have astonished St. Anthony himself. By the light of the fire he saw a pale, weazen-faced fellow in a long flannel gown and

a tall white night-cap with a tassel to it, who sat by the fire with a bellows under his arm by way of bagpipe, from which he forced the asthmatical music that had bothered my grandfather. As he played, too, he kept twitching about with a thousand queer contortions, nodding his head, and bobbing about his tasselled night-cap.

My grandfather thought this very odd and mighty presumptuous, and was about to demand what business he had to play his wind-instrument in another gentleman's quarters, when a new cause of astonishment met his eye. From the opposite side of the room, a long-backed, bandy-legged chair, covered with leather, and studded all over in a coxcombical fashion with little brass nails, got suddenly into motion, thrust out first a claw-foot, then a crooked arm, and, at length, making a leg, slid gracefully up to an easy-chair of tarnished brocade, with a hole in its bottom, and led it gallantly out in a ghostly minuet about the floor.

The musician now played fiercer and fiercer, and bobbed his head and his night-cap about like mad. By degrees the dancing mania seemed to seize upon all the other pieces of furniture. The antique long-bodied chairs paired off in couples and led down a country-dance; a three-legged stool danced a hornpipe, though horribly puzzled by its supernumerary leg; while the amorous tongs seized the shovel round the waist, and whirled it about the room in a German waltz. In short, all the moveables got in motion; pirouetting, hands across, right and left, like so many devils; all except a great clothes-press, which

kept curtsyng and curtsyng, in a corner, like a dowager, in exquisite time to the music; being rather too corpulent to dance, or, perhaps, at a loss for a partner.

My grandfather concluded the latter to be the reason; so being, like a true Irishman, devoted to the sex, and at all times ready for a frolic, he bounced into the room, called to the musician to strike up Paddy O'Rafferty, capered up to the clothes-press, and seized upon two handles to lead her out: when, whirr! the whole revel was at an end. The chairs, tables, tongs, and shovel slunk in an instant as quietly into their places as if nothing had happened, and the musician vanished up the chimney, leaving the bellows behind him in his hurry. My grandfather found himself seated in the middle of the floor with the clothes-press sprawling before him, and the two handles jerked off, and in his hands.

"Then, after all, this was a mere dream!" said the inquisitive gentleman.

"The divil a bit of a dream!" replied the Irishman. "There never was a truer fact in this world. Faith, I should have liked to see any man tell my grandfather it was a dream."

Well, gentlemen, as the clothes-press was a mighty heavy body, and my grandfather likewise, particularly in rear, you may easily suppose that two such heavy bodies coming to the ground would make a bit of a noise. Faith, the old mansion shook as though it had mistaken it for an earthquake. The whole garrison was alarmed. The landlord, who slept below, hurried up with a candle to inquire the cause, but with all his

haste his daughter had hurried to the scene of uproar before him. The landlord was followed by the landlady, who was followed by the bouncing bar-maid, who was followed by the simpering chambermaids, all holding together, as well as they could, such garments as they had first lain hands on; but all in a terrible hurry to see what the deuce was to pay in the chamber of the bold Dragon.

My grandfather related the marvellous scene he had witnessed, and the broken handles of the prostrate clothes-press bore testimony to the fact. There was no contesting such evidence; particularly with a lad of my grandfather's complexion, who seemed able to make good every word either with sword or shillelah. So the landlord scratched his head and looked silly, as he was apt to do when puzzled. The landlady scratched—no, she did not scratch her head, but she knit her brow, and did not seem half pleased with the explanation. But the landlady's daughter corroborated it, by recollecting that the last person who had dwelt in that chamber was a famous juggler who had died of St. Vitus's dance, and had no doubt infected all the furniture.

This set all things to rights, particularly when the chambermaids declared that they had all witnessed strange carryings on in that room: and as they declared this "upon their honours," there could not remain a doubt upon the subject.

"And did your grandfather go to bed again in that room?" said the inquisitive gentleman.

"That is more than I can tell. Where he passed the rest of the night, was a secret he never

disclosed. In fact, though he had seen much service, he was but indifferently acquainted with geography, and apt to make blunders in his travels about inns at night, which it would have puzzled him sadly to account for in the morning."—*Tales of a Traveller.*

News of Literature and Fashion.

TO THE COURIER,

ON HIS HAPPY ILLUSTRATION OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS DUKE.

Curiosa felicitas.

Tuo' blest with all these flowers of speech,
Wise to abstain, tho' in thy reach,
From plucking 'em ;
For why, and thus incur rebuke,
Make a *Count Dip* of the good Duke
Of Buckingham ?

Grant, tropes and figures from thee flow,
Don't prithee, at thy betters so
Be chucking 'em—
Tho' *tallow* may from *fatness* spring,
Why should'st thou make a *wick-ed* thing
Of Buckingham ?

In favour, right to hold up heads,
As right, when out* one danger dreads,
Is ducking 'em ;
But 'tis not *dipping* time *just now*,
And thou should'st better manners shew
To Buckingham !

* "Off with his head—so much for Buckingham!"—*Richard III.*

Chronicle.

THE HUSBAND.

FROM THE GREEK.

Faithful as dog, the lonely shepherd's pride,
True as the helm, the bark's protecting guide,
Firm as the shaft that props the towering dome,
Sweet as the shipwreck'd seamen's land, and home,
Lovely as child, a parent's sole delight,
Radiant as morn that breaks a stormy night,
Grateful as streams, that in some deep recess,
 With rills unhop'd the panting traveller bless,
 Is he, that links with me his chain of life,
 Names himself lord, and deigns to call me Wife.
Globe and Traveller.

THE WIFE.

(IN IMITATION OF THE ABOVE.)

Beautiful as young day, when the sweet season is waking,
Joyous as the bird of song, when the gay morn is breaking,
Mild as Zephyr's softest sigh, on Flora's bosom breathing,
Chaste as that fair queen, who found the art of endless wreathing,
Constant as Apollo's flow'r, which blooms but in his beaming,
Fond as the moon of that bright star, upon her path-way gleaming,
Graceful as the slightest reed upon the green bank waving,
Courteous as the rippling stream, which that green bank is laving,
 Yet great in soul, and high in mind, the charm, the bliss, of life,
 Is she, the gentlest of her kind, I proudly call my Wife.
Literary Chronicle.

PENCIL-MARKS.

"Wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man.

SHAKESPEARE.

MEN frequently defend their conversing with an absolute fool, on the score of his having a good heart. We might as well reconcile ourselves to the errings of a watch if it work upon a diamond.

Men who affect a shortness of sight, must think it the very height of good fortune to be born totally blind.

Those who keep parrots are to be reprehended for neglecting native talent, when there are so many coxcombs wanting board and lodging.

He who loses in the search of fame that dignity which should ever adorn human nature, is no more than the opera-singer, who has exchanged manhood for sound.

The man who boasts of excessive gallantry, is anxious to appear the rival of a goat.

If ermined robes are intended to be symbolical of the purity of sovereigns, I think a monarch's dispositions would be oftener better illustrated by a trimming of tiger-skin; some might assuredly claim a small mixture of the monkey.

Fortune is surely made blind, that she shall not blush for the many fools which belong to her.

Lounging, unemployed people, may be called of the tribe of Joshua; for with them the sun stands still.

Fanatics think men like bulls, that they should

504 ANCIENT POETRY AND ROMANCES OF SPAIN.

be baited to madness before they are in a fit state to die.

A truly good man, like the dolphin, looks most beautiful when dying.

It is an ancient saying—"Truth lies in a well." May we not at times likewise think the most certain charity to be at a pump?

Men might do worse than copy a lobster; for that always blushes at losing the appearance which nature had designed it.

Examiner.

EXTRACTS FROM
ANCIENT POETRY AND ROMANCES OF SPAIN.

BY MR. BOWRING.

The woman who such dreams can dream.

"La muger que tal sueño sueña."

THE woman who has check'd the glow
Of honest passion in the breast;

THE woman who will not bestow
Her hand on him who loves her best;

THE woman who can harshly deem
Of him who is her worshipper;

THE woman who such dreams can dream,
Kicks, and sticks, and stripes for her!

THE woman who can plot and plan
Her own disgrace, her husband's shame,
And, reckless, infamize and ban

A life unstain'd—a virtuous fame;
Who's pleased to *be* impure, yet *seem*
Chaste as the snow—as chaste as fair;
THE woman who such dreams can dream,
Kicks, and sticks, and stripes for her!

Herald.

OLD RAPID.

"The Earl of Eldon has, in equal time, dispatched *twice* as much business as *the most rapid* of his predecessors."—*Art. Court of Chan.—Quart. Rev. No. LIX.*

"There is to be no jubilee this year for the birds at *Encombe*."
—*Morn. Chron. Aug. 31.*

WHOEVER has read what his critic could hatch,
Must be clearly convinced of his Lordship's *dispatch*.
No soul in his seat had one half of his trouble,
But, ardent and rapid, his *quickness is double* !
Of his speed, gaol and grave contain witnesses plenty,
Tho' suitors ingrate* call it "*festina lente*."
In the Court and the field, he is equally hot,
And the readiest man, when you come to *the shot* !
He *doubles* all others—so prompt and so willing—
In maiming, disabling, and winging, and killing :
Or Partridge or Suitor, which e'er the game be,
Once *in his preserve*, adieu all jubilee ;
Before him, poor things, let them fly, let them run,
He's sure to *do for them*—as sure as a gun !
Then Thurlow and Hardwicke, away with your bragging,
For ne'er was a Chauc'llor *so rapid* at bagging !

* Just so, the graceless *Young Rapid* in the play, who, when *Old Rapid* is poring over and industriously cobbling his son's coat, exclaims—" *Keep moving ! damme, father, how slow you are !*" and takes it away from him. This is very well in a play, but *all the Old Rapids* don't suffer *suits* to be taken out of their hands so easily.

Chronicle.

THE FEMALE LINGUIST.

THE report having gone abroad that a female pedant, who was somewhat of a linguist, was about to be married, a severe wit observed, "He could answer for her *disposition to congregate*, but feared she would *have no opportunity of declining*."

Globe and Traveller.

TONSON'S EPITAPH.

A TRANSLATION of the Latin Epitaph on Tonson, which is nearly similar to the celebrated one on the late Dr. Franklin.

THE EPITAPH.

THE rolling course of Life being finished,
 This is the end of Jacob Tonson ;
 A man of eminence in his profession :
 Who, as Accoucheur to the Muses,
 Ushered into Life
 The happy productions of Genius.

Mourn! ye choir of Writers, and break your tuneful reeds !

He, your assistant, is no more :
 But this last inscription is engraven
 On this first page of mortality,
 Lest, being committed to the press of the grave,
 The Editor himself should be without a title.

Here lies a Bookseller,
 (The leaves of life having gone to decay)
 Waiting for a New Edition,
 Much increased and amended.

Literary Chronicle.

LORD N.'S GAME JOKE.

ON being informed, last autumn, of the elopement of Mrs. M—, whose maiden name was W—, his Lordship said, "Then we must look out our fleecy hosiery."—"Why so, my Lord?"—"Because," said his Lordship, "it is an unerring symptom of a sudden, long, and severe winter to see, so early in the season, the *woodcocks* forsake the *moors*."

Chronicle.

ON THE ORIGIN AND USE OF DIAMONDS.

LOUIS DE BERGUEN, a native of Bruges, was the first who in 1456 attempted to cut the diamond. The four diamonds that enriched the royal robe of Charlemagne were in the native state; but notwithstanding this defect, they were not less rare and precious. They were preserved for a long time at St. Denis. At that time, rich men alone could possess them. Charles the Rash was one of the princes who affected the new luxury of diamonds. He is represented on a vignette of a MS. in the Bibliotheque Royale, wearing in his hat that which was afterwards taken among his baggage by the Swiss, after the battle of Graudson, and which has since been known under the name of Sancy.

It is said that Agnes Sorel was the first female in France who wore a diamond necklace. These diamonds were so rough, so ill set, and produced so ill an effect, and so much inconvenience to the neck of Agnes, that she used to call it her iron collar. She wanted to get rid of it, till Charles VII. from whom she doubtless had it, and who was pleased with seeing her handsomely decorated, prevailed on her to retain it. The gentle Agnes obeyed, and many ladies have no doubt since then acted in the same manner. But diamonds at that time did not possess the monopoly of pleasing them; and, since Agnes, the mode of wearing jewels has often changed.

Pearls were the favourite ornament of Catherine of Medici, and Diana of Poitiers.

Mary Stuart having brought some superb diamonds into France, the ladies of the Court reassumed the wear of them. At the coronation of Mary De Medici, her robes, and those of the ladies in her suite, were loaded with pearls. It was the custom at that time to put strings of them into the hair, which fell in knots over the shoulders. Under Louis the Fourteenth, the taste for diamonds revived, and the fêtes given by that sumptuous monarch entirely restored the fashion of wearing this brilliant ornament. Robes were embroidered with them; necklaces, aigrettes, and bracelets were made of them; and they were even employed to ornament the front of stomachers. The queen wore them on her waistband, on the epaulettes of her robe, and on the brooch of her mantle.

This rage for diamonds continued till the approach of the revolution. Twenty years before that epoch, the ladies had become tired of them; and nothing was then to be seen but ornaments of steel, glass, and pearls. Sentimental ornaments then had their turn. Necklaces of hair, bracelets of hair, medallions and cyphers in hair, were at once attestations of the conquests which the beauties had made, and of those which they aspired to obtain. Steel has re-appeared a short time since on the toilets of the elegantes; and necklaces, broaches, ear-rings, and waist-buckles, have been again made of steel for several months

Pretty women should employ nothing but flowers in the shape of ornament.

News of Literature & Fashion.

TEN YEARS AGO.

—That time is past,
 And all its aching joys are now no more,
 And all its dizzy raptures! Not for this
 Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur. Other gifts
 Have followed for such loss, I would believe,
 Abundant recompense. WORDSWORTH.

TEN years ago, ten years ago,
 Life was to us a fairy scene;
 And the keen blasts of worldly woe
 Had sered not then its pathway green.
 Youth, and its thousand dreams, were ours,
 Feelings we ne'er can know again;
 Unwither'd hopes, unwasted powers,
 And frames unworn by mortal pain.
 Such was the bright and genial flow
 Of life with us—ten years ago!

Time has not blanch'd a single hair
 That clusters round thy forehead now;
 Nor hath the cankering touch of care
 Left even one furrow on thy brow.
 Thine eyes are blue as when we met,
 In love's deep truth, in earlier years;
 Thy cheek of rose is blooming yet,
 Though sometimes stain'd by secret tears;
 But where, oh where's the *spirit's* glow,
 That shone through all—ten years ago?

I, too, am changed—I scarce know why—
 Can feel each flagging pulse decay;
 And youth and health, and visions high,
 Melt like a wreath of snow away;
 Time cannot sure have wrought the ill;
 Though worn in this world's sick'ning strife,
 In soul and form, I linger still
 In the first summer month of life;
 Yet journey on my path below,
 Oh! how unlike—ten years ago!

But look not thus—I would not give
 The wreck of hopes that thou must share,
 To bid those joyous hours revive,
 When all around me seem'd so fair.
 We've wander'd on in sunny weather,
 When winds were low, and flowers in bloom,
 And hand in hand have kept together,
 And still will keep, 'mid storm and gloom;
 Endear'd by ties we could not know
 When life was young—ten years ago!
 Has Fortune frown'd? Her frowns were vain,
 For hearts like ours she could not chill;
 Have friends prov'd false? Their love might wane,
 But ours grew fonder, firmer still.
 Twin barks on this world's changing wave,
 Stedfast in calms, in tempest tried,
 In concert still our fate we'll brave,
 Together cleave life's fitful tide;
 Nor mourn whatever winds may blow,
 Youth's first wild dreams—ten years ago!
 Have we not knelt beside his bed,
 And watch'd our first-born blossom die?
 Hoped, till the shade of hope had fled,
 Then wept till feeling's fount was dry?
 Was it not sweet, in that dark hour,
 To think, 'mid mutual tears and sighs,
 Our bud had left its earthly bower,
 And burst, to bloom in Paradise?
 What to the thought that sooth'd that woe
 Were heartless joys—ten years ago!
 Yes, it is sweet, when heaven is bright,
 To share its sunny beams with thee;
 But sweeter far, 'mid clouds and blight,
 To have thee near to weep with me.
 Then dry those tears—though something changed
 From what we were in earlier youth,
 Time, that hath hopes and friends estranged,
 Hath left us love in all its truth;
 Sweet feelings we would not forego
 For life's best joys—ten years ago.

A TOUCH OF "THE FANCY."

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XXIX.

ONE Mr. Light was brought out of darkness from St. Martin's watch-house, to answer for having taken the liberty of knocking down a hackney-coachman in front of the Haymarket Theatre on the preceding night.

Mr. Light is a country gentleman, of light weight, much muscle, and real respectability; his age some thirty, or thereabout; married, and now on his first visit to town with his lady, and though married, able to come or go wherever and whenever he pleases—just as though he was still a bachelor—which is saying a great deal.

"And please your Worship," began the complaining coachman—a stout, twelve stone, woolly-headed, large-lipped, young, ruffianish sort of a subject—"and please your Worship, I was engaged to take a party home from the Haymarket Theatre last night, and while I was waiting for 'em, this ere gentleman (Mr. Light) and two more squeezes themselves into my coach, and becoz I told 'em, says I, I'm hired, says I, this ere gentleman (Mr. Light) jumps out o' the coach, and gives me a comfortable knock-down blow—just in no time to speak of; and, as I wasn't a going to be knock'd about a that'ns for nothing, I give him in charge to the watch-house."

"May I be allowed to ask this fellow a few questions?" said Mr. Light.

"Yes," replied Mr. Minshull—"but do not call him a *fellow*."

" Beg your Worship's pardon," said Mr. Light, with a light bow; and then folding up his arms, so as to concentrate his cross-examinatory powers, he addressed the coachman with a " Pray, my good man, where were you when we first came up to your coach?"

" Why, not far off," replied the coachman, " else I don't know where my coach would have been by this time. Some of you talked of driving it to a rum sort of place for a coach to go, I think!"

" And you say I knocked you down?" asked Mr. Light.—" I do," replied the coachman.

" You may stand by," said Mr. Light—" I will discuss *you* more at large presently."

Stephen Winter was called by the coachman as a witness. This Stephen Winter had a very *notice-able* look, as Mr. Wordsworth would say: his head was covered with the snows of full sixty winters, and as pure it looked as that upon the top of Skiddow, when it reflects the first ray of the morning sun; his complexion was as clear and unsullied as the fresh-opened water lily; his eye dark, bright, and piercing, and his aspect keen and intelligent; his body bent, and supported by a short staff; and yet, with all this winteryness, he is still a boy—a link-boy; one who, with all his purity, has been, for these last thirty years, bawling "*coach-onhired*" at the theatres, enveloped in smoke and buried in flame. He is, indeed, a " fine old-youth," and Mr. Light found him a keen witness. " This gentleman," said he, " persisted in making his way into the complainant's coach, though I told him it was

hired, and offered to get him another; and when I asked him where he wished to be driven to, he replied, in a voice which I shall never forget, 'To h—ll, or any where else, you old ——!' One of his companions was preparing to mount the box—for the purpose of driving them to that place, I suppose; but just then the coachman came up, and, having told them he was hired, he desired them to give up his coach; when, what does this gentleman do, but jumps out of the coach, puts himself in a Fives-court attitude, and cries out, 'Here I am—I'm a *mill-ing cove!* a *Bristolian!* and I can lick half a dozen *jarveys* in no time!'"

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Light, interrupting him, "I said *jarvey-men*, not *jarveys*."

"Well, we won't quarrel about that," continued the venerable old boy—"it might be *jarvey-men*; but I don't see how that mends the matter: I'll swear it was some low word of that sort, and your deed was as low as your word, for you had no sooner uttered it than you knocked the coachman down between the wheels of his own coach."

Mr. Light begged permission to put a few questions to this witness, and the Magistrate assenting, he proceeded thus:

"And so you say you saw me knock down the coachman?"

"I do," promptly replied Stephen Winter—leaning on his short staff, and darting the light of his keen dark eye full in Mr. Light's face—"I do."

"In what part of his body did I hit him?"

"I won't swear to an inch, or two, where your fist went when you let it loose, but I will swear it was somewhere about his neck."

"And you did not see him collar me?"

"I did not."

"You are sensible you are on your oath?"

"I am.—And if you had been as sensible as me, you would not have been here now."

Mr. Light declined putting any more questions to Stephen Winter, and went at once into his defence. He declared that he merely pushed the coachman away, because he rudely seized him by the collar to drag him from the coach-steps.—He collared him very rudely—"in the way in which hackney-coachmen generally collar gentlemen."

"I did not know," said the Magistrate, "that hackney-coachmen were in the habit of collaring gentlemen. I have rode in hackney-coaches many thousand times, and I never was collar'd in my life."

Mr. Light assured his Worship that it was a very common practice, nevertheless, and a very disagreeable one, for they had a peculiarly rude mode of doing it. He then called the two young gentlemen who were with him at the time, and they both declared that Mr. Light did not knock the coachman down; though one of them, a very exquisite young man, admitted that he could not speak very positively to the fact, because at one part of the affray he was down himself, and whilst he was down he could not see clearly what the others were doing. However, they were positive that if the coachman had been with his coach, in the first instance, and had civilly represented to them that his coach was hired, they should not have attempted to get into his coach, and nothing unpleasant would have happened.

The Magistrate observed, that if the coachman left his coach unattended, he was punishable by fine, and not assault; and as it was clear an assault had been committed, Mr. Light must find bail.

So Mr. Light retired in care of the gaoler, followed by his two friends and the coachman. By and by, they came in again; Mr. Light joyously thanking his Worship for his lenity, and the coachman saying he did not wish to be too hard with Mr. Light. His Worship, unconscious that he had shewn Mr. Light lenity, was rather puzzled at all this; but it was soon explained to him that the lenity belonged to the coachman—he having consented to stay all further proceedings, though why or wherefore did not exactly appear. However, as the coachman was so mercifully inclined, his Worship consented to Mr. Light's discharge; but Mr. Light, forgetting the proverb, "Never hoot before you are out of the wood," no sooner heard his discharge pronounced, than he gaily exclaimed, "Thank your Worship—and I'll bet a guinea he takes such another knocking down to-night for another ten shillings!" And in the next moment poor Mr. Light was in custody again. His Worship said it was a flip-pant and very indecorous remark, and he was determined that the prosecution should not be withdrawn. So the coachman was compelled to return Mr. Light his money, and Mr. Light was once more removed by the gaoler; but some time afterwards he was liberated, upon a fresh and very contrite application.

Herald.

AN ADDRESS TO THE ECHO.

If I address the Echo yonder,
What will its answer be, I wonder?

Echo—I wonder !

O wondrous Echo, tell me, bless'e,
Am I for marriage or for celibacy?

Echo—Silly Bessy !

If then to win the maid I try,
Shall I find her a property?

Echo—A proper tye !

If neither grave nor funny
Will win the maid to matrimony?

Echo—Try money !

If I should try to gain her heart,
Shall I go plain or rather smart?

Echo—Smart !

She mayn't love dress, and I again then
May come too smart, and she'll complain then :

Echo—Come plain then !

To please her most perhaps, 'tis best
To come as I'm in common dress'd?

Echo—Come undress'd !

Then if to marry me I tease her,
What will she say if that should please her?

Echo—Please, Sir !

When cross and good words can't appease her,
What if such naughty whims should seize her?

Echo—You'd see, Sir !

When wed she'll change, for Love's no sticker,
And love her husband less than liquor?

Echo—Then lick her !

To leave me then I can't compel her,
Though every woman else excel her?

Echo—Sell her!

- The doubting youth to *Echo* turn'd again, Sir,
To ask advice, but found it did not answer.

London Magazine.

LORD NORBURY.

HIS Lordship, while lately indisposed, was threatened with a determination of blood to the head. Surgeon C—l accordingly opened the temporal artery; and, whilst attending to the operation, his Lordship said to him in his usual quick manner, “C—l, I believe you were *never called to the Bar?*”—“No, my Lord, I never was,” replied the Surgeon.—“Well, I am sure, Doctor, I can safely say *you have cut a figure in the Temple.*”

Chronicle.

ON PULLING DOWN THE NEWLY-ERECTED BUILDINGS NEAR WESTMINSTER-HALL.

“*Divisunt—ædificant—mutant.*”—HOR.

Id est—they do what I and you can't.—*Free Translation*

If members of an humble state
E'er run their heads against a wall,
They're sure to get a broken pate,
And destiny ordains their fall.

If M.P.s act a part so gross,
A happier fate is soon decreed;
Their heads are saved—(a nation's loss!)—
The wall comes down—the people bleed.

Examiner.

LOVE IN THE KITCHEN.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XXX.

AMONG the watch-house prisoners brought before Mr. Halls, was a fine fat bouncing dame, named Elizabeth Bone, and a sedate, full-sized, middle-aged man, named Henry Backler, who had been sent to durance by a Mr. Finlayson for making love in his kitchen, contrary to special agreement.

Elizabeth Bone is, as we have already hinted; fat, florid, and forty; and she was cookmaid to the Finlayson above-mentioned, and a capital cook she was too—clean, adroit, sober, honest, and industrious, as Mr. Finlayson readily admitted. But unfortunately she fell in love; and by falling in love she fell out with her master; and by falling out with her master she fell into troubles and disputes; and all these ins and outs ended in her getting out of place, and into the watch-house. It appeared by Mr. Finlayson's account, that he engaged Betty Bone as his cookmaid, with an excellent character, and they covenanted with each other that she should have no *followers*—especially *male* ones. Betty Bone cheerfully assented to this covenant; and Mr. Finlayson flattered himself that, at her time of life, there was little danger of her breaking it; but they were both out in their reckoning. Before one short fortnight had elapsed, Mr. Finlayson

found Betty Bone seated before a comfortable fire in the kitchen, and the above-mentioned Henry Backler on his knees before Betty Bone—making love to her! Mr. Finlayson upbraided Betty with her breach of contract; and Betty told him “it was of no use talking—if she didn’t suit the place, why the place didn’t suit her; and the sooner he got himself another cook the better.” The fact was, as we have been credibly informed, Mr. Backler had promised to make Betty Bone “bone of his bone;” and therefore her breach of the “no follower” contract was not to be very much wondered at. Mr. Finlayson himself saw the matter in matrimonial light, and contented himself with taking Betty Bone’s notice to quit, and her promise that the courtship should be totally suspended until that notice expired—for, as he said, he was resolved to have no *followers*. Now it so happened, that before Betty Bone’s notice expired, the housemaid went away, and Betty Bone was requested to remain until another could be got. This she readily undertook to do, and every thing went on very quietly for some time. One night Mr. Finlayson had company at his house, and at a very late hour he learned that Betty Bone had got her sweetheart in the kitchen again. He was exasperated at hearing this; Betty was bold in her defence; her sweetheart, Mr. Backler, vowed that wherever Betty Bone was, there would he be also; high words ensued, and at last, Mr. Finlayson, in his anger, sent them both to the watch-house.

This was the very head and front of Betty Bone’s offence; and Mr. Finlayson assured the

Magistrate he had no wish to press the matter, nor would he have sent them to the watch-house if they had not defied him.

Betty Bone, in her defence, pleaded that her promise not to admit Mr. Backler expired with her notice to quit; and that as she remained after the expiration of that notice to suit her master's convenience, she thought she was fully justified in suing her own, by again admitting her suitor.

His Worship observed, that she had done very wrong; for no man ought to have his house intruded upon by strangers against his will. He then discharged them both, with an admonition for their government; but Mr. Finlayson told Betty she should never offend again in his house, and therefore he paid her the wages due to her, and left her and her lover to wander where they would.

Herald.

EPITAPH.

SAID TO BE COPIED FROM A TOMB-STONE IN AN IRISH COUNTRY
CHURCH-YARD.

A LITTLE Spirit slumbers here,
Who to our heart was very dear;
Oh! he was more than life or light,
Its thoughts by day—its dreams by night!
The chill winds came—the young flow'r faded,
And died—the grave its sweetness shaded.
Fair boy! thou should'st have wept for me,
Nor I have had to mourn o'er thee:
Yet not long shall this sorrowing be;
Those roses I have planted round,
To deck thy dear and sacred ground,
When spring gales next those roses wave,
They'll blush upon thy mother's grave.

}

Globe and Traveller.

MISS FOOTE AND MR. HAYNE.

. A VERY NEW BALLAD TO A VERY OLD TUNE.

In the county of Wilts, as is well known to many,
 A gentleman liv'd, not the wisest of any;
 But because, it should seem, he had just come of age,
 He resolv'd that he'd chuse out a wife from *the Stage*.
 Down down, down derry down.

And where could he fix on a place that was better?
 As he wanted a wife, he was sure there to get her;
 Peers and Commoners set him examples enough,
 If he were not too nice about *virtue* and stuff,

The Platonists argue that virtue alone
 Is beauty, a truth that we few of us own;
 And the female professors of art histrionic,
 Are the last in the world I should fancy *plutonic*.

However, he fix'd on a beautiful *maid*,
 At least, so he *thought her*, and was not afraid;
 But list'ning alone to his bosom's suggestion,
 He boldly went up, and he popp'd her the question.

But she was too bashful, sweet creature, by far,
 To consent, without asking permission of *Pa*:
 She sigh'd, she look'd down, and what may seem oddest,
 She persuaded her lover to think she was modest.

Papa gave consent he should marry his daughter,
 Provided he settled upon her a quarter
 Of all he was worth; and forestalling disaster
 Lend *him* enough money to make him Paymaster.

The writings were drawn, and the money was paid,
 The wedding-ring bought, and the clothes of the *maid*.
 That her dresses were *white* we shall need no security,
 For white is the emblem of *chasteness* and *purity*!

Already the lover believed in his arms
 The maiden possess'd of such virtues and charms:
 But, alas! every day that we live, but discovers
 Disappointment in ambush to pounce upon lovers

A hint was first given the lady was *light* :
 Her lover resented, and offered to fight.
 To assail such a paragon, void of pretence,
 Mr. Hayne justly thought was a *hayne*-ous offence.
 The day was appointed, but, ah ! to his shame,
 Tho' the lady was ready, no gentleman came;
 Such treatment was cruel, but what could she do ?
 So helpless, so lovely, so *innocent* too !
 An apology made, a new day was appointed ;
 But as Shakspeare says truly, " the times were disjointed :"
 The bride was at church, quite in time, we presume ;
 But where, tell me where, was the false-hearted groom ?
 Where could he be gone ? They suppos'd, sure enough,
 He had found his intended was quite *up to snuff*.
 'Twas true :—but a *month* had elaps'd, as he heard,
 Since his *virgin* intended *lay in of her third*.
 Ah ! who does not pity the lady's hard case ?
 In court she intends to redeem the disgrace ;
 And at last she might say in commencing her suit,
 Hayne might have expected *false steps* of a *Footie*.
 No wonder that Hayne, in this instance a *nob*,
 In the *Prize Ring* should patronize *White-headed Bob* :
 The difference is small, in a sense rather mystic,
 'Twixt the *ring* matrimonial, and *ring* pugilistic.
 In both a man gets his poor head into *Chancery* ;
 A wife knows how to *fib*, as well as to glance her eye ;
 And if she plays *foul*, there's an end to his hopes,
 The husband can only *retreat to the ropes*.

Bell's Life in London.

COCKLE SAUCE.

A COUNTRYMAN, on the trial respecting the
 right of a fishery, was cross-examined by Sergeant
 Cockel, who among other questions asked the
 witness, " Dost thou like fish ?"—" Yes," says
 the poor fellow, with a look of native simplicity,
 " but I *dunna like Cockel sauce with it*." The
 court was in a roar.

Chronicle.

GRUMPY MEG.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XXXI.

MARGARET GRUMPAGE, better known about "Common-garden" by the characteristic title, "Grumpy Meg," was charged with riotous conduct in the public streets, and with having knocked down a gentleman unknown.

Grumpy Meg is a little, dirty, dumpy, orange-coloured woman, cased in coarse bagging, and lined with gin. A beadle deposed that, at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, he saw her disputing with a gentleman at the corner of Bow-street; "And at last," quoth the beadle, "she took up her fist, and at one blow knocked him clean in the kennel!"

"*Clean* in the kennel!" said Sir Richard—"I should not have supposed that any person in such a place could be very *clean*."

"Why no, your Worship," replied the beadle—"he was not very clean, for it took him half an hour to scrape the dirt off him."

"Then why did you say he was clean?" asked his Worship. And master beadle explained his meaning to be, that the gentleman was knocked "clean off the pavement into the kennel;" which was as much as to say, that he was clean when he was knocked, but dirty when down; and this point settled, he proceeded to state, that the gentleman did not choose to appear against her, having, as he alleged, had quite enough of her. "But," said the beadle, "I took her to the

watch-house, for fear she should serve somebody else the same trick."

His Worship now asked Grumpy Meg what she had to say for herself; and Grumpy Meg, with a little bit of a bobbing curtsy, replied, "*Raather tossicated*, your Worship."

She had nothing more to say, and the Magistrate ordered that she should find sureties for her abstaining from such troublesome "*tossication*" in future.

Bell's Life in London.

THOUGHT,

IN A CERTAIN GALLERY, WHILST MR. GRAHAM'S BALLOON WAS PASSING
OVER IT.

"Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst—and now a world."—POPE.

Why with this Chapel may we not compare
The Bubble now surmounting us? Alas!
Both are but Chambers of offensive air—
Supplied, alike, from "mains of royal gas*."

Both too are guided by one master-hand,
Whom valves, and cords, and pullies all obey;
Their height controuled—in that, by throwing sand—
In this, by scattering *brighter* dust away.

Yet is the semblance with this difference fraught,
Since *nothing altogether like†* we find—
In *that*, the wind must raise the Aeronaut—
In *this*, the Aeronaut must "*raise the wind*."

* "The Balloon was filled," say the Papers, "from the Main of the Imperial Gas Company."

† Nullum simile est idem.

CRISTOVAL DE CASTILLEJO.

BY MR. BOWRING.

WOMEN.

"Sinnugres." †

How dreary and lone
 The world would appear,
 If Woman were none !

Without their smile,
 Life would be tasteless, vain, and vile ;
 A chaos of perplexity,
 A body without a soul 'twould be.

What are we ? What our race ?
 How good for nothing and how base,
 Without fair Woman to aid us ?
 What could we do ? Where should we go ?
 How should we wander in night and woe,

But for Woman to lead us ?
 How could we love, if woman were not ?
 Love—the brightest part of our lot ;
 Love—the only charm of living ;
 Love—the only gift worth giving.

Who would take charge of your house ?—say who,
 Kitchen, and dairy, and money-chest ?

Who but the Women, who guard them best—
 Guard and adorn them too ?

All that is good is theirs, is theirs ;

All we give, and all we get ;

And if a beam of glory yet
 O'er the gloomy earth appears,
 O, 'tis theirs—O, 'tis theirs !

They are the guard, the soul, the seal,
 Of human hope and human weal ;
 They—they—none but they !

Woman, sweet Woman—let none say Nay !

Herald.

FAREWELL TO GREECE.

FOR MUSIC.

FAREWELL for ever, classic land
 Of tyrants and of slaves !
 My homeward path lies far away
 Over the dark blue waves ;
 And where I go, no marble fanes
 From myrtle steeps arise,
 Nor shineth there such fervid suns
 From such unclouded skies :
 But yet, the earth of that dear land
 Is holier earth to me,
 Than thine, immortal Marathon !
 Or thine, Thermopylæ !
 For there my father's ashes rest,
 And living hearts there be—
 Warm living hearts, and loving ones,
 That still remember me.
 And oh ! the land that welcometh
 To one such bosom shrine ;
 Though all beside were ruin'd, lost,
 That land would still be mine :
 Ay, *mine*—albeit the breath of life
 Not there I breathed first—
 Ay, *mine*—albeit with barrenness
 And polar darkness curst.
 The bird that wanders all day long,
 At sunset seeks her nest—
 I've wander'd long—my native home,
 Now take me to thy rest.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A QUERULOUS MAN.

MR. TYERS (the proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens) was a worthy man, but indulged himself a little too much in the querulous strain when any thing went amiss ; insomuch, that he said, if he had been brought up a hatter, he believed people would have been born without heads ! A farmer once gave him a humorous reproof for this kind of reproach of Heaven : he stepped up to him very respectfully, and asked him when he meant to open his gardens. Mr. Tyers replied, the next Monday fortnight. The man thanked him repeatedly, and was going away ; but Mr. Tyers asked him in return, what made him so anxious to know. “ Why, Sir,” said the farmer, “ I think of sowing my turnips on that day, for you know we shall be sure to have rain.”

London Magazine.

ERRATUM.

‘ *Sir Isaac Coffin* : I say, Sir, let us go on, and have the churches.”—
Morn. Chron. June 5.

“ Go on, and have *the churches, pray*.”—

Why surely, Sir you are but scoffing,

‘ It is not what you wish to say,

Church-yards, you mean, Sir Isaac Coffin !

Chronicle.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

*Componitur orbis**Regis ad exemplum, nec sit inflectere sensus**Humanos edicta valent, quam vita regentis.*—CLAUDIAN.

"Sir Charles Forbes thought, if they began to reform the House above stairs, they would soon be asked to reform the House below, for there were the same complaints made of Members voting who had been out getting their dinners, and had not heard one word of the debates."—*Committees on Private Bills, Friday, May 28.*

If, by the King's example, all
 The vulgar great, and vulgar small
 Compose their petty passions,
 As (little things compared to great)
 The kitchens, parlours imitate,
 And take from them the fashions.
 'Tis wise; the House, in its repairs,
 Should set about the job *up* stairs,
 And let reform be ample;
 For as their mimic power we know,
 Reformed *above*, let's hope *below*
 They'll follow the example!
 Then Beilamy's shall be forgot—
 His claret cool, his *steak* so hot*,
 Produce no more the evil,
 That Members, with their stomachs full,
 No longer sympathise with Bull†,
 But *vote* him to the Devil!

* This species of seduction has always obtained—Jurymen must dine, and surely men had much better be hanged, than judges eat their mutton cold.

† There appears a vast deal more regard and affection for *the Bull up stairs* than *down*; but that mischief is doubtless cured in this way—The Comedy says,

"The County suffers when a Member bleeds,"
 And we suppose it is thought, with equal truth,
The Country's nourished when a Member feeds!

Chronicle.



Designed by T. Rowlandson.

**SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY;
OR, COCKNEY COMICALITIES.**

BY CHARLEY EASTUP.

*Willage of Kockaigne, Ould Vestminster Pit,
September the Furst.*

MISTER HEDITOR,

Hi dare say sum of^a yure vat dee kall ums
(the chaps vith the Greek name vat yu replies to
at the hend of yure volum, I mean*), vill be
sending yu han hackount of there hexploits on
the furst of September, and be *chaffing* above
a bit about the number of poore hanimals vat
they have sent to their long homes, or stuffed

* Correspondents, we presume, our friend Charley means, although
we do not understand his derivation.—Ed.

there ungodlys vith: but hi much queston hif hany of the kockaigne klub vill *split* about the vay in vich they manage them here things: so has hi took han hexkursion mysel on that day, hin kompany vith three hother jenteelmen, hive got a yung limb of the Law vat kums to my pit, to fresh nibb the ould stump vat hi wrote my last vith from Brighten, to tip yu a full, true, and partikular hackount hof hall the *horribell murders* vee komitted (as Richard Martin, Esq. M. P. voud say).

Furst, then, to deskribe the dram-hat-his-pursons, has the hacktors have it, of the peace: there vas yure humble sarvant, wery much like Robinson Kruso hin hattire, vith my reeal bear's skin vestcoat vat Mister Kross of Hexeter-change guve me last vinter, hand vun of the Vestminster Wolunteers napsacks slung over my right shoulder, vile hon my left hi karried my famouse long Jerman barrell'd duck gun, with dubell tumbler lock and gould touchole, vat Lord Fife guve me ven he kame home from the Seegc of Matagorda, hin the late Spanish vars. Then there vas ould Kaleb Baldwin, rather queere in the hogles to bce sure, but wery furm hon his pins, vith a reeal dubell barrell fusee, Spanish lock, and spick span new *loggery*—vite kastor, blue bird's hye chat vipe, brown fustan jacket, red shag vestcoat, and purplell plush *jewel kases*, vith new yellow tan gaiters, kutting sich a swell, that heven his hone *buffers* dident 'knowledge him. Next there vas my body taler Peter Scraggs, no *dung* hi hassure yu, but han *hout han houter* for a *lark*: only his missis feering he mought git

shot, hand leeve hall the *kinchins* fartherless, had *pop'd* his gun *hoff* hover night to hur hunkells, vere hit vas not likely to make hany very dangerous report, till my frend George Robins the hock-shi-neer, nocks sum flat down with hit bang, hat his next yeer's sale of *hunreedeemhabells*. Vell, Sur, has poor Peter koudent shoot without a gup, vee made him komissary-general, and kommissioned him to karry the bag vith hall the grub on one side, and a spare pocket on tother for the game. Ili hope you dont think vee stumpt hit throo Vestminster to tire hour tikes, and stand the gaff of the rum vuns: no, no, Sur, vee pland hit better; for having made hup hour minds to beet the bushes and peserves about Hislington, thro Hollow-vay, land rite round by Higate-hill hover Hamstead-heeth, back again, vee agreed vith that prince of Kostermongers, Blear-heyed Bill of Bunhill-row, to meat hus hin his shay-cart hin the Horse-ferry road by fore oclock of the morning, that vee might commence hoperations before the barbers klerks of the City and Vestminster subburbihans turn'd hout of there *snoozing klibs*.

Vell, Sur, Bill came to the *scratch* vith his con-veyhance very punctal, and after *stooing hour hivorys* vith a go hof Deady's full proof at a vater-ing-house, vee all mounted the *jumble*, Bill and me and the ould one in front, as effective men, and the komissary shoved hin behind vith his tikes, all prime, and hoff ve vent at a pretty good pace; but just has vee turnd the korner of the Foxhall-road, a queer-looking sort of *robbing redbreast* like kind of a chap sung out, "Stop, my hearties!"

and vith that he run hup to, and seized hold of the *prad's* head.—“Hullo, my master (says hi), vat hare yu arter?”—“Hi must hexhamine yure vehicle,” says he.—“You be d—d,” says Bill.—“Drive on, yu *pump*,” says Kaleb, “the *covey's lushy*, dont ye see.” “*Dubb his mummer*,” says Peter, squeaking out from behind.—“Vee are going hon a sporting hexkursion, ould chap,” says hi. “Yu have been hon vun, yu meen,” says he; “raising the dead, my hearties, I nose ye hall vell henuff—yure resurecktioners,” says he; “so none of yure gammon, my hearties, it vont do: come throw hout the bodies;” hand vith that he kicked his blunderbush slap at Bill's nob, vich made him look mighty queer—wery pretty shooting, thought hi; but howsomdhever he dident fire, or lord help poor Bill's Sunday *kastor*, for he'd sartainly have spoilt his *tile*. Kaleb having jumpd down, soon kame to han *heklarishmand* (hi think they kall it hin French) vith the *trap*, hoo had mistaken hus in the dark for some *body-snatchers*, wery *grave subjects*, bout whom he'd got a hint. Bowled hon from this to the Horns at Kennington all right—took a *doctor* a peace to raise our *spirits* after the late fright, and pushed on in prime style hover Blackfriars Bridge, down Fleet-market; but hin krossing Smithfield some body *gunn'd* Bill, and gave the *hoffice* to sum drovers, whoo sung hout, “who shot the pig!” verehuphon Bill jumpd hout hof the jumble, hand ould Kaleb arter him, and having kaut vun hon em, finished him hof in wery kleen style.

From this hup the City-rode “vee marched hon without more himpediment,” has Richmond

says, till we kame in site hof the Pcecock hat Hislington, vere vee pulled hup to have hanother sup of the kordial, to keep hout the morning hair. Met a north kountry garde here, vat I knowd, and ax'd him how burds vere—the chap vas *down upon me*, hand sade, not much the vurse for the Cockneys shooting, nor vould not be for this yeer to kum.

Here Bill's boy met hus, and took the *jumble* back hagen to Bunhill-row—started from this on *shanks's mare*, to stump hit hup to Higate—Kaleb's vooden klogs made sich a dooce hof'a klat-ter pon the pavement, that hit frightend away hall the *road game*—no picking hup a pretty little shot hin hour progress to the seet hof hacktion—unbuckled the tikes—too very staunch dogs—not quite sure vether setters hor mastiffs, but mayhap a little of both—a prime young terrier, a son of the famos dog Billy, a reeal good vun for a rat—and a famos brindled bull buffer, good at any thing—stood the gaff from Mister *Toley* has we kleared his *pike*—he vanted to know hif veed brought hany salt vith us, to put upon there tales—sade has how he node vere there vas a fine kovey of *vool burds*—turn'd round, and saw a flock of sheep koming hup—half a mind to *mill* him for his vit, honly hit vould take time. Had a shot hat a pigeon has we passed Hislington church-yard, and hit a peace out hof the tomb-stone—just turning into Hollowway, the dogs made a fine pint: all fore stood staunch; vent kautiously forvard, and let fly has vee heard something rise—all three together—even hout kame han ould voman, and abused hus for shoot-ing hur'cat—found pussy had been robbing the

barrow of a dealer in dogs' meat, vich hour tikes had halso scented, and stood to. Tipd the ould voman a *bob* to *stash* her oracle, and resolved to be more prudent in future—had a glorious shot thro the railings, at three game hens, in a feeld near the turnpike: vee vingd vun, and legd another, but all got away, ven a fellow kame hout, hand sed hed *pull hus all up* for *poachers*, hif vee dident tip three *bob* and a *tanner* for a vindow hof his, vat sum hof hour shot had felonihously hentered—subskribed the blunt for the broken glaze among hus, and toddled hon a little farther, ven just by sum new buildings, Bill and ould Kaleb let fly both hat vunce hat a charfinch, vich they miss'd, but hit the brindle bull buffer slap hin his *hullimatum*, and he vent howling *kammomiles* thro the willage, frightenhing away hall the burds. A little further hon vee spyd Lawyer Lee's pre-sarve, a snug little krib, on the right hand side, vere the ould boy keeps a *game cock* or two; Kaleb kocked his fuzee, sed he new vee shoud have sum sport there, hand hit vas all right; and before hi coud stop him, he let fly at the lawyer's *stag* kock, vich he took for a feasant, and spoiled his krowing; honly he dropt hon the wrong side of the gate—here's a pretty go, thinks hi; vee shall hall be hindited, kause hit vill kost the lawyer nothing; howsomdever, he kontented himself vith kalling hus kockney kadgers from his bed-room vindow, and swearing hed take summer wengeance, and put a bullet into hus hif vee kame there agen. Hi forgot to mention, that a gentleman vot lives at a brick-house below on the left, vas hup looking arter his pigs, to prevent

hackcidents, knowing vat a dangerous day hit vas, hand ax'd to see hour licenses—a very pretty sitiation vere hin now thought hi; but ould Kaleb gammoned him very vell, has he happened to bee a sporting karackter. From this to Higate vee had no sport vurth mentioning, only vun or too blank shots; but just before breakfast vun hof the tikes gave tongue hat sumthing hon the top hof a thatch'd kottage, that look'd just like a feasant's head; so hang I let fly, and down kame a man on tother side, ladder and hall, vat vas thatching the roof; howsomdever hi had honly *pepperd his kastor* vith a few small shot, and a quart of *heavy wet* soon made hall right agen. Arter breakfast vee took down the lane to Hamstead, ven a dreadful hackcident happened to poor Peter Scraggs: vile valking close behind ould Kaleb, hoo vas trailing harms and hand, has hill luck voud have hit, Peter turned round to pick hup sumet, ven Kaleb's peace vent hoff quite hunhexpecktedly, and deposited the hole kontents of three bacca pipes of shot into poor Peter's *hullimatum*, leaving his hinexpressibells has full hof holes has a kullender, and making the poor *snyder* dance about like a vild Hindian. This kalamity to hour komissary quite made a brecch hin hour harmless hamusements; so placing the guns across, vee made a litter, and klapping poor Peter on them rong side upwards, vee karried him to the public-house at the bottom of the lane, vere vee hobtained a donkey kart, hand dispatched him home; hand hi ham sorry to say he has been upon the sick box hof his klub hever since; hand hi much question hif the poor fellow vill hever be abell to sit down

kumfortable agen has long has he lives. This hevent hover, Kaleb and myself determined to make the best hof hour vay to town, and buy a brace of burds a peace hat the Coach and Horses in St. Martin's Lane, hof sum hof the Golden Cross porters, to prevent hour being laffd hat, vich vee had just hackkomplished, hand was marching home quite snug, ven a messenger harived from Hamstead, to require hour personal attendance to balc our frend the costermonger; hoo, having refused to return vith hus, had got hinto sum scrape, and vas put hinto the kage for poaching; hi need not tell you, Sur, vee vent and released the burd, and vunce more reached hour hone homes pretty vell nocked hup after vat, hi think, yu and yure reeders vill hadmit vas a pretty hard day's sport.

Yure ould Frend,

CHARLEY EASTUP.

Annals of Sporting.

GERMAN EPIGRAMS.

Who noble is, may hold in scorn
The man who is but nobly *born*.

If one have served thee, tell the deed to many.
Hast thou served many? Tell it not to any.

Here lies old father Gripe, who never cried "*Jam satis* :"
'Twould wake him, did he know you read his tombstone gratis.

Appearance may deceive thee—understand
A pure white glove may hide a filthy hand.

London Magazine.

TO LORD ELDON,

ON THE REPAIR OF HIS HOUSE IN HAMILTON-PLACE.

My Lord, it seems extremely strange
 That you should now your nature change ;
 It scarce can be reality :
 No time could sure be chosen worse,
 When *Liberals* are call'd "Europe's curse,"
 To open wide your Lordship's purse,
 And shew your *liberality*.

What will the great Alliance say,
 To find you thus have fall'n away
 From what they always stand on ?
 "Degraded Europe" still may hope
 Beyond the guillotine and rope ;
 Perhaps you'll even like the Pope,
 If them you thus abandon !

Your foes, the Irish Catholics,
 May think you mean at seventy-six
 Your enmity to smother :
 And making them at last amends,
 Before your long existence ends,
 You and George C—nn—g may be friends,
 Not smile, yet hate each other.

And shall I hear you in debate
 Recant your cant of church and state,
 While tears excite no laughter ?
 For once your sorrow may be true ;
 Sincere at last in what you do,
 If not the better here for you,
 'Twill be far best hereafter.

No, no, my Lord, it cannot be ;
 And these repairs, 'tis plain to see,
 At most are lath and plaster ;
 A little "darling outside shew,"
 Convenient *white washing*, or so,
 As if to let the people know,

How like the horse and master !

Chronicle.

MR. MARTIN AND THE LIGHTERMAN.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XXXII.

JAMES HARRIS appeared upon summons, to show cause why he should not be fined, under Mr. Martin's Act, for cruelty to a horse.

The information was laid by Mr. Martin himself, and he deposed, that on a certain day named, he saw, with his own eyes, this James Harris wantonly and cruelly flogging a horse, which horse was drawing a fire-engine (returning *from* a fire); and though the horse wanted no flogging at all, he struck it repeatedly over the neck, "to make it *come to* him, as he said," added the Hon. Member; "but, if I know any thing of the temper of a horse, flogging is the exact way to make it *go from* him."

James Harris, the defendant, is servant to a respectable lighterman on Hungerford wharf; and when James Harris had defended himself from the charge, by declaring that he had only laid the whip over the horse's neck once, and that with a view to bring him round the corner of a street, his master, the lighterman, took up the cudgels for him, and said the charge was a most vexatious one. The man had been in his service nineteen years, during which time he had never had the slightest reason to complain of his want of humanity; and as to the horse in question, it was quite unmanageable without the whip.

"Aye, I know *you*," said Mr. Martin, interrupting him; "you appeared as a witness against a horse once before."

"I did," replied the lighterman, "and this very horse too; and if I was sure he would ever meet with *you* again, I'd sell him to-morrow morning, sooner than be dragged out of my business in this way."

"Why, my good fellow," said Mr. Martin, "your own wife, when I called upon her, told me this man of your's was the most ill-tempered fellow in all London!"

"She did not, Mr. Martin," replied the lighterman; "she told you the *horse* was ill-tempered, and you have changed it to the *man*, to answer your own purpose, Mr. Martin."

"No, no," said Mr. Martin, "it was the *man*."

"It was the *horse*," said the lighterman.

"It was the *man*," said Mr. Martin—"I tell you she said the *man* was the most ill-tempered scoundrel in existence;—and so he is—I see it in his countenance!"

"Now, your Worship, I'll be judged by you," said the angry lighterman; "here is *Mr. Martin*, and here is *my man*, (pointing to each of them in turn), and let any body look at their *fizz-honnomies*, and tell me which is the best-humoured of the two?"

Sir Richard Birnie said this was too delicate a question for him to decide; and as Mr. Martin persisted in his statement, that the defendant had wantonly and cruelly beaten the horse, he had no alternative but inflicting the penalty.

Defendant was accordingly fined 10s. and costs,

which the lighterman paid, and then left the office very sulkily.

MR. MARTIN FINED !

Pending the above business, Mr. Munden entered the office, to while an odd half hour, and Sir Richard introduced Mr. Martin to him. Mr. Martin bowed, and so did Mr. Munden ; both of them looking as solemn and respectful as though each thought the other some awful unknown. "Don't you know this gentleman?" said Sir Richard to Mr. Martin—"He is Mr. Munden."—"By G—d! and so it is!" exclaimed the Hon. Senator—"I thought I had seen his face somewhere!"—"Hush, Mr. Martin," said Sir Richard, "swearing is fineable."—"By G—d! and so it is!" rejoined Mr. Martin, "and I'll *pay* the fine too." And so saying, he threw down two half crowns, which Sir Richard instantly dropped into the office charity-box, to the great amusement of all present, and the *admiration* of Mr. Munden.

Bell's Life in London.

ON THE POYAIS ENQUIRY.

DUKE RICHARDSON is filled with woe,
And so no doubt is Colonel Lowe,
And other grim curmudgeons;
At least they think it very odd,
To be condemned by General Codd,
For catching a few gudgeons.

Post.

"IN CŒLO QUIES."

"He was determined to follow the example of the Vice Chancellor*,
for the short time he was likely to be heard."—*Court of Chancery*,
May 27.

WHEN Eldon, pleasant in his way,
Talks of the time he has to stay,
We're very apt to smile;
But there we run o'er head and hand,
Because we do not understand
His Lordship's legal style.

By this, he means, no doubt you'll see,
(For here no doubt has even he)
His years will rest require,
That is, *the rest*, the French call *mort*,
And when he's dead, and not before,
'Tis thought he may *retire*!

* We always imitate those *we love*; and it would be grievous to think, that just as his Lordship is about to be more *expeditious*, he should abdicate; but he is not the man to listen to whispers:

Est mihi purgatam crebro qui personet aurem;
Solve senescentem maturè sanus e juum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et illa ducat.

EPIST. i. 1.

Chronicle.

HANDEL AND THE SERPENT.

THE first time the musical instrument called the serpent was used in a concert where Handel presided, he was so much surprised with the coarseness of its tones, that he called out hastily, "Vat de divil is dat?" On being informed it was the serpent, he replied, "It never can be de serpent vat seduced Eve."

Original.

DEAD AND ALIVE.

————— μηδὲν ὀλβίζειν, πρὶν ἂν
 τιμᾶται βίῃ περᾶσι.—*Soph. Œdip. Tyr.*

No man is good or blest till dead:—

And as in Sophocles 'tis read,

The matter nothing new is:—

Then, Bards lay on like any thing,

Especially if 'tis a King,

And thus it fares with Louis.

This Chateaubriand, might and main,

Bespatters him in such a strain

*As honesty cries *fie on* :*

Till checked by places that survive,

He feels that any Ass alive,

Is better than dead Lion.

But he is right—for when on earth,

Tho' none could ever see his worth,

*Yet he *was* good—for dying :*

And Charles is good—for him who prays

That he, by daubing him with praise,

May get his wants—by lying!

Chronicle.

GERMAN PUN.

THE Nuremberg Gazette contains the following anecdote:—A person presented himself at the house of the Professor Neumann.—What is your name? said the latter to his visitor.—Krieg, (War.)—What age are you?—Thirty.—I have then the honour to have in my house the *War of Thirty Years*,
News of Literature & Fashion.

HOT SUPPER AND COOL LODGING.

SKETCHES AT BOW-STREET.—No. XXXIII.

AMONG the disorderlies scraped together, was one Mr. John Sniggles—a tall and well-dressed, but sadly bemuddled elderly.

This Mr. John Sniggles had been found by a watchman in Long-acre, at one o'clock in the morning, stretched out fast asleep upon the cold wet pavement; and the watchman being of opinion that it must be a remarkably uncomfortable lodging for a tall elderly gentleman, very charitably endeavoured to rouse him up. But Mr. John Sniggles was too much of the temperament of Christophero Sly, to take this kindly. "Come, get up, Sir," said the watchman, "and don't lie sleeping here, in the open air, like a rogue and wagabone."—"You lie, you rascal!—the Sniggles are no wagabones," muttered Mr. John Sniggles—"go hang yourself, and let me alone."—"Poor gentleman!" ejaculated the watchman—"he's sadly overtaken in liquor; and if he *lays* here much longer, he'll catch the roomytiz." So saying, he took Mr. John Sniggles under the arms, and, with much ado, set him up an end. "Take *that*!" said Mr. John Sniggles, giving the watchman a point-blank poke in his beer *depôt*—"take *that*!" and I'll tell you what, you rascal, if you meddle with me again, I'll be hanged if I don't knock your brains out!" And then Mr. John Sniggles deliberately laid himself down upon the pavement again, and tried to go to

sleep; but the watchman, having no notion of being poked in that manner, instantly called his brethren of the watch together, and they carried Mr. John Sniggles, riggling and kicking, to the watch-house.

The Magistrate asked Mr. John Sniggles what he had to say in his defence.

“Sir,” said Mr. John Sniggles, “I had been taking a copious hot supper with a friend—and a—I suppose I—”

“That is,” said his Worship, “you suppose you adopted that cool lodging, in the hope of counteracting the heat of your supper. But why did you strike the watchman?”

“Why, Sir, I—I—a—” replied Mr. John Sniggles—“I—that is—I suppose—the watchman—if it *was* a watchman—was—a—very officious, as they generally are, indeed.”

“Oh yes!” said his Worship, “they are very officious—very officious indeed—especially to gentlemen who are given to sleeping on the pavement; but as it happens to be their duty to be officious in such cases, they must not be beaten for it; and therefore you will put in bail for your appearance, to answer the assault at the next Sessions.”

Mr. John Sniggles was then walked away by the gaoler; but we believe he was afterwards let go, without bail, upon the intercession of the watchman himself; who no doubt had some *substantial* reason for not pressing the matter further.

Herald.

CHARLES II. AND MILTON.

CHARLES II. and his brother James went to see Milton, to reproach him, and finished a profusion of insults with saying, "You old villain, your blindness is the visitation of Providence for your sins." "If Providence," replied the venerable bard, "has punished any sins with blindness, what must have been the crimes of your father, which it punished with death!"

Literary Chronicle.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

ALAS! the love of Woman, it is known

To be a lovely and a fearful thing;

For all of theirs upon that die is thrown;

And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them, but mockeries of the past alone;

And their revenge is as the tiger's spring—
Deadly, and quick, and crushing. Yet as real
Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

Lord Byron.

Herald.

QUIN AND THE BATH MILLINER.

It is told, that a milliner of Bath, caricaturing sensibility, "was detaining Quin, while buying a pair of gloves, with expressions of her ardent desire to see him make love." Quin, who seems to have been the Dr. Johnson of the stage, if we may judge from the character of his replies, answered, 'Madam, I never *make* love; I always buy it *ready made*.'

Globe and Traveller.

EULOGIUM ON HAYDN.

IN Haydn's Adagio Movements there is a profusion of the "milk of human kindness" happily mixed with the most fascinating elegance and genuine dignity. The *tranquillity* of this great composer's mind is eminently conspicuous, even in the most exalted flights of his fancy; and his native touches of simplicity, inspire us with as much veneration as the masterly effusions of his expansive imagination.

S. T. Esq.

Original.

MAJESTY OF THE PEOPLE.

It is related of the famous wit, George Selwyn, that walking one May-day through the streets of London, and observing the chimney-sweepers bedizened in all their sooty finery, he observed to a friend, that "he had often heard talk of the majesty of the people, and supposed these were some of the young princes."

Chronicle.

EPITAPH,

Written by Sir William Curtis, on the Fruit of the Loves of Ex-Sheriff Parkins and Hannah White; which, to the great joy of its amiable Father, died a few days ago.

"HERE lies the Child of Hannah White,
And eke of Sheriff Parkins—
Begot one charming summer's night,
When Ex was on his larkings."

Literary Chronicle.

MR. FOX'S ESTIMATE OF FRENCH CHARACTER.

IN one of the latest days of Fox, the conversation turned on the comparative wisdom of the French and English character. "The Frenchman," it was observed, "delights himself with the present; the Englishman makes himself anxious about the future. Is not the Frenchman the wiser?" "He may be the *merrier*," said Fox: "but did you ever hear of a savage who did not buy a *mirror* in preference to a *telescope*?"

Chronicle.

THE BARBER.

LORD ERSKINE having been disappointed, when a student at Cambridge, of the attendance of the college barber, was compelled to forego his *commons* at Hall. In revenge, he determined to give his hair-dresser a dressing—so he sat down and began a parody on "Gray's Bard:"—

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless Coe,
Confusion on thy frizzing wait!
Hadst thou the only comb below,
Thou never more shouldst touch my pate!

"Club, nor queue, nor twisted tail,
Nor e'en thy chatt'ring, barber, shall avail
To save thy horsewhipp'd back from daily fears,
From Cantab's curse, from Cantab's tears."

Examiner.

A BRIEF CHRONOLOGY

OF

REMARKABLE EVENTS FOR THE YEAR 1824.

JAN. 6.—Thurtell, Hunt, and Probert, tried at Hertford for the murder of Weare; the trial lasted two days, when Thurtell and Hunt were convicted, and Probert admitted an evidence for the Crown. Thurtell was executed on the Friday following, and Hunt's sentence was commuted to transportation for life.

12. James Such, a student of Trinity College, Cambridge, was convicted of a gross fraud upon various booksellers there, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

14. Lord Cochrane created Marquis of Maranham, besides several other titles of nobility, by the Emperor of the Brazils. An Association formed in London for working the principal mines of Mexico.

14. New Literary Society established in Edinburgh, of the nature of the Roxburgh Club, for the republication of scarce and curious tracts.

15. Mr. John Hunt of the Examiner tried in the Court of King's Bench, and found guilty of publishing a Libel on his late Majesty George the Third, in a work called the "Liberal," on the prosecution of the *mis-called*—Constitutional Association.

20. The King of Spain, by Edict, abolishes the Political Constitution of the Indies, and places affairs exactly as they were in 1820.

FEB. 3.—Parliament opened by Commission—the speech, a flattering picture of the increasing prosperity of the nation—Consuls appointed to the free Provinces of America; declaration of a strict neutrality on the part of England in the war between France, the Allies, and Spain. No amendment was moved in either House.

3. The Government of the Netherlands contract for the

erection of a monument, on the plains of Waterloo, to commemorate the victory obtained there by Great Britain and her Allies over Napoleon; the cost estimated at 12,000*l.* sterling.

Feb. 12. Advices received from Zante, of Lord Byron, Col. Leicester Stanhope, and several other literary and military characters rendering essential service to the Greeks.

21. Notification in the Gazette, of hostilities having commenced against the Regency of Algiers, for refusing reparation for an insult offered to the flag of the British Consul.

21. The Bey of Tunis compelled to give up the Greek captives forcibly taken from a British vessel.

21. The Emperor of the Brazils gives a new and liberal constitution to the Brazilian States.

23. The Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward his financial arrangement for this and two succeeding years; when, after proposing various new grants for repairs at Windsor Castle, the building of new churches, and establishment of a national gallery of paintings, and purchase of the Angerstein pictures for 57,000*l.* all of which were agreed to, he declared the intention of government to remit a million of taxes annually! should the peace continue. At the same time it was agreed to liquidate the 4 per cent. then standing at 75 millions, by commuting them annually, until the whole should be paid off.

24. Mr. Williams brought forward his motion for a Committee to inquire into the forms and practices of the Court of Chancery, when Mr. Peel suggested the issuing of a Commission, which was agreed to.

26. Mr. Abercromby moved for leave to bring in a Bill for the more effectual representation of the City of Edinburgh in Parliament, which was rejected by a majority of 92 to 75.

MARCH 6.—Advices received of a great mortality prevailing at Rome, in consequence of the intense cold.

6. Interesting information received of the success of the Greek cause; Col. Leicester Stanhope succeeds in establishing a corps of artillery; Lord Byron the soul of the Greek cause; remonstrance of the Porte in consequence of the interference of his Lordship and other illustrious Englishmen, to our Ambassador Lord Strangford.

6. Sir Harry Neal maintains a strict blockade off Algiers.

March 6. Serious disturbances continue in Limerick, Cork, and Kilkenny; numerous arrests take place under the Insurrection Act.

6. A general survey of Ireland finally determined upon by the government, and Major Colley, with twenty cadets, sent from Woolwich for that purpose.

10. The King was pleased to decide that one uniform system of field exercise and movement shall be established throughout the army; and all general officers, colonels, and commanding officers of corps, are held responsible for the due and accurate performance of every part of the regulations approved by his Majesty, in order that no deviation may creep into practice.

12. A paper printed by order of the House of Commons, presenting an abstract of the net public income and expenditure of the United Kingdom for the last year; by which it appears that the income paid to the Exchequer in the year ending Jan. 5, 1824, was 57,672,999*l.* 8*s.* 4½*d.* the expenditure 50,962,014*l.* 17*s.* 11½*d.* leaving a surplus of 6,710,984*l.* 10*s.* 5½*d.*

15. The first pile of the new London Bridge was sunk this morning, amidst the cheers of a great number of persons, who had collected on both sides of the water, and on the west side of London Bridge, to witness the commencement of this undertaking.

16. The great question of the condition of the West Indian slaves came under discussion. The speech of Mr. Canning was full, clear, and candid, and of the mildest and most conciliating temper. That the communications made in it partook of the satisfactory character, will be seen by the following abstract of the Order in Council, by which a milder treatment of the Negro was enjoined to persons in authority: 1. The use of the whip, so indecent and so shocking, is to be utterly abolished in regard to female slaves.—2. The whip is no longer borne by the driver in the field; to be no longer employed as a summary punishment of the male negroes; to be wholly laid aside as a stimulus to labour, and resorted to only as a chastisement for misbehaviour, deliberately proved and recorded.—3. Ample provision is to be made for the religious instruction of the Negroes, by the appointment of two Bishops, with regular clergy under them.—4. Marriage is to be encouraged, families never to be separated, and the property of the slave is to be protected by positive law.—5. Banks are to be established, in which the slave may deposit

his earnings; the money so placed to be sacred, in all cases, from the master's grasp.—6. The testimony of slaves, under certain limitations depending on personal character, is to be received in all civil cases, except when the master's immediate interests are concerned, and in all criminal cases, except when the life of a white person is involved.—7. The slave who has acquired a certain sum of money is to have the power of purchasing his own manumission, or that of his wife or child; and thus the father may become, as it is fit he should, the instrument of liberty to his offspring. In the first instance, the experiment is to be tried in the conquered colonies alone; and it is hoped that the old English colonies, with the advantage of their Legislative Assemblies, will not fail to follow so excellent an example.—Mr. Canning obtained leave to bring in a bill making the slave-trade piracy.

March 18. A fire broke out in the extensive wharfs and warehouses of Messrs. Pickford and Co., on the banks of the City-road Basin, which proved dreadfully destructive.

24. Dreadful fire at Woolwich, and twelve houses, besides other property, completely destroyed.

30. Lord Gifford appointed Master of the Rolls.

APRIL 8.—Lieut. Goldsmith, of his Majesty's cutter *Nimble*, with fourteen of his men, succeeded in throwing down the celebrated Logging (rocking) Stone, one hundred tons weight, which stood on the summit of a mass of rocks at the Land's End, Cornwall; by which wanton frolic two poor families, who acted as guides to visitors, have been deprived of subsistence. In consequence of a representation to the proper quarter, the Lieutenant has since been engaged in an attempt to replace it in its former situation.

8. By the Statistical Return for the year 1823, it appears that in the metropolis crime has been nearly stationary for the last eight years; the number of persons committed for trial in London and Middlesex, during the year 1817, being 2636, and in 1823, 2503; in 1820, the number was 2773; but in the following year it had fallen to 2480. It appears by the returns, that in the year 1817, 13,932 persons were committed for trial in England and Wales, and in 1819, 14,254; but the number in

1823 is only 12,263, being a diminution of more than fourteen per cent. on the aggregate of crime.

April 15. The House of Commons adjourn to the 3d of May, on the motion of Mr. Secretary Canning.

28. Preparations commence for the new buildings at King's College, Cambridge, which is intended to rival the most superb Gothic edifices of Europe.

MAY 5.—A tessellated pavement discovered at Oakley Park, in the county of Gloucester, and various other vestiges of Roman antiquities. The entire skeleton of a large mammoth (*i. e.* a fossil elephant) dug up at Ilford, in the county of Essex, near Bow.

6. The King of Spain issued a declaration, that he never would consent to the independence of his former colonies, but that he would appeal to a Congress of European Sovereigns.

6. An important treaty concluded between Great Britain and the Netherlands, in relation to their respective possessions in the Indian Seas, was signed in March last, by which we resign certain islands and settlements to the Netherlands.

20. His Majesty held his drawing-room at St. James's-palace, being the first since the repairs, and for ten years past there. It was most numerously attended.

20. Intelligence received of the defeat of the British force at Cape Coast-castle by the Ashantees, and the capture and murder of the governor of Sierra Leone (Sir Charles M'Carthy): out of fourteen officers who were present, only one (Lieutenant Erskine) escaped to tell the tale of woe. The Ashantees were 15,000 strong, and the British not one third of the number.

21. The bill repealing the Spitalfields Acts, carried in the House of Lords by a majority of 61 to 55.

25. Mr. Harris, and a young lady of the name of Stocks, thrown out of a balloon, and the former killed.

JUNE 1.—A tunnel under the Thames commenced on the Surrey side, near Swan-lane, Rotherbithe, and to come out on the Middlesex near King Edward-street, Wapping.

10. A great explosion at the rocket factory of Sir William Congreve at West Ham, Essex, by which several persons lost their lives.

June 10. At the Old Bailey sessions, eight shopmen of Carlile were tried and convicted of selling offensive publications, and sentenced to different terms of imprisonment.

16. A Bill passed both Houses, for restoring to the Heirs Male certain of the Attainted Scotch titles.

18. Lord Holland brought in a Bill to the House of Lords, which eventually passed both Houses, to enable the Duke of Norfolk, as Hereditary Earl Marshal of England, to execute the office without taking the oath of supremacy.

25. The Houses of Parliament prorogued by the King in person.

JULY 1.—By an Order in Council, two new classes of Petty Officers are to be established on board His Majesty's ships, to be called Masters' Assistants, and Volunteers of the Second Class, to rank after Midshipmen, and to be entitled to a monthly pay of 3*l.* 1*s.* the former, and the latter 1*l.* 12*s.*

14. The metropolis visited by one of the most severe storms of thunder and lightning ever witnessed.

20. Death of the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands, who had come on a visit to this country: they were attacked by measles, and inflammation on the lungs, and died within a few days of each other; their bodies were afterwards embalmed, and conveyed on board the Blonde frigate, Captain Lord Byron, to Owyhee.

AUGUST.—Accounts received of a new war in India with the Burmese.

Account of the loss of the ship *Fame*, with the valuable papers of Sir Stamford Raffles on board, relative to Bencoolen and the surrounding states.

10. An Irish priest named Carrol, tried at Wexford for murdering an infant, and proved insane.

10. Hydrophobia dreadfully prevalent in England, and several persons bitten and affected.

10. A new Society of Christians established at Manchester, who profess to abstain entirely from animal food.

SEPT. 16.—Louis the Eighteenth, King of France, departed this life; succeeded by his brother, now Charles the Tenth.

16. Arrival of a Mexican Gazette, with the account of Iturbide's landing, arrest, and execution, for attempting to disturb the tranquillity of the Mexican States.

29. Mr. Sadler, the Aëronaut, killed by falling from his balloon, in a descent near Blackburn.

OCT. 13.—A terrific accident, by the falling in of a cotton factory at Manchester, and upwards of twenty persons killed.

OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

JAN. 12.—Joseph Marryatt, Esq. M. P. aged 67.

18. Edward Grainger, Esq. aged 27, Lecturer on Anatomy.

17. William Osgoode, Esq. Chief Justice of Canada.

17. At Florence, the celebrated John King; better known as Jew King, the money-lender.

20. Mrs. Thicknesse, authoress of the School of Fashion, and other works.

28. Chevalier Langles, the celebrated Orientalist.

FEB. 2.—Mr. George Simco, Bookseller, of Air-street, Piccadilly.

8. John Fauc, Esq. aged 73, M. P. for Oxfordshire; a descendant, by his mother's side, from Nicholas Rowe, the celebrated Poet Laureate.

19. Sir John Orde, Bart. Admiral of the Red, aged 73.

At Cullon, in the county of Louth, on the 20th ult. in her 87th year, Margaret Viscountess Ferrard, Baroness of Oriel. Her Ladyship was a Peeress in her own right, and is succeeded in her titles by her only son, the Right Hon. Thomas H. Skeffington, now Lord Ferrard.

On the 15th ult. at Brompton, Kent, Thomas Vivian, Esq. aged 77 years, 55 of which he was a purser in the Royal Navy, being the oldest officer of that rank.

On the 23d ult. at Oxted, Lieut.-Col. Francis William Bellis.

On the 25th ult. Stephen Smith Ward, Esq. of Plaistow, Essex, in his 73d year.

On the 26th ult. in Percy-street, James Harvey, M. D.

At Bromley, Charlotte, daughter of the late Henry Holland, Esq. of Sloane-place.

On the 27th ult. at the Surrey Dispensary, Southwark, aged 28, Mr. Benjamin Huggett, late Apothecary to the institution.

In Hill-street, Berkeley-square, Jane Kemeys Tynte, widow of the late John Kemeys Tynte, Esq. and mother of the Member for Bridgwater, in the 86th year of her age.

On the 27th ult. at Chiswick, the Rev. Dr. Horne, in the 86th year of his age.

On the 23d ult. at Boulogne, in his 80th year, Sir Brooke Boothby, Bart. F. L. S. of Ashbourn-hall, Derby. He is succeeded by his only brother, William Boothby, Esq. of Edwinston, Nottingham.

On the 13th ult. at Glyndbourne, Sussex, in the 95th year of his age, the Rev. Francis Tutté, M. A. one of the Prebendaries of Peterborough.

At Castle Howard, Yorkshire, in the 71st year of her age,

the Right Hon. Margaret Caroline, Countess of Carlisle. Her Ladyship was the second daughter of Granville Leveson Gower, first Marquis of Stafford, and sister of the present Marquis.

At Clonmel, Sir Richard Jones. Out of 23 children, the fruit of his only marriage, he has left 15, and his lady, to mourn his loss.

At Kensington, in the 64th year of her age, Mrs. Buckland, relict of the late T. Buckland, Esq. formerly of Earl's-court, Kensington.

On the 1st inst. in the 94th year of his age, James Chapman, Esq. of St. Paul's, Cray-hill, in the county of Kent.

In his 84th year, John Hicks, Esq. of Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

On the 31st ult. Mr. George Fordyce Mavor, of Finsbury-square, aged 34.

On the 15th ult. at Moulough, county of Down, Mr. William Gibson, farmer, aged 104 years. His brother died a few years ago, aged 99; and a sister, not long since, at the still more advanced age of 105.

Lately, Sarah Westerman, of Brooks-bank, Wakefield, in her 102d year.

At her residence in the King's Palace, St. James's, the Countess of Harrington.

Sir John Simeon, one of the Masters of the Court of Chancery.

At Low Greaves, near Ulverston, lately, Mr. Wm. Sharpe, aged 46. His death was singularly sudden; being in the act of holding a pig by a cord, for the butcher's stroke, which was no sooner inflicted, than he fell down dead, exactly at the same time with the pig!

Aged 73, at Woolwich, the once beautiful and admired actress, Mrs. Hartley. She was a contemporary with Garrick, and, we believe, the only one that remained, excepting Mr. Quick and Mrs. Mattocks.

At his mother's house, in Birmingham, Mr. George Mills, medallist, aged 29. His genius in his profession, will be acknowledged by all admirers of the art who have seen the medals executed by him of the late Mr. President West, Mr. Watt, Admiral Duckworth, and other eminent men. Mr. West pronounced him to be, in his opinion, the first medallist in England.

On the 30th ult. in a fit of apoplexy, David Samuda, Esq. of South-street, in the 58th year of his age.

At Malta, on the 17th ult. Sir Thomas Maitland, by apoplexy. Sir Thomas was a G. C. B. and G. C. He was Colonel of the 10th Regiment of Foot, Governor of Malta, Commander of the Forces in the Mediterranean, and Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. He was the brother of the Earl of Lauderdale.

On the 7th inst. at Hampstead, in his 89th year, John Watts, Esq. who was for many years Deputy Comptroller of the Post Office.

On the 1st inst. at Cheltenham, aged 78, the Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley, Bart.

On the 30th ult. at Rochfort, at an advanced age, Gustavus Hume Rochfort, Esq. M. P. for the county of Westmeath.

Lately, at Bayswater, at the advanced age of 85, after being bedridden ten years, Mr. Charles Frederick Baumgarten, formerly Leader of the Band at Covent-garden Theatre for thirty years, and well known to the gallery part of the audience as "Nosey, play up, Nosey."

At Cadogan-place, in the 36th year of her age, Jane, the wife of Alfred Thrale Perkins, Esq.

On the 11th inst. at Walton, the Lady Harriet Bennet, youngest daughter of the Earl of Tankerville.

In Queen-square, in his 70th year, Richard Cheslyn Cresswell, proctor.

Of an apoplectic attack, while attending the West India Meeting, Edward Bullock, Esq. of Upper Bedford-place, in his 52d year.

In Piccadilly, in his 80th year, Sir William Paxton, of Middleton-hall, Caernarthenshire.

At Cavendish-hall, Suffolk, aged 20, Georgiana Lucy Mackworth, youngest daughter of Sir Digby Mackworth, Bart.

At Gloucester, Caroline, wife of Alexander Maitland, Esq.

Suddenly, in Trinity-square, Daniel Curling, Esq. Secretary to the Customs; and, within a few hours of his decease, his son William, who had been for some time in a state of decline.

On the 16th inst. in Tavistock-place, in the 64th year of his age, Robert Kingston, Esq. of the Stock Exchange.

In May's-buildings, St. Martin's-lane, Mr. John Davy, aged 59, Musical Composer—"Just like Love," "May we ne'er want a Friend," "The Death of the Smuggler," and "The Bay of Biscay," will remain lasting testimonials of his powers. He was a pupil of Jackson of Exeter.

At Sneed-park, near Bristol, in consequence of an accident, Mr. George Webb Hall, in the 59th year of his age.

On the 22d inst. at Stoketon-house, near Saltash, the Hon. Michael De Courcy, Admiral of the Blue. He was the third son of Lord Kinsale, Baron Courcy and Ringrove, and Premier Baron of Ireland.

At Belmont, in the 21st year of her age, Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir George Prevost, Bart.

In the parish of Ruabon, Dolly Barclay, aged 101 years. She retained her faculties in an astonishing degree of perfection, and ate her food with an excellent appetite.

At Brae-Marr, on the 11th inst. in the 111th year of his age,

the venerable Highlander, Patrick Grant, to whom His Majesty granted a pension of one guinea per week. He expired while sitting in his elbow-chair, having felt scarcely any previous illness. He was engaged under the Pretender.

MARCH.—In Clifford-street, Lieutenant-General Sir George Wood, K. C. B. of the East India Company's Bengal army.

At Treleven, near Mevagissey, Cornwall, aged 85, the Rev. P. Lyne, D.D. fifty two years vicar of that parish, a gentleman of extensive erudition, but of very eccentric habits. His distinguishing peculiarity was a dread of contamination. He scrupulously avoided not only direct contact with the human species, but with any thing that had been touched by others. He suffered no one to approach within a certain distance of his person; nor would he put on a garment of any kind, until it had passed through a series of ablutions, and had been thoroughly fumigated by himself. Even money he would not touch, unless it had passed through water, and, either by himself, or in his presence, been cleansed, by brushing, from its contracted impurities. Until within a few days of his decease, he uniformly rose at a very early hour, and retired to his study, where, with the intervals of meals, he continued secluded the greater part of the day, not permitting to himself, even in the coldest weather, the indulgence of a fire.

Dr. Rumsey, of Amersham, Bucks, suddenly. He had gone to Chalfont, accompanied by his daughter, and was proceeding farther, when one of the horses got his leg across the pole of the carriage. Dr. Rumsey being alarmed, opened the carriage door, and let himself out; he walked a few paces, and sat down on a bank, exclaiming he had but a few minutes to live, and expired before assistance could be procured.

In St. James's-square, the Marquis of Titchfield, the independent Member for King's Lynn.

On the 10th of January, of the African fever, caught while surveying the river Gambia, Mr. Bowditch, the enterprising traveller. He has left a widow, who accompanied him to Africa, and three young children, wholly unprovided for.

At Pwllcornel, near Bronwydd, Carmarthenshire, at the advanced age of 106, William Mathias. He retained his faculties to the last.

At Cliffe, in Kent, Jacob Harvey, Esq. in his 63d year. He had retired to bed apparently in perfect health.

On the 2d inst. at Bylock's-hall, Enfield, James Francis Messuras, Esq. late partner in the house of Sir Francis Baring and Co. at the advanced age of 86.

At the Grove, after a long indisposition, Thomas Villiers, Earl of Clarendon, in his 70th year. His Lordship is succeeded in his titles by his brother, John Charles Villiers, now Earl of Clarendon.

Mr. Fencock, one of the Messengers of the Treasury, rose in apparent good health, and was preparing to attend his duty, when he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and instantly expired.

At Rosevalen, Mrs. Catherine Arthur, widow, aged 77. She was mother of 20 children, in 19 years, at single births.

At Chelsea, Robert Hall, M. D. late Surgeon to his Majesty's forces; the lineal descendant of the ancient Border Chieftain, Hobbie Hall, of Haughhead, celebrated for his great strength and prowess in the records of the times, and great grandson of Henry Hall, of Haughhead, the distinguished Covenanter, who fought with such desperate valour at Drumclog, Rutherglen, &c. and who, in conjunction with Hackston of Rathillet, defended to the last extremity the important pass in the middle of Bothwell Brigg, in that memorable engagement which proved so fatal to the Covenantee cause.

At Southampton, in the 48th year of his age, Lord Edward O'Bryen, brother to the Marquis of Thomond, and son-in-law of the Duke of Beaufort.

At Easton-lodge, Essex, Charles Viscount Maynard, in the 73d year of his age. His Lordship is succeeded in his title and estates by his nephew, Henry, now Viscount Maynard.

On the 15th inst. Lieut. James Reid, R. N. eldest son of Sir John Reid, Bart.

At the Bay of Baluxi, Mississippi, Cady Lafontaine, aged 137. He retained his faculties until the day of his death.

Sir Thomas Plumer, Master of the Rolls. He had been for a long time in a declining state.

In his 78th year, James Gurrey, Esq. of Bushey, Herts.

At Bath, Lieut.-Col. Hill, Royal Marines, aged upwards of 90 years; one of the oldest officers in his Majesty's service.

On Sunday, at Streatham-park, in his 55th year, Thomas Harrison, Esq. F. R. S. Honorary Secretary to the Royal Institution and African Association, Commissary to the University of Cambridge, and Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for Surrey.

30. The Rev. Thomas Maurice, M. A. Assistant-Keeper of the MS. in the British Museum.

31. Lord Coleraine, better known as the celebrated Colonel George Hauger, aged 73.

31. James Gandon, Esq. F. S. A. and M. R. J. A. the celebrated architect of the Sister Kingdom.

APRIL 3.—William Cooke, Esq. Author of the "Art of Living in London," "Dramatic Criticism," &c.

On the 19th inst. at Missolonghi, in Greece, Lord Noel Byron, in the 37th year of his age.—(See page 361.)

23. R. Payne Knight, Esq. F. S. A. Vice-President of the Society of Antiquaries, and a distinguished literary character.

At Paris, on the 28th ult. La Reveillere Lepaux, Member of the National Convention and Executive Directory, aged 70.

At Walthamstow, William Matthew Raikes, Esq. aged 61.

On the 3d inst. at Banff, at his father's house, Lieut.-Col. James Robinson.

At Grendon, in the 85th year of his age, Sir George Chetwynd, Bart. of Grendon-hall, Warwick. Sir George is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, one of the representatives for Stafford.

At Cheltenham, in her 83d year, Mrs. Ann Hunt, relict of Mr. George Hunt, formerly of Hallen, Gloucestershire. She was a *Minister*, and a member of the Society of Friends.

At Lambeth, William Messing, Esq. of the Stock Exchange, in his 75th year.

In Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, Major-General Doynton, of the Madras Establishment, and M. P. for Lancaster.

Lately, at Drumore, parish of Kirkmaiden, in his 105th year, John King, officer of Customs.

Lately, at Winslow, Ann Price, in her 97th year. She was the mother of 23 children, 10 of whom survive her, and the youngest is 59 years of age.

At Ayr, on the 3d inst. Hamilton Douglas Boswell, Esq. of Garallan. He retired to bed a little before eleven, apparently in perfect health, and in less than a quarter of an hour he was a corpse.

On the 30th ult. at Rome, the Duchess of Devonshire. The complaint which carried off her Grace was an inflammation in the bowels.

Mr. Mackintosh, a member of the Stock Exchange, and in the full vigour of manhood, suddenly fell down and expired in an apoplectic fit, while adjusting an account in his counting-house.

At Earl's Colne Priory, in the 90th year of his age, the Rev. Thomas Carwardine, A. M. Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Vicar of Earl's Colne.

In Highbury-place, William Harryman, Esq. in his 75th year.

In Montagu-square, Richard Cracraft, Esq.

On the 15th inst. at his seat, Tenant-park, Cornwall, Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Buller, Bart. in the 60th year of his age.

On the 15th inst. in his 80th year, Robert Roy, Esq. of Fulham, formerly of Old Burlington-street.

On the 15th inst. at Netherby, Cumberland, Sir James Graham, Bart. aged 62.

On the 13th inst. Mr. Peter Sidebotham, of Upper Norton-street.

On the 15th inst. at Pimlico-house, Hadley, Edward Beavan, Esq. aged 70.

On the 17th inst. in Northumberland-street, Harry Hooley, Esq. aged 76.

Edward Jones, Welsh Bard to the Prince of Wales, aged 72.

At Edinburgh, Lady Caroline Macdonald, daughter of the Earl of Mount Edgumbe.

On the 16th inst. in Wexford, aged 93 years, Cornelius Fitzpatrick, Esq.—Mr. Fitzpatrick served in the army under George the Second, at the battle of Dettingen, and witnessed the remarkable step taken by Lord Stair, in depriving the monarch of the command, and placing him under arrest till the day was decided.

MAY.—At Brompton, aged 84, Captain Boger, Royal Navy.

At Ealing, Major Aldridge, aged 85.

At Lyons, the Hon. William Moore, last surviving brother of the late Earl of Mountcashell.

On the 10th inst. at Riegate, in the 93d year of his age, Francis Maseres, Esq. M.A. F. R. S. many years Cursitor Baron of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer.

On the 27th ult. in his 70th year, Reuben Fletcher, Esq. of the Royal Mint.

Of a sudden attack of apoplexy, at Fulham, Mr. W. Osborne, aged 72.

On the 4th of March last, James Dunn, Esq. R. N. of Lilliput Hall Estate, Saint James's, Jamaica.

At the New Hummums Hotel, on the 25th ult. Major-General Francis Stewart, of Lesinurdie.

Mr. Richd. Hayward, of Took's-court, Chancery-lane, solicitor.

At Stamford-hill, on the 28th ult. Jane, wife of Captain John Gordon, Royal Artillery.

After a long illness, Sarah, wife of Mr. Joseph Ollier, surgeon, of Queen-square, Westminster.

On the 14th inst. Charles Max. Thomas Western, Esq. late Captain in the 18th Hussars, and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Portuguese Army.

At Clapham, on the 14th inst. the Rev. James Philipps, for 24 years Pastor of the Independent Congregation in that place.

In Rutland-street, Cheltenham, — Pool, at the age of 110 years. She retained her faculties to the last moment, having only been confined to her room a few days.

On the 10th inst. Henry Cheryton, Esq. late Colonel in the First Regiment of Foot Guards.

At Islington, on the 18th inst. in the 81st year of his age, the Rev. George Strahan, D. D. Prebendary of Rochester, Rector of Kingsdown in Kent, and upwards of fifty years Vicar of Islington.

In the 84th year of his age, Thomas Burnell, Esq. at Hammersmith.

Henry Peirse, Esq. of Bedale, Yorkshire, one of the Representatives of Northallerton.

Suddenly, at Clifton, Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Hall, C. B. of his Majesty's 65th Regiment.

On the 10th inst. Henry Chaytor, Esq. late a Colonel in the 3d Regiment of Foot Guards.

In his 70th year, Philip Braham, Esq. of Gloucester-place, Portman-square.

On the 11th inst. at Walthamstow, Richard Stainforth, Esq. aged 64.

John Parry, Esq. Vice Warden of the Stannaries for Devonshire, and formerly proprietor of the Courier.

On the 23d inst. Jonathan Peel, Esq. of the firm of Peel and Williams, Manchester, and cousin to Sir Robert Peel, Bart.

Sir John Hill, Bart. of Hawkstone, Salop, in his 84th year.

At London, Miss Crachami, the celebrated Sicilian dwarf, only nineteen inches high.

At Cottartown, Logiealmond, Elspeth Robertson, in the 100th year of her age.

At London, Archibald Cullen, Esq. one of his Majesty's Counsel, youngest son of the celebrated Dr. Cullen.

JUNE.—Lately, in Paris, at a very advanced age, Sir Michael Cromie, Bart.

In Piccadilly, John Blackburn, Esq.

On the 31st ult. at Bath, the Lady of Sir George Abercrombie Robinson, Bart.

Anthony Healey, Esq. of Judd-street, Brunswick-square, aged 68 years, many years Page to his late Majesty.

On the 23d ult. suddenly, aged 71, at Birmingham, on his journey from his seat at Putney to Manchester, James Ackers, Esq. of Lark-hill.

Robert Filmer, Esq. of Upper Montagu-street, Russell-square, son of the late Sir Edmund Filmer.

At Edinburgh, on the 2d inst. Thomas John, third son of Mr. Cornelius Elliot, bookseller there.

At Margate, Robert Edward Hunter, M. D. and F. L. S.

On the 7th inst. at Battersea, Henry Condell, Esq. in the 67th year of his age. He was well known as a composer.

Lord Viscount Tamworth, son of the Earl Ferrers, at Chartley Castle, the seat of his father, of an inflammation in the bowels.

On the 26th ult. in Hertford-street, May-fair, Thomas Banks, Esq. aged 70.

On the 6th inst. Thomas S. Joliffe, Esq. at his Manor-house, Ammerdown-park, Somersetshire, at the close of his 78th year.

In South Audley-street, Thomas Chevalier, Esq. Surgeon Extraordinary to the King, and Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons in London.

Suddenly, at Newark, in the 78th year of his age, William Sealand, one of the firm believers, to his last moment, in the mission of Joanna Southcott.

Mr. Oxberry, the celebrated Comedian, at his house, the Craven's Head, Drury-lane, of an inflammation in the chest.

In Trinity-college, Oxford, aged 63, the Rev. Thomas Lee.

At Brighton, Abigail, the wife of M. Mocatta, Esq.

On the 4th inst. at the Parsonage, East Horseley, Surrey, aged 70, the Rev. John Owen, M. A. Rector of East Horseley, and of St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, London, Archdeacon of Richmond, Yorkshire, and Chaplain-General to his Majesty's forces.

On the 4th inst. Richard Carter, Esq. of Surrey-street, Strand, aged 70.

On the 26th of May, at Montcallier, near Turin, Capel Loft, Esq. Mr. Loft was twice married; was a man of letters, and, though a lawyer, a lover of liberty.

In Lower Grosvenor-street, Lord Henry Thomas Howard Molyneux Howard, Deputy Earl Marshal of England, and brother to the Duke of Norfolk. His Lordship sat in the present Parliament for Steyning.

On the 14th inst. at Lambeth, Hewling Luson, Esq. in his 81st year.

On the 1st of February, at Bombay, S. P. W. Johnston, Esq. Assistant-Secretary to Government in Ceylon, eldest son of Sir Alexander Johnston.

On the 21st inst. in Park-street, James Peter Auriol, Esq.

On the 7th inst. at Leamington, Lieut. Joseph Deane Bourke, of the 7th, or Royal Fusileers, and son to the Dean of Ossory.

Aged 62, Mr. Lowry. He was not only an admirable engraver in his line, but a man of almost universal talent and great scientific knowledge, as well as an amiable and honourable character. His death was caused by an inflammation of the bladder, from which he had suffered many months, and particularly during the last ten days.

On the 21st inst. the Hon. Gerard Turnour, R. N. son of Edward Garth Turnour, late Earl of Winterton.

At Fintry, Stirlingshire, on the 2d inst. Janet Waters, aged 100. She had 13 children, 53 grandchildren, and 40 great grandchildren; total 106.

At Oxford, in the 78th year of his age, Martin Wall, M. D. and Lord Lichfield's Clinical Professor in that University.

On the 24th inst. Mr. Chas. Muss, the celebrated painter in enamel.

At his house, Welbeck-street, the Rt. Hon. Alexander Wentworth, Lord Macdonald.

At Seymour-place, Little Chelsea, Donna Maria Theresa Del Riego y Riego, widow of Don Rafael del Riego y Riego.

JULY—In Cavendish-square, the Countess Brownlow.

On the 5th inst. at Brighton, Peter Templeman, Esq. of Wickbury-house, Wilts, aged 63.

On the 12th ult. at Naples, William James Turner, Esq. in his 51st year.

At Hazlewood Hall, near Tadcaster, Yorkshire, Lady Vavasour, relict of Sir Walter Vavasour, Bart.

On the 16th ult. in the 86th year of his age, Mr. J. Hunt, of Gissing, surgeon, the founder of Ebenezer Chapel, in Norwich, a man of piety and benevolence, but infatuated, having successively embraced the profession of Presbyterian, Independent, Anabaptist, Swedenborgian, Unitarian, and Methodist; he founded and endowed a chapel at Gissing, to a profession of uniting in himself and his hearers a compound of opinions made up of this mixture, and so well succeeded, that the place was generally attended.

In Bedford-square, in his 81st year, Sir George Wood, Knt. late one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer.

At Upton, in his 37th year, W. Detmar, Esq. sugar-refiner.

At Pentonville, Mr. John Edward Pilgrim, aged 50, of the Stock Exchange.

On the 1st inst. at Aberystwith, W. Bensall, Esq. M. D. aged 43.

On the 29th ult. at Thetford, in Norfolk, Henry Redhead, Esq. aged 61.

On the 8th inst. in the 90th year of his age, Mr. Perigall, of Berry, near Totness, Devon.

On the 8th inst. suddenly, of apoplexy, at Tunbridge Wells, Richard Budd, Esq. of Russell-square, in the 75th year of his age.

At Lotherton, near Aberford, aged 65, John Raper, Esq. of York, banker: he died while taking an airing in his carriage.

On the 10th inst. at Halstead-place, in Kent, Anna Maria, wife of Alderman Atkins.

Gilbert Hutcheson, Esq. Deputy Judge-Advocate for Scotland. He was seized with an apoplectic fit while in the street, and expired before medical assistance could be obtained.

On the 15th inst. at Eton, Salop, the Dowager, Lady Tyrwhitt Jones.

On the 11th inst. at Exeter, Mr. Flindell, Proprietor and Editor of the Western Luminary.

On the 17th inst. aged four years, Lady Frances Boyle, youngest daughter of the Earl of Shannon.

At the Priory, Stanmore, Lady Jane Gordon, eldest daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen.

At Wykes Court, near Bridport, Dorsetshire, in the 84th year of his age, W. Fowler, Esq.

Lieut.-Gen. Lachlan Macquarrie, in the 63d year of his age.

AUGUST.—Aged 88 years, Wm. Bond, Esq. late principal clerk to the Commissioners of Sewers, in which office he had acted upwards of 50 years.

On the 24th ult. at Cheltenham, aged 25, Catherine Mary Richards, youngest daughter of the late Lord Chief Baron.

On the 15th ult. at Yates-court, the Hon. Stanhope Frederick Hopwood Byng, youngest son of Viscount Torrington.

On the 14th ult. at Farnalee, county of Dublin, Lady Alexander, relict of the late Sir Wm. Alexander, Bart.

At Aberdeen, on the 17th ult. in the 19th year of his age, Mr. John Winton, student of medicine; and on the 19th his brother, Lieut. William Winton. The latter, although to appearance in his ordinary health immediately before, dropped down and instantly expired.

On the 16th ult. at Paris, Charles Magniac, Esq. many years resident at Canton, in China.

At Inverary, on the 11th ult. Major-Gen. Dugald Campbell.

Mr. Samuel Rolls, Common Councilman of Aldersgate Ward, had been walking in his garden at Tottenham on Sunday morning, when, feeling indisposed, he returned in doors, and lay down on the bed. Medical assistance was sent for, but before it arrived he had expired.

In the Scotch quarter, Carrickfergus, on the 5th ult. Jane Lee, dealer, aged 80 years; born in the house in which she died: she was never known to be absent from it one night.

At Greenock, on the 10th ult. Mrs John Muir, in the 26th year of her age. She was married at Saltcoats on the 6th ult. whence she proceeded with her husband to Largs, where they took the steam-boat for Gourock, and, by a violent exertion in landing, she sustained so severe an injury, that, after reaching Greenock, she lingered in increased agony till she expired.

Mr. Wm. Sharp, the celebrated engraver, a man as eminent for his talents as his credulity. He died a believer in the fooleries of poor Joanna Southcott!

On the 22d ult. suddenly, in his carriage, at Great Canford, near Poole, Admiral Thomas Macnamara Russell, aged 85 years.

On the 39th ult. at Starke-castle, Kent, Major J. B. Hart, late of His Majesty's 95th regiment, aged 51.

In Molesworth-street, Dublin, Sol. Williams, Esq. historical and portrait painter, member of the Clementine Academy, Bologna, and the Royal Hibernian Academy.

On the 5th inst. aged 25, Augusta Elizabeth, wife of John Kirkland, Esq.; and on the 3d ult. aged 18, Charlotte Frances, the eldest and fourth daughters of the late Major-General John Agmondisham Vesey.

On the 28th ult. at Dun-house, Miss Erskine, of Dun, only sister of the Countess of Cassillis.

At Balmuto, on the 22d ult. the Hon. Claud Irvine Boswell, Lord Balmuto.

At the Parsonage-house, Cheynies, Bucks, the Rev. Wm. Morris, M. A. Rector of Cheynies, and of Foxley, Wilts.

The Rev. Crewe Shetwood Davies, perpetual curate of Flint.

At Portsea, aged 93, Mr. S. Smyth, master in the Royal Navy, and the oldest officer but one of that class in the service.

On the 4th inst. at Cheltenham, Thomas Jameson, M. D. aged 71.

On the 9th ult. in her 70th year, Mrs. Esther Delph. On the 17th ult. Mr. Aaron Delph, in the 43d year of his age. And on the 3d inst. Mr. E. Delph, in the 83d year of his age; he was parish clerk of Marsham for more than 60 years. The above three were father, mother, and son, who lived all in one house.

At Manchester, Alexander Livingston, a native of Haddington, in Scotland, aged 98 years. He served 27 years in the Scotch Greys, and was with that regiment at the memorable battle of Minden in 1759, where he had two horses shot under him. At the battle of Lefette he was severely wounded, and has been for nearly 50 years a pensioner of Chelsea Hospital.

On the 13th inst. in Upper Gower-street, Lucy Elizabeth, wife of Lord Maurice Drummond.

At Watford, Mrs. Ardesoif, widow of the late Stephen Ardesoif, Esq.

On the 13th inst. at Pakefield, Suffolk, aged 17, Jane Anne, eldest daughter of the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, vicar of Harrow.

Suddenly, while in the act of writing a letter to her son, Mrs. Sutton, relict of Mr. Sutton, late minister of the Independent Chapel in Taunton.

At Churcham, the Rev. Charles Palmer, M. A. vicar of that place, with the parish of Bally annexed, and perpetual curate of St. Catherine's, Gloucester.

On Sunday, as L'Abbé Papillon, one of the chief priests of the French chapel, George-street, Portman-square, was preaching to Prince Polignac, the French Ambassador, and suite, he was observed by his Excellency to stoop in the middle of his discourse, in a very extraordinary position, for above a minute. His Excellency became alarmed, and ordered one of his attendants to request Mr. Chéné, chief chaplain, to ascend the pulpit, when, to his inexpressible terror, he found the reverend prelate on the point of expiring. Immediate aid was given, but the vital spark had fled. He was in the 79th year.

On the 14th inst. at Blyth-hall, Warwickshire, Lady Georgiana West, wife of Frederick West, Esq. daughter of the late Earl of Chesterfield.

At his Chambers, in King's College, Cambridge, on the 15th inst. in his 77th year, Benjamin Sheppard, Esq.

Aged 37, Mr. Thomas Taylor, of Tiverton. He retired to bed on Sunday evening in perfect health, but early on the following morning his wife was alarmed by hearing him groan, when, on examination, she found him dead.

Aged 88, the Rev. Wm. Caile, vicar of Henningborough. He performed to the day of his death the duties attached to his vicarage.

At Bombay, on the 18th of April last, G. A. C. Hyde, Esq. of the Bombay Civil Service, aged 26.

At Bellevue, Shropshire, in his 75th year, James Male, Esq. Deputy-Lieutenant of the county of Salop.

Her Grace the Duchess of Gordon.

SEPT.—On the 8th of August, at Marseilles, the celebrated German Philologist, Frederick Wolf, in the 66th year of his age.

At the house of his son, in the Vale of Neath, the Right Hon. Valentine Lewis, Earl of Dunraven, aged 72.

Suddenly and alone, on the 23d ult. Mr. Elias Bishop. He went out in his pleasure yacht to amuse himself by fishing in Torbay; the wind filling the white sails of his little bark, wafted him to shore at Goodrington Sands, where he was soon found by his disconsolate mother, sister, and brother, in the attitude of steering.

Of a brain fever, the Rev. Piers Robert Gamble, Inspector of Jails in Belfast.

At Bath, in the 81st year of his age, William Falconer, M. D. son of the late William Falconer, Esq. Recorder of Chester.

At Peutonville, Mr. Alexander Greig, in his 69th year.

Lord Viscount Hampden. His Lordship had enjoyed his title only a few days, and is succeeded in the entailed estates by George Earl of Buckinghamshire.

In York-street, Covent-garden, Mr. John Henry Bohte, Foreign Bookseller to His Majesty, in the 40th year of his age.

Mr. William Richardson, of North Shields, Notary Public, aged 65. He attended morning service at the church, and dined with his family in his usual good health. An hour after he went to his office, where remaining longer than usual, his daughter went to seek him, and found him sitting in his chair, quite cold. He had begun to write a letter, and is supposed to have expired just as he had finished the first word!

In York, Elizabeth Eglin, a poor widow, in the 102d year of her age. Her mother lived to be 103 years old, and her grandmother attained the still greater age of 104.

At Sydenham, in the 67th year of his age, Andrew Laurie, Esq. of the Adelphi.

On the 6th inst. at Dalston, the Rev. James Maggs, aged 74, Vicar of Ewell.

At Northampton, in the 87th year of his age, William Kerr, Esq. M. D.

In his 55th year, Charles Dupuis, late of Park-lane.

On the 4th inst. Mark Harrison, Esq. of Hastoe; near Tring, Herts, formerly of Finch-lane, banker, aged 76.

Wm. Jefson, gardener, of Wolverhampton, at the extraordinary age of 108 years.

At Garbally, Galway, the seat of the Earl of Clancarty, Nicholas Power Trench, Esq. uncle to his Lordship and the Archbishop of Tuam.

On the 6th inst. at his seat, Lynsted-lodge, Kent, the Right Hon. Lord Teynham, aged 57.

At Brough-hall, Catherine, Lady Lawson, aged 54, wife of Sir Henry Lawson, Bart. of Brough-hall, Yorkshire.

On the 11th inst. at Ipswich, Lieut.-Gen. John Prince, aged 74.

On the 12th ult. near Southampton, in his 73d year, the Rev. Sir Charles Rich, Bart.

On the 31st ult. Benjamin Webb Anstie, Esq. of Devizes.

At Dinedor, near Hereford, in his 102d year, Mr. Wm. Davies.

On the 19th inst. in the 72d year of her age, Susanna, the wife of Sir Robert Peel, Bart.

In Bedford-square, Thomas Leverton, Esq. one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace.

On the 23d inst. in Burton-crescent, John Cartwright, the undeviating friend of civil and religious liberty. Had he lived to the 28th inst. he would have completed the 84th year of a consistent and virtuous life. He was the third son of William Cartwright, Esq. of Marnham, Nottinghamshire; was a Commander in the Royal Navy, and formerly Major of the Nottinghamshire Militia. The taper of life might in him be said to have burned to the socket: his disease was old age. The Major has been before the world, as a public character, upwards of fifty years, and whatever opinion may be entertained with respect to the particular opinions which he consistently maintained through good and evil report, there was but one voice with regard to his private character, which was excellent. He was a gentleman, in the best sense of the word; and we believe he has left the world without putting it in the power of any man to say, that during his long life he ever deviated from the most straight forward course.

At Brighton, aged 70, the Hon. Mrs. Frances Wall, daughter of the late Lord Fortrose.

Robert Forrester, Esq. Treasurer of the Bank of Scotland.

At Chelsea, Henry Cooper, Esq. Barrister.

The Princess Kutusow Smolenski, widow of Field-Marshal Blucher.

OCT.—On the 11th August, at Gastouni, in Greece, Lord Charles Murray, a younger son of the Duke of Athol. This excellent and high-spirited young man was a volunteer in the glorious cause of the Greeks. Not many months ago he left England, to assist in the regeneration of that illustrious people. Next to that of Lord Byron, his loss will be the greatest that Greece has suffered from the stroke of death among its foreign friends.

On the 5th inst. in the 74th year of his age, the Rev. Thomas Roberts, Vicar of Tottenham, and Rector of St. Peter's, Cornhill.

On the 6th inst. in Gerrard-street, Soho, aged 70, Edward Johnson, Esq. Comptroller of the Twopenny Post-office for 46 years.

On the 3d inst. at Sydenham, Bury Hutchinson, Esq. of Bloomsbury-square, aged 73 years.

On the 4th inst. at Mile-end, aged 72, James Brumhead, Esq. Collector of Excise.

On the 29th ult. at Loudham-hall, Suffolk, the Lady Sophia Macdonald, wife of James Macdonald, Esq. M. P.

Mr. James Reeves, nearly thirty years Chief Clerk at the Police Offices of Bow-street and Union-hall.

At Hastings, on the 15th inst. aged 17, Luciana, eldest daughter of Siegmund Rucker, Esq. of West-hill, Wandsworth.

At Cuckfield, on the 17th inst. Susanna, wife of Charles Augustus Tulk, Esq. M. P. and daughter of Marmaduke Hart, Esq. of Hampstead.

In Great Coram-street, Dr. Brodum, in the 69th year of his age.

At St. Lucia, on the 29th of August, Henry Maddock, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, one of His Majesty's Commissioners of Legal Inquiry in the West India Colonies.

At Squerries, on the 20th inst. in the 79th year of his age, Sir Nathaniel Dukinfield, Bart. of Stanlake, Berks.

On the 23d inst. Edward Stanley, Esq. aged 90, for many years his Majesty's Consul-General at Trieste.

On the 22d inst. at Plymouth, aged 48, Captain John Weeks, R. N.

In Dublin County, N. C. (America) on the 1st Sept. Mr. Jacob Matthews, aged 108 years. Until a few months before his death, his sight was perfect, and he could walk 10 or 15 miles a day. Seven years ago his wife died, aged 100 years; they had been married about 80 years.

On the 28th inst. in Sloane-street, in the 82d year of her age, Mrs. Smith, widow of Colonel George Smith.

On the 22d inst. at Dullingham-house, Cambridge, Lieut.-General Jeffreason, in the 63d year of his age.

On the 5th of April, on the voyage to Van Dieman's Land, Mr. Edward Butler, of Bruton-street, aged 32, recently appointed Registrar of the Supreme Court of that Colony.

On the 29th inst. at Maze-hill, Greenwich, Richard Dixon, Esq. aged 66.

On the 1st inst. having just entered her 76th year, Mary, the widow of the late John Stockdale, bookseller, of Piccadilly.

On the 21st inst. at Saint Adresse, in Normandy, aged 70, Robert Charles Dallas, Esq. author of the "History of the Maroon War," "Percival," "Aubrey," &c.

THE END.

